Liberty

APRIL 28, 1945 10c

Book:
PAPA WAS A PREACHER
Sin and Virtue in Small-Town America

COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING?
YES: Pres. Charles Seymour of Yale
NO: Booth Tarkington

BE RIGHT-DRINK LIGHT

de LIGHT ful

KING

IT'S WHISPER LIGHT

KING BLACK LABEL

Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.

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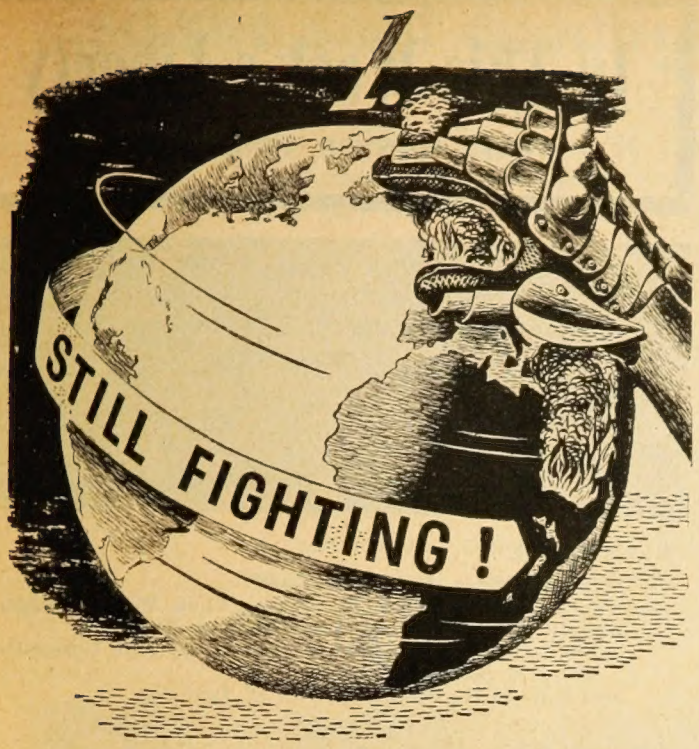

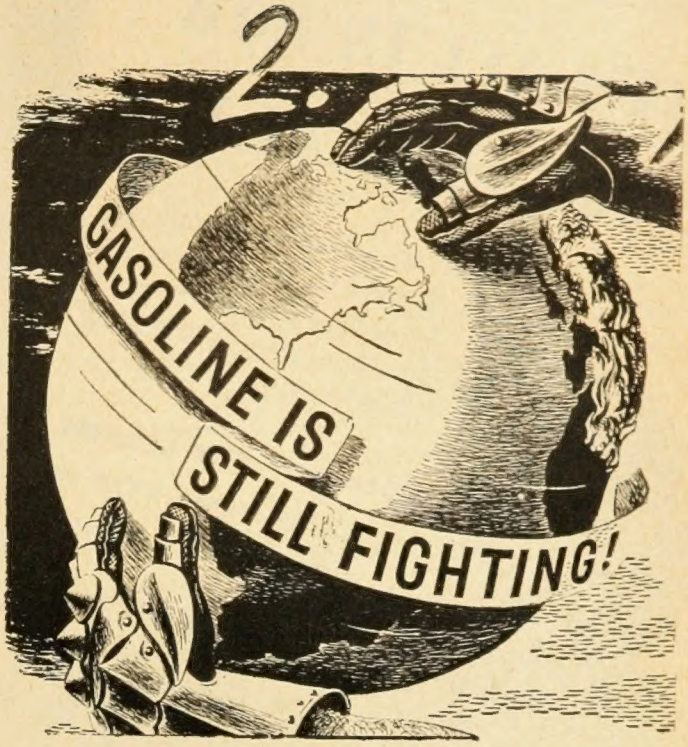

RIGHT NOW *the world's best gasoline — millions of gallons of it -- is being shipped to fighting fronts all over the world. Our fighting men are getting the cream of the petroleum industry's production — and* all they need.

But as long as America is fighting two wars — one in Europe and the other in Asia — home-front gasoline supplies must be limited both as to quantity and quality. Only complete, final Victory will bring car-owners the Ethyl gasoline they look forward to — the Ethyl that will bring out the top performance of any car.

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Facing the sun with the naked eye or with inferior sun glasses can be harmful. But you need not worry when you have the complete protection of Cool-Ray Sun Glasses.

COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES KEEP YOUR EYES IN "THE SAFETY ZONE"

Cool-Ray Sun Glasses, unlike inferior types, absorb *both* ultra-violet (sunburn) and infra-red (heat) rays—yet admit plenty of "seeing light."

Cool-Ray Sun Glasses are being supplied to our armed forces in quantity—so the civilian supply is limited. Style illustrated, $3.50 . . . others $1.95 and up.

AO COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES

Provide "The Safety Zone"

American Optical COMPANY

World's Largest Maker of Ophthalmic Products

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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Cover: King Coal Turns the Wheels of Industry

A miner places a drill to prepare for a dynamite charge in a coal mine
Fourth of a series of industrial covers
Painted by Frank Reilly

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...so she said goodbye to Honeymoon Home

Alice has turned the key in the lock of "Honeymoon Home" for the last time. The home they had planned on their honeymoon, sacrificed and saved to build, was lost . . . because she and Bill had neglected a "trifle."

"I'll never forget that rainy night," Alice said. "Bill thought he was driving slowly enough but our car went into a vicious skid. The crash was awful. We weren't scratched but the driver in the other car may never work again. The months between our accident and the final court decision were nightmares. The damages were staggering. We lost our lovely new home, our war bonds — even Bill's salary was garnisheed'! To think we could have avoided it all if only we hadn't neglected such a trifle as our auto insurance!"

Yes, auto insurance is a trifle, a *tremendous trifle*—tremendous in its consequences, trifling in its cost. But all auto insurance is NOT alike. For more than 22 years, State Farm has worked to put so important a protection as auto insurance within the reach of every driver. That's why, to more than a million policyholders, State Farm has meant more auto insurance for the money, why today State Farm is the world's largest automobile insurance company.

IMPORTANT NOW! Save 3 ways when you buy your next car through the STATE FARM BANK PLAN — save (1) on the purchase price; (2) through lower cooperating bank financing charges; (3) on insurance. Send to the State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois, for *FREE BOOKLET* which describes this popular 3-way savings plan, also tells you how to compare auto insurance values before you buy as well as giving you basic facts about life, fire, personal and residence liability insurance. Or get in touch with your friendly State Farm agent *today*.

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Pacific Coast Office: Berkeley, Calif.

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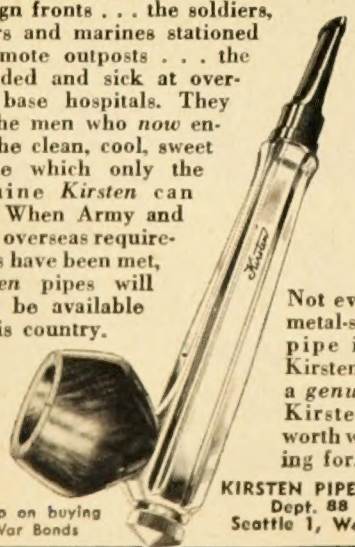
STOP
BEFORE YOU BUY
A WATCH
Wait for America's finest watch—the lovely Hamilton. Though we're turning out thousands of precision timepieces for war now, the day is coming when we'll be making accurate and beautiful Hamilton Watches for you!
WAIT FOR
HAMILTON
America's Fine Watch
Hamilton Watch Company—Makers of "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"—Lancaster, Pa.

Genuine
KIRSTEN PIPES
NOW GOING
OVERSEAS

The boys slugging it out on foreign fronts . . . the soldiers, sailors and marines stationed at remote outposts . . . the wounded and sick at overseas base hospitals. They are the men who *now* enjoy the clean, cool, sweet smoke which only the genuine *Kirsten* can give. When Army and Navy overseas requirements have been met, *Kirsten* pipes will again be available in this country.



Not every metal-stem pipe is a Kirsten . . . a *genuine* Kirsten is worth waiting for.

KIRSTEN PIPE CO.
Dept. 88
Seattle 1, Wash.

Keep on buying War Bonds

THE Kirsten "RADIATOR" PIPE
PATS. AND PATS. PEND.

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

TOO LATE TO START OVER

NEW GUINEA—It appears to me that with all the noble suggestions and bickerings about the rights of returning veterans, nothing more than heaping one stab-in-the-back policy upon another is being accomplished.

The most flagrant example of this "two-faced" good will is the G. I. Bill's guaranty of letting us have our old jobs when we get back. Are we expected to be stupid enough to interpret this as a generous gesture? We soldiers have been suspended from life's race—the contest of competition—while we are fighting for our country. Yet during this period those still at home are forging ahead by leaps and bounds. Take my case: I was drafted out of a rather meager job when I was twenty-one. It was a decent wage for a young fellow that age, but I'll be at least twenty-seven by the time I can again pick up my life and think of the future. Am I expected

to be overjoyed at the prospect of starting in all over again where I was six years before, knowing, of course, that the stay-at-homers have galloped ahead during my absence?

Many of us feel that, while we'd like to return to our old employer, we have simply outgrown our old job. We do not take the attitude that "the world owes us a living," but we do feel we are justified in expecting to be placed where we might have been if we hadn't gone to war. More consideration should be given to such things as accumulated seniority, corresponding wage increases based on *present* living conditions, the positions we would have held due to promotions.

We soldiers know that all this sentimental dribble about what "the boys are sacrificing" will soon disappear once "the boys" can be seen, safe and sound, back home in civvies. Who sold the apples after the last war—the gallant Robin Hoods who stayed at home or the vets?

Now, while public enthusiasm is high, is the time for concrete provisions to be made to ensure us a fair compensation. Time is our greatest enemy and we know that. When thinking in terms of a life span, it is impossible for a man to go back and "start over."—*Lt. S.*

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME

SOMEWHERE IN ALASKA—Harrison Salisbury's article, Stalin Says: Buy American! (February 10), is interesting, but how long is Uncle Sam expected to play fairy godfather to the rest of the world? At the present time we feel nothing but good will toward the Russians and the rest of our allies, but the very existence of a nation depends on concentrating on its own interests and that truism is a good deal more apparent to the Russians than it is to ourselves. To do what Stalin wants—export *not* the fruit of our machines but the machines themselves (and the techniques of their use besides)—is to cut our own throats.

Weren't we just a few years ago selling our machines and scrap metal to those cute, clever, but slightly ineffectual Japanese?—*Pfc. B. C. B.*

WHAT IS THE REAL SCORE?

JOHNSTOWN, PA.—Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Hunter, on your excellent editorial, It's Time We Knew the Real Score! (March 3).

I agree with you. We need more men of your caliber who are not afraid to speak their minds. More power to you and your fine publication.—*Rev. Fr. A. P. Sabados.*

MCGREGOR, TEXAS—I want to make a few comments on Mr. Hunter's March 3 editorial. I am foreman of the labor pool at a war plant here, and we have several hundred laborers whom we send out to do various and sundry jobs in the plant. If you could see what I see, you would not sit at your desk and write such criticism of the heads of our government.

Don't you know that back when the enemy was winning the war, people flocked to this and other defense plants to work, but as soon as our side started to win, an overwhelming number of these workers left to seek other jobs which would be permanent after the war? When we were losing, we did not need a work-or-fight law. But now, Mr. Hunter, we surely do. —*E. R. Strong.*

THE WORMS CRAWL IN; THE WORMS CRAWL OUT

CLE ELUM, WASH.—Reading the article How to Cultivate an Old Log, by William Byron Mowery (March 17), I was interested to learn that he favors the oyster mushroom. I wonder if he knows why it

has an oyster taste. There are many of that variety here in our mountain forests. I liked them until I discovered the taste comes from the thousands of almost microscopic white worms concealed in the gills. I am not referring to the spores; these worms *wiggle*. Mr. Mowery can have all the oyster mushrooms in the West and welcome.—*Ethel Costello.*

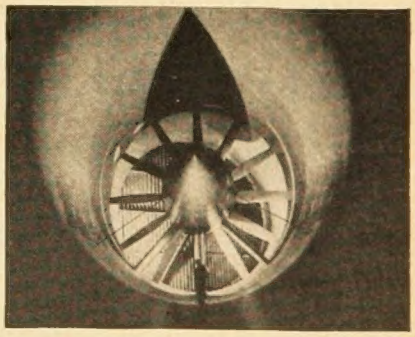
Life hangs by such threads

WANTED: Something to keep flyers from freezing. So engineers developed electrically heated goggles, shoes, suits . . . Something dependable to guide pilots in fog and dark. So engineers devised electrically driven gyroscopic instruments. . . . Something automatic to keep engines from overheating or cooling. And now comes an electric control the pilot needn't touch.

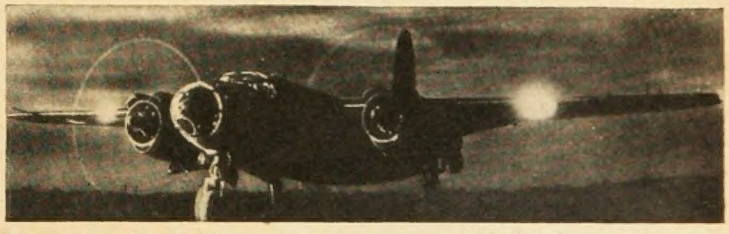
Working day and night, G. E.'s research and engineering staff has solved hundreds of such problems. The pictures here show how a few have been met. Through research come better electrical products and processes—in war or peace. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

Flyers' lives often depend on their instruments. G-E workers use only tweezers to handle these precious parts of electrically driven gyroscopic instruments, dry them with air jets, oil them with hypodermic needles. They've *got* to be accurate.

Eyelids can freeze shut when you're 7 miles up! Electrically heated goggles, developed by G-E engineers, have fine wires embedded in plastic lenses. With G. E.'s electric blanket as a start, G-E engineers designed electrically heated flying suits, heated gloves and shoes being made in three G-E plants. Toughest problem was to devise heated gloves with thin wires strong enough to stand constant flexing.



Before it's built, they *know* how it will fly! 18,000 horsepower of G-E motors blow winds faster than a pursuit plane can fly. Testing model planes and parts *up to full size and speed* in wind tunnels like this helps get new airplanes perfected quicker.



Making nightlandings safer. Engineers adapted the G-E "Sealed Beam" auto headlamps into war use—G-E airplane landing lamps 20 times brighter than those on your car. Sealed against dust, dirt and salt water damage, they cut down the peril of high-speed landings.

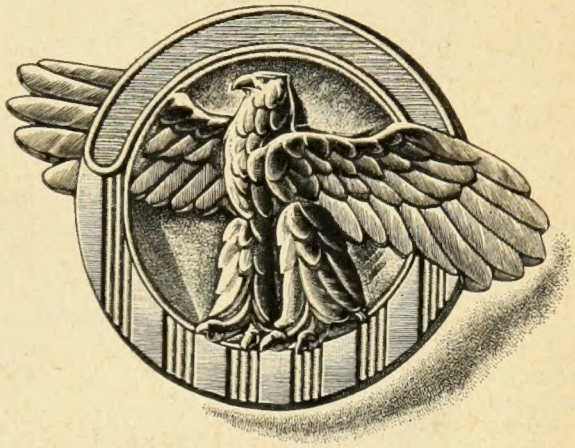
★

Hear the G-E radio programs: *The G-E All-girl Orchestra*, Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC—*The World Today* news, Monday through Friday 6:45 p.m. EWT, CBS—*The G-E House Party*, Monday through Friday 4:00 p.m. EWT, CBS.

FOR VICTORY—BUY AND HOLD WAR BONDS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

13,000,000 men and women will wear this



It stands for honorable service to our Country

ALL men and women who are honorably discharged from the armed forces will wear this button.

Remember, they have served America well. And so helped protect the things you love . . . your home, your family, your freedom. Join in saying to them, "Well done and welcome home!" **THE TEXAS COMPANY**

TEXACO

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

DIPLOMAT IN CAP AND GOWN

A YALE faculty member since 1911, Charles Seymour became president of the university in 1937. Never one to stay in an academic ivory tower, though, he went to Paris with President Wilson in 1919 to work on the American Commission to Negotiate Peace, later served on diplomatic commissions. Connected with the World Peace Foundation and the Council on Foreign Relations, he answers an emphatic "yes" to the question: SHOULD WE HAVE COMPULSORY MILITARY TRAINING?

A NOVELIST WORKS FOR PEACE

AN active lover of peace, Booth Tarkington has never been a pacifist. Pro-war in 1917, he was on the Committee for Public Information and later on the League to Enforce Peace. Internationally-minded, he favored our joining the League of Nations in 1919 and publicly urged the passage of Lend-Lease early in 1941. While living in Europe he saw the effects of peacetime conscription; thinks such a program here would only promote isolationism and war.

BONHAM, BARBER, AND BRONC STOMPER

"BRONC STOMPER is really my barber's story," Frank Bonham says. "He learned to cut hair on bronc stompers in winter camps. This he told me after he had got himself busted up in a local rodeo. Until then I had no inkling that under his barber's apron beat the heart of a Wyoming cowboy." So, while having his hair cut, Bonham heard about wild-horse trapping and a story was born.

NEXT WEEK

CASTING about for a last desperate weapon, Tokyo's war lords have come up with something that goes Hitler one better. Irving Wallace tells you what it is in JAPAN'S LAST HOPE. . . . John Dos Passos takes you along with him on a riotous day with New York's unique Little Flower, MAYOR LaGUARDIA. . . . In Liberty's book condensation, A TIME TO DIE, Hilda Lawrence introduces a sinister note into a folksy gathering and turns out one of the year's best mysteries.

On his rounds, a baby doctor caught a cold

"Be patient," said his nurse, as she handed him a KOOL...

KOOLS were such a Blessed Event then, when his throat was raw...

UNION MADE

That he decided to smoke 'em all the time

A rattling good idea:

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS

-for good!

SALOME, Where She Danced

in TECHNICOLOR

THIS IS THE PICTURE...

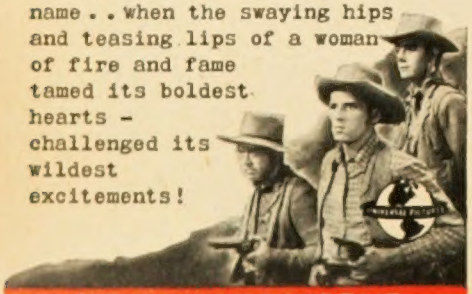
for which producer Walter Wanger conducted his highly publicized, year-long search for "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World" - to portray Salome.

THIS IS YVONNE DeCARLO

glamorous American beauty who was selected from over 20,000 of the world's loveliest women to play the title role. We predict . . that she will be the screen sensation of 1945.

THIS IS THE STORY...

of the West's most notorious town and how it gained its name . . when the swaying hips and teasing lips of a woman of fire and fame tamed its boldest hearts - challenged its wildest excitements!

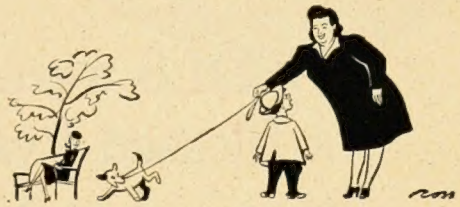


SEE AD ON OPPOSITE PAGE

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

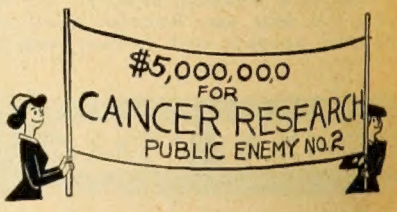
MAN ABOUT TOWN: Kate Smith has a new beau who hangs on her every word—when he can catch up with her. I may be prejudiced, but to me he seems the most attractive bachelor in town. It so happens he is my own three-year-old son, and he likes Miss Smith's Don't Fence Me In record so much that when we saw her walking her dog down East Thirty-sixth Street last Sunday, I pointed her out to him and explained she was the great Kate. Without further ado he pursued her hotly, and though she is a fast walker, he finally panted up alongside and shrilled, "I like that record, Don't Fence Me In!" When she asked him what was on the other side,



he told her it was that Over and Over Again song, so she knew he was on the level. She forthwith introduced him to her dog, Freckles, who seemed much interested in his animated description of his father's return to an overseas post via an airplane that went fast like a pigeon. From his detailed report of the trip, it seemed to us all that he must have gone along for the ride. Miss Smith not only listened patiently to the travelogue, but lent a sympathetic ear when he glided easily to a rapt account of his passion for Kathleen Wright, lovely organist at our neighborhood Church of the Incarnation. Miss Smith was magnanimous enough not to resent the fact that another musician had the inside track with Lothario. When he boasted that Mrs. Wright mended his snow suit on her sewing machine because Mommy didn't have one, Miss Smith observed, "He certainly falls in love with the right women."

WHAT! NO HOLLANDAISE?—A pleasant fashion show was given before representatives of the press recently, with breakfast thrown in, complete with scrambled eggs, at a large New York department store. Hats were larger and more elaborate, because, as the store's spokeswoman observed, "Milliners like them, and, what's more important, the customers want them too." Most entertaining hat was a colorful crowded combination of peas, radishes, carrots, and diminutive pumpkins hedged about with grass. The only item missing from this sartorial vegetable plate was a side dish of hollandaise sauce. The vegetables were so lifelike I wouldn't dare leave the hat anywhere near a pot roast. Another whimsey involving nature in a free-and-easy fashion was a black rayon crepe dress whose low-cut bosom was adorned with pressed flowers under pink net. Very fetching on the undernourished model, such an ample flower bed would never do on most feminine façades. Other blossoms appeared in unusual spots, such as in the cuffs of elbow-length gloves and bobbing at the top of a leaf-covered wire on the front of a small hat. Pale pressed violets swathed in tulle made a large sailor, which was worn with a brown rayon faille suit. The new dresses had a princess look, and there were many short capes, coats, and sleeves. Brevity, this spring, is the soul of fashion. Deliberate color contrasts in hats and accessories dramatize a simple costume as lipstick dramatizes the face. . . . I still yearn to see a fashion show with models who have sufficient curves to approximate the normal figure. It is hard to guess how an outfit will look on an average woman when it is displayed on a reedlike wraith whose concave stomach and small hips make me wild with envy.

VITAL STATISTICS: John D. Durand of the Census Bureau says that "for every American soldier or sailor killed, a dozen or more babies have been added to our population." In Domestic Commerce, the monthly review of the Department of Commerce, Mr. Durand observes that the increase in births began soon after this country started to mobilize, and within a year after Pearl Harbor the birth rate had increased to more than 30 per cent in excess of the prewar level. But from now on for the duration he estimates that population gains will decline. . . . Paris reports more than thirty G. I.-WAC weddings a week these days. Dressmakers are lending Army brides wedding gowns without charge, and the Army has taken over two Paris hotels for the use of honeymooners, because Army personnel cannot patronize civilian hotels.



PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER TWO: Cancer is second only to heart disease as the greatest natural killer of mankind, and it takes 160,000 American lives annually. At present there is no continuous, co-ordinated national research program to check it, but Eric A. Johnston, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, who is also head of the American Cancer Society, says the Society intends to raise $5,000,000 to carry on its work on a larger scale. The Society has already done noble service in organizing a field army of 400,000 women, which men may also join, to educate the public and collect statistical data which enable public health officers and clinics to keep pace with this public enemy that now attacks one out of every seven or eight of our population. Such education is essential, but life itself depends on scientific research in the laboratory.

The Tale that Set the West on Fire!

Salome!..Lure of the West!
Loot of the Lawless!.. love prize
of 1000 swaggering gunmen
from Texas to the Rockies.

Walter Wanger
presents–

"SALOME, *Where She Danced*"

in TECHNICOLOR

with **YVONNE DeCARLO** *The Year's Prize Eye-Surprise!* **ROD CAMERON DAVID BRUCE**
WALTER SLEZAK · ALBERT DEKKER · MARJORIE RAMBEAU · J. EDWARD BROMBERG
and Salome's Seven Ravishing Veils!

Screenplay by Laurence Stallings From an original story by Michael J. Phillips
Directed by CHARLES LAMONT Associate Producer, ALEXANDER GOLITZEN Produced by WALTER WANGER A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

SPECIAL TOUCH

There is no writing that tells how to produce a bourbon like Old Grand-Dad. True, there is a formula—but he who works with it must also have something born into him. He must have a special touch for coaxing the last wisp of flavor from the ripe grain, a flair for capturing the sparkle of the sun, and a great patience with the slow hand of time. For flavor and sparkle and mellowness are the delights of Old Grand-Dad—an ever-present invitation to count him among your friends and include him among your guests.

OLD GRAND-DAD

Bottled in Bond—100 Proof—4 years old

Head of the Bourbon Family

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY · NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

On a wing of a giant Curtiss C-46 Commando stands the Louisville, Ky., Curtiss-Wright plant's smallest worker: Harold Kirchendoll, 3 feet 11 inches.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

One World, One Weather Bureau

One great advancement brought about by the war which will aid the whole world in peacetime is the achievement in weather forecasting on a global scale by the Army Air Forces. Peacetime benefits will come to agriculture, transportation, and many other pursuits of mankind. But during the war these forecasts have been essential in all types of aerial operations.

For example, certain great strides have been made possible by applying electronics.

One outstanding application is the use of high-frequency radio in storm detection. This has resulted, the A. A. F. says, in the detection of storm types containing turbulence which is likely to be dangerous to airplanes in flight, or productive of hailstorms. These storms are picked up within the range of the equipment.

Another important application of electronics is the determination of upper air winds by the reflecting principle. A gas-filled balloon carries a suitable reflector aloft, and the direction and movement of upper air winds are determined by tracking the reflector with ground equipment. Thus upper winds can be determined to a degree that was impossible with the visual methods used heretofore.

Then there is another vital phase of weather forecasting which hasn't received much notice. The A. A. F.'s weather division now has mobile weather stations mounted on jeeps and trucks operating in Italy, in France, and in the Pacific. These units go ashore with the first troops and radio their information to bases far behind. Thus perfect timing of tactical air operations or bombardment can be achieved with immediate "on-the-spot" weather reports. In some places the weathermen have gone into the jungles with their equipment on their backs. The weather and communications set-up must be functioning before the landing strip is ready for use.

Our A. A. F. has weather stations operating from the mountaintops of the Himalayas to the jungles of the Southwest Pacific. And the weather reports and forecasts have many uses not alone concerned with safety and accurate timing of combat missions. The knowledge of strong tail winds, for example, may make eight missions possible with the gas ordinarily required for seven. The Army's weathermen have played a very great part in the achieving of air superiority over the Axis.

105 Tons of Weather Data

If you can visualize 35,000,000 cards—105 tons of them—you can begin to understand the magnitude and importance of the global weather forecasting already being performed by the Army Air Forces. Those cards represent weather observations for between 2,000 and 3,000 weather stations in different parts of the world.

A. A. F. weather forecasting had to go global at the start of the war. Even the ferrying of B-29s from their U. S. bases to the Twentieth Air Force bases in China called for weather forecasts of the entire route in advance of the flight.

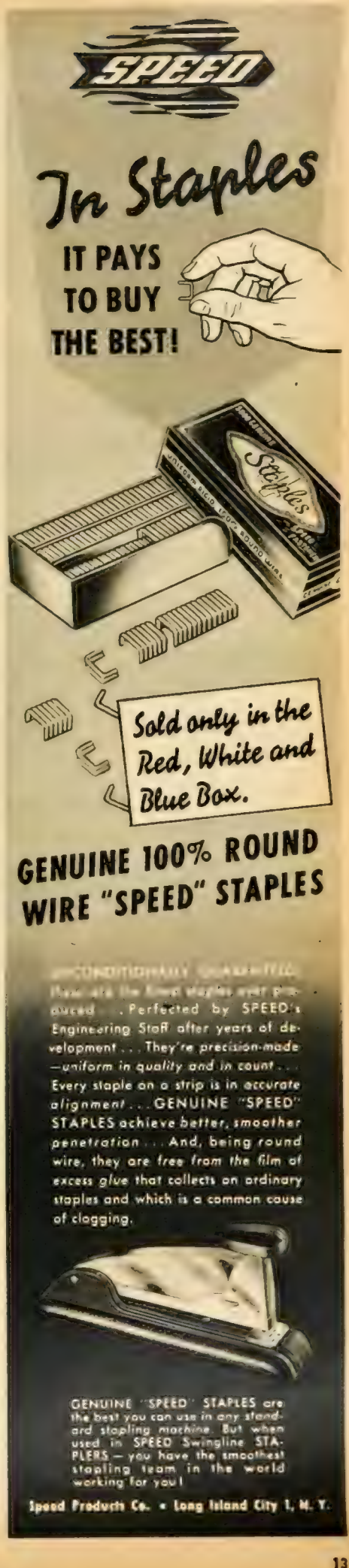
But just as important as providing weather analysis for short-term operations is the long-term planning based upon probable weather conditions. The A. A. F. Weather Division evolved a new method of weather investigation—"synoptic climatology"—which demanded the acquisition and handling of great quantities of past weather data. This was solved by the use of International Business Machines. Once all of the available weather data had been "punched" on I. B. M. cards, the establishment of any weather relationships demanded by military operations could be readily performed. Thus with 35,000,000 cards the A. A. F. Weather Division thinks it has about the right answer for everything anywhere.

A-26—and A-Number-One

You can expect to see more news of the Douglas A-26 Invader bomber from now on. It's going into action as one of the most powerful light bombers ever built, and is replacing many of the A. A. F. medium and light bombers on various fronts just as quickly as the planes can be delivered from the Douglas plants at Tulsa and Long Beach.

The A-26 has a greater range and bomb load than the present medium and light bombers, has more fire power than either our current bombers or present fight-

(*Continued on page 15*)


SPEED
In Staples
IT PAYS TO BUY THE BEST!
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Sold only in the Red, White and Blue Box.
GENUINE 100% ROUND WIRE "SPEED" STAPLES
. Perfected by SPEED's Engineering Staff after years of development . . . They're precision-made —uniform in quality and in count . . . Every staple on a strip is in accurate alignment . . . GENUINE "SPEED" STAPLES achieve better, smoother penetration . . . And, being round wire, they are free from the film of excess glue that collects on ordinary staples and which is a common cause of clogging.
GENUINE "SPEED" STAPLES are the best you can use in any standard stapling machine. But when used in SPEED Swingline STAPLERS — you have the smoothest stapling team in the world working for you!
Speed Products Co. • Long Island City 1, N. Y.

Wheels "land" here at 100 miles per hour

B. F. Goodrich engineers wrapped a runway around a wheel to get a close-up of a sudden contact

A GIANT BOMBER weighs as much as a freight car. And no one has yet discovered a way to let it down at low speed. Its tons of weight may sweep the field at 100 miles an hour. Tires scream and smoke. As they spin faster and faster they "grow"—they actually increase in size.

Engineers needed to see all this in a close-up—a worm's-eye view at 100 miles an hour—to study what happens to tires and how to improve them. They couldn't do this on the field. So B. F. Goodrich men brought the field into the laboratory.

The large wheel is set spinning electrically until the speed of its surface equals the landing speed of the plane. Then it is allowed to "coast." The tire is pushed against this whirling runway at exactly the pressure the plane would put upon it. Every action of the tire can be watched and recorded. It can be studied as it runs freely, or as brakes are applied.

B. F. Goodrich developed the device, working with a machinery manufacturer who then sold similar machines to the army air forces and other rubber companies.

It has brought many improvements in airplane tires.

In the same way, B. F. Goodrich "brings highways indoors" to develop better tires for passenger cars, trucks, farm implements, buses and other vehicles. Engineers can study the effects of speed, of braking. One such indoor roadway can test tires at speeds over 150 miles an hour.

One of the results of this extra care in research is today's all-synthetic B. F. Goodrich Silvertown, a tire that has now rolled up billions of miles in actual service. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

(Continued from page 13)

ers, and is, in fact, a twin-engine bomber-pursuit as well as a small fort. It is powered with twin Pratt & Whitney R-2800 engines of 2,000 horsepower mounted in a quick-change installation which makes possible a complete power-plant change in about an hour. There is no right- or left-hand installation, the same assembly being interchangeable for either side.

It is a substantial improvement over its predecessor, the Douglas A-20.

Ambulance Service by Air

There can be no greater single tribute to the Army's Air Transport Command and the Troop Carrier Commands than the record achieved in evacuating the wounded and sick by air. Since air evacuation began in 1942, a total of 700,000 men has been flown from the various fronts with a death rate in flight of only seven per 100,000. During 1944, 525,000 sick and wounded were flown either to the United States or to hospitals far from the front lines. More than 50 per cent of all patients are from Army Ground and Service Forces, almost one third are from the Allies, and the remainder are from Navy, Marines, and the Army Air Forces. Thanks to efficient transport-plane operations and to flight nurses and medical flight technicians, the record to date is truly remarkable.

A. A. F. Prevention of Accidents

If the Army's airplane accident rate from 1921 to 1940 were in effect today, the Air Forces would be having a very large number of accidents. The record in the earlier days was pretty poor. But by 1940 it was reduced to fifty-one accidents per 100,000 hours of flying. Then began the huge expansion from about a million hours of flying a year to 1944's record total of almost 38,000,000 hours. The accident rate tended to go up very slightly in 1942, but has steadily decreased ever since, until it is now at a new record low of just above forty per 100,000 hours. The safety record has surprised even the A. A. F. optimists, although few efforts of the A. A. F. have been as concentrated as the drive for prevention of accidents.

Bomber Crews in Flak Armor

Low-velocity shell fragments from anti-aircraft and aircraft cannon were found to be responsible for 79 per cent of all wounds among members of the crews of heavy bombers over Europe. Brigadier General Malcolm C. Grow of the Eighth Air Force originated a flak suit and helmet for heavy-bomber crews. The suit is made of overlapping steel shingles in a quiltlike cover, designed to protect the vital areas of the body. Some 600,000 such suits have been procured by the Army Ordnance Department. Eighth and Fifteenth Air Forces figures are showing the value of this new body armor, the A. A. F. reports.

Aluminum Runway Mats

Enough pierced-plank steel runway mats have been produced for overseas use by the Army Air Forces to surface a four-lane motor highway from New York to San Francisco. Today light-weight aluminum pierced plank is being developed with B-29 operations especially in mind. It can be shipped by air if necessary, and can be laid in about half the time required for steel. Use of these mats makes airfields available for airplanes in a fraction of the time required for permanent surfacing. Take any fairly level area, lay down the mats, and there's the runway.

DOGGONE IT, BOSS! WE'RE SURE IN A JAM NOW
YOU SAID IT, STOPPER! THIS IS THE PEACHIEST MESS I EVER SAW
$25, $30, $35, GOSH, IF I DON'T GET THOSE BRAKES FIXED WE'LL BE PLUM OUT OF MONEY
COME WITH ME, BOSS, I CAN ANSWER YOUR PROBLEM
Safe-Stop Brake Service
American Brakeblok
BRAKE LINING
SAY, STOPPER, LOOKS TO ME LIKE YOU KNOW YOUR APPLES
Hank Breger

STOPPER SAYS—Having bad brakes is just like dancing on banana peelings. You bust up something sooner or later.

Where you find my sign is a good place to have the repair man remove a wheel and check the brakes. For relining, he will use American Brakeblok Brake Lining, the same good brake lining most motor vehicle manufacturers use in new cars and trucks.

NAPA

Available from 38 NAPA Warehouses and Jobbers everywhere.

American Brakeblok

BRAKE LINING

DIVISION OF AMERICAN Brake Shoe COMPANY

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"TELEVISION"

"We helped television get born and we've helped it grow.

"We made television sending and receiving apparatus back in 1927 and worked it by wire between Washington and New York City and by radio between Whippany, New Jersey, and New York.

"We can transmit television over wire lines and by radio. We produced the coaxial cable, which is particularly adapted to television. We have some coaxial installed now and are installing more. We are also setting up a micro-wave radio-relay circuit.

"Whatever television needs from us for transmission, we'll be prepared. It might be a network of cables or radio beams or both.

"We explore the field in order to do our part — which is the transmission of television from place to place, just as we furnish transmission for the radio networks now.

"We're going to keep on studying all methods—and use the best."

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Listen to "The Telephone Hour" every Monday evening over NBC

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL

Bobbing on the current in their frail assault boat, Yanks brave heavy German fire to cross the Roer River.

OVER the RIVER

By Howard K. Smith

CBS war correspondent with Ninth U. S. Army

These vivid pages from a correspondent's diary tell of the thrilling first hours of our great offensive across the Roer River which marked the beginning of Germany's end

February 22, 1945, 1800 hours:

THIS is Ederen, a badly smashed German village two miles from the Roer River. The sun has set now, and the sky is turning deep azure. German fighters, on reconnaissance, have been over five times in the last hour, and we have received a few German shells throughout the day. But now it is quiet.

A moment ago our ack-ack opened up again, and I left our cellar to go outside and look. Wild geese—about thirty of them—and a single faint star were the only marks on the cloudless sky. The geese were flying over the Roer in V formation and our ack-ack was shooting tracers at them. G. I.s, out of foxholes and cellars, bunched together and cheered. It was a bad advertisement for us to Jerry on the other side. The tracers twice broke up the V formation, but none of the geese fell.

I have been staying in a deep cellar with a company command. For the record, this is C Company of the First Battalion of the 405th Regiment of the 102d Infantry Division. It has been chosen to spearhead the crossing of the Roer tomorrow morning.

The company commander is Captain Harold Lozano of San Antonio, Texas. He is called Pancho by his 200 men. It sounds odd to hear them call him Pancho and then conclude what they're saying with "sir." Pancho is a short, barrel-chested, black-haired and black-eyed little demon. He is always grinning.

Right now I am back in the cellar with Pancho. It is a small strong-arched cellar, cloudy with coal smoke from our leaky stovepipe. There is a clothesline over the corner where the stove is, and on the clothesline hang a pair of dirty socks and three hand grenades. There are two shabby mattresses on the floor. I am sitting on one of them, writing these notes on my map case. The telephone has just sounded, and Pancho is now listening to the voice on it, which I think is giving him final orders for tomorrow.

1900 hours:

After the telephone conversation, Pancho told his four platoon commanders—lieutenants all—that H. Hour would be three thirty in the morning. There would be a forty-five-minute artillery barrage, and then they would cross the river in assault boats, which were numbered consecutively. Only one boat was not to be used: boat No. 13. The platoon leaders left for different parts of the town to brief their riflemen. I went to the house next door with one of them, Lieutenant Harold L. Miller, of Atlantic City.

These platoon leaders, called junior officers, are the men who mold war. They actually lead their forty or fifty riflemen at all times. Their G. I.s do as they do. If the platoon leader breaks or shows fear, the G. I.s do too. If he keeps his composure, they keep theirs. They watch him, and he sets the pattern for everything that happens. Hal Miller, a veteran from the Pacific war, is a typical crack American combat officer.

In the house next door, the G. I.s lay around on the straw-covered floor. Hal Miller held a little map of the Roer against a wall with one hand, and focused his flashlight on Roerdorf—the site of the crossing—with the other.

"When you get across," he told the men, "don't hang around. Move away from the bank as fast as you can. That bank will be as hot as Hades. We've got the mine fields spotted, we think. Follow me in my footsteps when we walk. Get down on your hands and knees and feel your way forward on the look-out for trip wires when I do."

Miller finished by telling them to get some chow and some sleep. Private William Smith of Haverill, Massachusetts, said to me:

"How does he think that a man can eat when he's got a lump big as a football in

(Continued on page 63)

Pete Stolnik flung his line. The knobby monkey's fist on the line's end hurtled high, up across to the deck of the transport.

From the moment she jumped the gun at her christening, the Easy was an ornery gal. The story of a ship that was too independent—and a man who found out why

ROLL? That night she rolled fat old Captain Gamaliel's teeth off his shelf; she sent her dishes cascading out of the racks and her men out of their bunks.

She put fear into men who had taken torpedoing in their stride. She made them wonder, so many times a minute, whether she would come back this time; whether the thousand tons of ballast down in her lower hold would start shifting this roll or the next.

In the morning the men were limp, except for their tongues. John Strom, the mate, shoving a flashlight into the hip pocket of his dungarees, frowned a little as he stood at the messroom door. The messman, he saw, had wet down the tablecloths, but even that didn't stop the dishes and silver from hopping over the table racks. John listened to the drumfire of criticism.

Only old Tim Mallon, the senior radio operator, had a halfhearted word in her defense.

"If you were a flighty lady and they tried to christen you Ezekiel D. Bascombe," he asked, "wouldn't it throw you off the beam?"

"Yeah. What are we kicking about?" put in Matt Willemse, cynical even for a junior third mate. "Compared to going over Niagara Falls in a barrel, it's nice to go to sea in this unchristened bucket."

The weather wrinkles on John Strom's broad face were still twisting the wrong way as he continued to frown. While loading for this first voyage, out to the Islands, he had tried to pull this crowd together, to make the Easy a happy ship, and a yarn he

A Hunk of STEEL

BY RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

had told them had backfired on her. He had been present at her christening.

Ezekiel D. Bascombe was a great and good, though somewhat stuffy, statesman. His kinswoman, a long-nosed voluble old girl, undoubtedly a good woman, clutched the gaily decorated bottle of champagne in her hands, ready to swing it at the stem of the Easy. But the Easy, in spite of the contrivances of the shipyard, was already gliding down the ways. She had jumped the gun.

With horror the sponsor and the officials perceived that somehow the lanyard to the neck of the champagne bottle had parted. It was now no matter of letting the bottle swing through the air to the steel bow; the bottle was loose.

The Bascombe lady recovered and threw the bottle. It crashed on the ways. Champagne foamed freely on greasy timbers. Not a drop bedewed the Easy's bow. The ship glided on, triumphantly unchristened.

It made a good yarn.

Her officers took John's story a little queerly. They knew she was one of a batch of ten-thousand-ton shelter-deck cargo vessels and that as much care went into the welding of her four hundred fifty-nine feet of steel plates as into those of her sisters. The same gray paint adorned her house and sides; her silhouette, with smartly raked stem, long forward deck, high midship structure, and the raised poop around her formidable five-inch gun aft, was no different.

But whose personality, they asked, entered into the ship if that of Ezekiel D. Bascombe missed the boat? On the first day out of Frisco she had made a pass that was plainly vengeful, they averred, at a destroyer escort which had crossed her bow at disrespectfully close quarters.

"When you feed her steam," Tim Mallon had said to Strom, "the Easy has a jaunty devil-may-care way about her. She starts breezing along and all hands can sense that she, not the master, nor anyone else on board, is setting the pace."

Old Tim, with a lifetime in radio shacks behind him, knew more about ships than most deck officers. John Strom understood. The Easy's independent way became a little more than a joke. And now, with this beam sea catching her light . . .

John Strom turned from the messroom. He had given the ship a bad name. It was an immature trick for a chief mate with a master's ticket in his pocket.

"That's you!" he told himself. "Why don't you grow up? She's a good ship!"

A quick-moving chunky figure with big calloused hands, he shoved out onto the deck, down the ladder, and across her main deck. He stepped into the mast table house, unscrewed the butterflies dogging down the manhole cover, and descended into black Number Three lower hold.

He stood and watched. When she rolled she sent little streams of sand drifting over to her low side. It had piled up fairly high against both sides in the course of her gyrations. It wasn't building up against the shifting boards. These barriers he had set up lengthwise down the middle of the hold strained under no great weight of ballast.

JOHN climbed the ladder and reported to Captain Gamaliel in official language that she wasn't meditating suicide.

"She'd be happier with that ballast in the upper 'tween decks, sir," he ventured. "She's not tender—"

"She'd be happier if she'd never been built!" Gamaliel snapped. "So would I!"

A snappier roll than usual caught Captain Gamaliel off guard. The weary men on the bridge were scandalized to see their round-bodied skipper rolling to port like a loose football.

Gamaliel got up with eyes afire.

"Forty hours of this is enough!" he snapped. He looked at the young Navy communications officer. "Hoist 'Disregard my movements,' lieutenant."

He beckoned to Luke Paulus, the second mate. "Pull her out of line to port, mister. Reduce speed to forty revolutions."

John Strom stood silently at the rail. Gamaliel's eyes challenged comment.

As she dropped astern of the rolling ships, Captain Gamaliel's interchange of signals with the convoy commander was crisp. Once clear of the convoy he swung her to westward and headed back to the Islands.

The menace of Jap subs was nothing in Gamaliel's mind compared to taking that roll any longer.

John Strom was sad. The Easy was disgraced.

In the Islands Gamaliel restowed his ballast in the upper 'tween decks and took on five hundred tons more. John Strom oversaw the handling of every ton of it.

Having had her way, the Easy behaved herself back to Frisco. She ran into no weather, so Captain Gamaliel had time to devote to his letter to the marine super. It was a classic of invective. And he walked off her as soon as her accommodation ladder was lowered.

Two thirds of her crew followed him.

"Perhaps Gamaliel wouldn't have been quite so independent if he hadn't had a line out for command of a transport run by the Army," Tim Mallon said to John.

"What's that?" the mate said.

Tim nodded his knowing white head. "The Atalanta, a sizable queenly ex-liner, running on the same schedule as the Easy," he said. "She makes us look just a little insignificant."

Gamaliel got his Atalanta, perhaps partly because of the arresting flow of language he had used in describing the Easy and his abrupt decision to turn her around when he decided she wasn't seaworthy. It was through Gamaliel's letter and mouth that her reputation started rolling on the beach.

John Strom didn't get very far ashore defending her.

"All she needed besides her permanent ballast was fifteen hundred tons stowed in her upper 'tween decks when she was light, sir, like many another ship I could name," John said to the marine super of the line operating her.

"Uh," said Captain Haynes. "War traffic, with a ship down to her marks one way and with nothing in her but the Old Man's whiskers coming home is no fair test of a vessel."

John Strom nodded emphatically.

"Let's see," said the super. "You have a master's ticket, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir," said John, "and I'm figuring on getting in a year or so more for experience before I start pestering anybody for a command. But that ship—I'm staying with her, sir."

"Uh," said Haynes, moving his eyebrows. "A cranky ship's not so hard on the mate as on the master."

"She's not cranky, sir," John said.

John stayed with her and so did Mr. Poe, the chief engineer; Luke Paulus, second officer; Matt Willemse, junior third officer; Pete Stolnik, the boatswain; a few others, and of course Old Tim Mallon.

Her new master, Captain Breen, an old-timer, didn't have convoy nerves and, an Atlantic coast man, he hadn't heard much about the Easy.

ON Voyage Two she slid out into a fog that, it was predicted, would lift. Ghost ships all around were streaming to sea with their numbers hanging damply from the halyards in the gray light. Some transports, mostly larger ships than the freighters and deep-laden tankers, were groping seaward.

Outside the nets the fog did not lift. It thickened. Blind ships steamed on, fumbling for positions, exchanging numbers by whistle signals when their whistle wasn't needed for warning blasts.

Captain Breen's eyes were no redder than the eyes of Luke Paulus, standing the four-to-eight and keeping out of the Old Man's way. Paulus kept jumping to the engine-room telephone or to the helmsman.

A bit of floating white woodwork showed up abruptly on the starboard beam when the fog curled up off the dark water. It was a fog buoy. It lay dead; no warning

(Continued on page 64)

Who invented the steamboat? No—you're wrong.
Who made the first electric light? No—wrong again.
If you want the real answers, you've got to go to the man the historians hate—

The Man Who Knows Everything First

BY MORT WEISINGER

IF you are the first soldier to have captured a live Jap, the first woman to have bowled three hundred, or the first man to have built a better mousetrap than his neighbor, then you can safely bet all the cigarettes in the land that your name has been haloed for posterity. For that distinction you can thank Joseph Nathan Kane, an owlish, pocket-sized Manhattan researcher who makes it his business to be "mostest with the fustest" about everything under the sun.

For a quarter of a century now, Kane has been busy exhuming mountains of musty records, digging for authentic Famous First Facts that he can spout over the networks, print in his syndicated column, and publish in his books. To date, he has disinterred some 600,000 of these virginal truths from graveyards, newspaper morgues, and museum crypts.

Samples: "The first ice-cream cone was originated in St. Louis, Mo., in 1904." . . . "The first man ever executed in this country was John Bishop, a wife-killer." . . . "The first cigar-rolling machine was invented by Oscar Hammerstein on Feb. 27, 1883." . . . "The first duel ever fought in America took place between two serving men on June 18, 1621."

Specializing in this sort of Americana earns Kane an average $25,000 a year. His hyperactive chronological curiosity has also subtracted from his sleep, added his name to police blotters, and multiplied his ulcers.

When he unearthed the identity of the first American to produce the washing machine, an "inventor" hitherto collecting royalties committed suicide. When he designated Charles Duryea, of Reading, Pennsylvania, as having been the first American to perfect the automobile, Reading townsfolk cast an expensive bronze tablet in Duryea's memory. But Indiana champions of Elwood Haynes, an inventor previously credited with this glory, promptly began gunning for Kane's hide. And when he blandly proclaimed over the air that the first radio broadcast had been successfully demonstrated in 1892 by Nathan B. Stubblefield, hundreds of doubting Thomases threatened to send Kane in to Ripley!

Recently, when he gave a simple quiz on nineteenth-century "firsts" to a trio of college history professors at New York's plushy Yale Club, they flunked. Confronted with bombproof evidence that Fulton did not invent the first steamboat, that Edison did not make the first electric lamp, and that Remington did not father the first typewriter, the sages pleaded with Kane to write a thesis on the subject. For answer, he referred them to his two volumes of Famous First Facts, on the shelves of every library in the United States, where they rank in popularity with the World Almanac and other standard reference works.

Hollywood script girls swear by Kane

PHOTOS BY DAVE ROSENFELD

Having made room amid his voluminous files to sit down, Joe Kane looks for First Facts.

Last year, production on a million-dollar film was halted while a transcontinental call was put in to him to ascertain the date the first umbrella made its debut in America. When he reported that the umbrella was unknown in this country prior to 1772, studio authors promptly rewrote an entire sequence. Not long ago, the research director for a big Hollywood studio said her chief sources of reference were Kane's Famous First Facts, the dictionary, the Bible, Shakespeare, and Emily Post—in the order named.

In 1940, Kane went on the air with Famous Firsts, parading before the microphone such milestone-makers as Elisha Waterman, creator of the first fountain pen; Anna Jarvis, founder of Mother's Day; Clarence Birdseye, perfecter of the frozen-food process; and the late Colonel Jacob Ruppert, whose Yankee team was the first ball club ever to cop three pennants in a row.

It was during one of these programs that Kane rocked the networks by presenting Charles Whitehead of Bridgeport, Connecticut, identifying him as "the son of Gustave Whitehead, the first man to fly a heavier-than-air machine—two years four months and three days previous to the Wright flight at Kittyhawk!" This was such a sensational claim (radio actors had refused to participate in a skit based on one of Whitehead's flights until Kane had dazzled them with proof) that hundreds of listeners promptly called him "Liar!" via Western Union.

It cost Kane several hundred dollars to convince skeptics that this history-fracturing statement was indeed true. At his own expense he mailed out thousands of photostated clips from the Bridgeport

Herald, the Boston Transcript, and the New York Herald, all describing in detail a half-mile flight made by Gustave Whitehead on August 14, 1901. These were supplemented with copies of eleven affidavits signed by people who had been eyewitnesses to the event.

To this date no one has been able to disprove Kane's contention that "Gustave Whitehead, a little be-mustached Bavarian, made the first motor-controlled flight in the world, sped farther, faster, and better than the Wrights."

As a result of the interest evidenced in these broadcasts, the Museum of the City of New York opened up an exhibit of Famous Firsts, devoting an entire floor to 3,000 historical items collected by Kane. The exhibit was a success, but it gave Kane a bigger headache than our B-29s are giving Tojo. Hundreds of visitors, eager for a place in Kane's unique Hall of Fame, swamped him with firsts.

One credit hound offered him a drum, claiming it was the first one ever autographed by Jack Dempsey. Another submitted a battered golf ball he wanted preserved for the ages because it was the first one ever to have been knocked off a human head.

Kane's first-thirst has caused him to rip off on fact-hunting treks that make F. B. I. sleuthing sagas pale by comparison. When a reader who followed his syndicated N. E. A. feature, Who Was First?, queried, "Who invented the first sewing-machine needle?" it cost him six months and $1,000 to track down the answer. His only clue was in an 1870 issue of the Sewing Machine Times, which advertised needles for sale by one Walter Hunt. Washington's patent files had no record of such a man, so Kane consulted 800 city directories and compiled a list of 5,000 Hunts. To each of them he wrote a letter asking if they were related to Walter Hunt, needle inventor.

THIS postal dragnet snared one favorable reply that scooted him off to Lowville, New York, supposedly the birthplace of the man he was trying to trace. When genealogical records there failed to confirm that fact, Kane prowled the town's cemetery at night until he found a headstone bearing Hunt's name. At this point he was arrested by a constable for "molesting the dead." He cheerfully paid the fine, for in the courthouse he found documents recording Hunt's needle business. Making photostats of the records, he went home weary but happy.

Born in New York City half a century ago, Joseph Nathan Kane comes from a talented musical family which toured the Old World's big cities under special commands from kings and dukes. Young Joseph was the original quiz kid. In school he drove his history teachers to hysteria by constantly asking them "Why?" or "How do you know?"

Joseph flunked all his exams. When he was asked to state the birthplace of Columbus, he evaded a definite reply and wrote: "The honor of having given Columbus to the world is claimed by Spain, Italy, France, and Portugal. . . ."

Entering Columbia University, he remained a problem child. When instructors in English stressed how to write, freshman Kane skipped assignments and peddled feature articles to the New York World. Told to write two pages on the guillotine, he wrote 200, telling why the textbook was wrong. He finally won his B. A. degree, but if it had been up to some members of the faculty, he would have been given a black sheepskin.

After college he drifted into the export field, writing financial articles for magazines. In 1921 a newspaper syndicate hired him as Washington correspondent. He spent his days interviewing folk like Coolidge, Harding, Hughes, and Britain's Lord Beatty. Evenings he haunted the Congressional Library and the Patent Office, searching history's archives for the romantic stories of America's inventors.

These fascinated Kane, and nothing would satisfy him but doing a book on the subject. A publisher gave him an advance, only to have him refund the sum four months later. "Can't do it," he reported. "History is all confused. There were other steamboats before Fulton, other telegraphs before Morse, and other electric lights before Edison. You can't print that. It's sacrilege."

But Kane's sister, Ann, saw it differently. "Someone must have been first in everything," she reasoned. "If these facts are new to you, they must be to everyone else. It's about time *someone* collected all this data—and maybe you're the man to do it!"

And so was laid the first brick of Kane's bottomless fact factory. Knowing he would have to ferret out information all over the country, he obtained a job as a traveling salesman. For the next ten years he pursued an incredible Odyssey, touring every American city with a population of more than 3,000. In each community he spent evenings burrowing for firsts, visiting local historical institutions, libraries, colleges, and courthouses. He often went hungry, for he spent his salary on photostats of precious documents and on notary-public fees to have inventors' affidavits registered.

In June, 1933, ten years after he had begun his project, Kane finished the 779th and last page of his book. Under the title, Famous First Facts, it circulated in and out of seventeen publishers' offices. A typical editorial comment was: "Radical. Dynamite. Questions history dates don't jibe with accepted sources. Will never sell." Undaunted, the author submitted it to the H. W. Wilson Company, publishers of the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature. Editors there sent the manuscript to thirty-two of the country's largest libraries for appraisals and to check on local items. Thirty-one gave it the highest praise. The thirty-second refused to commit itself but enclosed an order for twenty copies of the book when published.

Literary huzzahs greeted the book upon publication. The New York Times found it "more fascinating, if possible, than the dictionary." Every library in the world ordered a copy. Manufacturers began to send Kane costly samples of their products, hoping to win First laurels in his next volume. He returned them all. An ambitious hardware king wrote him, offering to place an order for several hundred copies if priority mention for several of his appliances were included. When Kane's records showed otherwise, this offer was likewise snubbed.

WHEN firms have legitimate requests, though, Kane never hesitates to cash in on his fact mine. When the advertising agency for a popular shaving cream offered him a handsome check for compiling an historical record of the company, listing Firsts they had innovated, Kane readily banked their check, although it took him less than an hour to ransack the information from his inexhaustible files. Having his phone ring at all hours with SOS pleas to confirm facts in radio scripts a scant few hours before deadline has become a familiar routine to him. He readily obliges—but for a price. He has yet to forget his lean days spent touring the country.

Although he is stricter than the WPB when it comes to granting priorities, and will certify a First only after consummate investigation, a boner he pulled back in 1935 still has him embarrassed. This occurred when he credited one Adam Thompson, a grain dealer, with having built America's first bathtub. Kane's authority for this crediting was no less a personage than H. L. Mencken, who had written a ponderous treatise on the first tub, telling how Thompson had introduced it to society on December 20, 1842, persuading several guests to try it out, only to be denounced by doctors for his act.

Subsequently Kane discovered that the Mencken story, although widely circulated, had been an out-and-out hoax, and that Benjamin Franklin had built the first tub, a zinc-lined, shoe-shaped affair. This Mencken myth is the only blemish on Kane's record, but it still worries him.

Beneficiaries of Kane's fact findings are constantly showering him with gifts of appreciation. Once, when he discovered the origin

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Kane's Warehouse—a cluttered cellar which houses the overflow of his collection.

Should We Have Compulsory

YES!

says President CHARLES SEYMOUR of Yale University

It will be a long time after the war ends before we can be sure that any international organization will provide us with the security necessary to our freedom. Until then—at least—we can't take chances

THE case for compulsory military training rests squarely upon the necessities of national security. The real issue has nothing to do with our personal approval or disapproval of military practice as a way of spending a year in the life of a young man, or with the educational, moral, or hygienic effects of such a year. The question before us is whether, as a nation, we can afford to take any chance of finding ourselves once again unprepared to meet an international emergency.

Those who oppose military training seem curiously unable or unwilling to face the facts of our immediate future. There is a prevalent assumption that once Germany and Japan are defeated we shall immediately enter an era of peace which will permit disarmament; and that through the Dumbarton Oaks agreement, or something like it, the world will be assured against the aggression that starts war. There is a second assumption, equally prevalent, that by returning to our prewar neglect of military readiness we shall strengthen the confidence of peace-loving nations in the new world organization and help to dispel mutual suspicion and rivalry. This assumpton often takes the form of the question, "Against whom are we arming?" Both assumptions are without foundation.

It is not true that when war ends, peace begins. In November, 1918, when the German armistice was signed, closing the great war, a dozen good second-class wars immediately broke out. It was five years before the last of these incidental conflicts was settled. We must expect that with the ending of formal hostilities with Germany and Japan, we shall enter upon a period that is neither peace nor war—Walter Lippmann calls it a period of pacification—which will demand our attention and energy to almost the same degree as war itself. This is not a pleasant prospect, but it would be fatal to delude ourselves. I am assuming that we are, as a nation, pledged to assume our full responsibility in this period along with the other great powers. No one can foretell how long the period of pacification will last, but it will not be completed nor will a real peace be achieved until the enemy nations are purged of their aggressive instincts and can be safely admitted to the circle of peace-loving nations. During those years the United States must at all times be prepared to exercise determining force in a military sense.

The Dumbarton Oaks plan is certainly worthy of enthusiastic support; it is ardently to be hoped that an international organization will develop, capable, by its welfare activities, of removing the causes of war and, by its unified strength, of destroying any design of aggression by a recalcitrant power. But, as the history of the League of Nations indicates, an international institution does not acquire strength from the covenant that creates it. If it is to function, it must actually and accurately represent the strength and determination of the states that compose it. We may hope that this time the nations will operate such a plan effectively so as to suppress aggressive war. But it will be a long time before we can be certain that it will provide us with the security necessary to our freedom. In the meantime we Americans cannot afford to take any chances.

There are those who would put all their eggs in the Dumbarton Oaks basket and who insist that if we confess the need of military readiness we shall spoil the eggs by our lack of confidence in them. I have always been an advocate of collective security since the beginnings of the League of Nations. But that particular form of security has never been granted a monopoly. If we can add to it by our own military preparedness, we should do so, for we need every kind of security we can get.

The assumption that by the maintenance of a trained military reserve we shall arouse the suspicion of our allies and weaken the solidarity of the peace-loving nations results from a fantastic ignorance of foreign affairs. Their fear is not so much of our imperialism as of a rebirth of isolationism. The question they are asking is whether the United States will not again change its mind and withdraw from its promise of international co-operation. They realize clearly that if a system of world-wide security is to be established, each of the nations involved must be ready to support unified policy by its own military strength. Should we resume our prewar unreadiness after the collapse of Germany and Japan, our allies will take it as a clear sign that we are also going to resume our prewar isolationism. They are even now watching us nervously lest we retreat into a pacifism that will spoil our effective assistance in the suppression of future wars. If we really mean to play our part in an organization for peace, we must have the strength to help make it work. If our voice is to carry influence in the councils of that organization, it must be supported by our military readiness.

A number of persons who declare that they wish the nation to possess adequate means of defense, nevertheless would like to postpone the decision. They intimate that they will support a system of required military training "if, after adequate deliberation, the nation is convinced that its safety requires it." They argue that it is impossible to foretell what the international situation will be after the war, and they would advise doing nothing in the meantime. Another reason which they adduce for delaying decision is that this question ought not to be settled while emotions are aroused by "war hysteria"; that we should await the calm atmosphere of peace, when we can weigh the issues with cool reason.

Such pleas are not unfamiliar. They have appeared at the end of each of our wars, in opposition to all plans for the establishment of organized military defense. Postponing the decision has always been tantamount to taking no decision at all. The future is always uncertain and there is al-

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Military Training?

NO!

says BOOTH TARKINGTON

Peacetime conscription is the unsafest way to make ourselves safe. It cannot possibly bring us safety from war—but it most certainly can help to bring upon us the very war we are trying to avoid

CONSCIENTIOUSLY patriotic in motive, the advocates of peacetime conscription demand that the United States shall henceforth train for war all physically fit American boys of eighteen. Since most of the boys would refuse such training if left free in a country at peace, the conscriptionists intend that in effect the government shall seize upon the persons of the unwilling majority and force them to undergo military training. The word "compulsory" is a recognition that the measure would prove ineffective unless force were behind it.

As so violent a reversal of previous American conceptions of liberty would alter the lives and minds not only of the boys themselves but also of their families and of all American citizens, it is certainly the pressing present business of every American to think over this great matter with all the coolness, deliberation, and searching intelligence that he can bring to bear upon it.

The active conscriptionists, however, intend to press the decision as immediately as possible because they fear that if we all have time to cool down and think about it, after the war, we're pretty certain not to like it. They mean to hurry us because they believe that they know more about what's best for the country than we do when we're calm. They believe that "we, the people" are too changeable and stupid to be trusted to act for our own good. They believe that their superior wisdom and foresight must take advantage of our emotional crisis in order to save us and them from the calamities we'd bring upon the United States if we took time to think.

Well, if the proposed permanent alteration of all our lives is the necessity they believe it to be, then perhaps their haste to put it over on us is justified. On the other hand, if peacetime conscription is not going to be a necessity, then their hustling us into it should be prevented.

At times in our history millions of honest and devotedly patriotic people have spent their energy and oratory for causes —such as Free Silver—that would have damaged the nation. The advocates of those causes were as serious, as sincere, as profoundly convinced as are the conscriptionists now. The conscriptionist naturally has little patience with an opposite view because he is so feveredly certain that any course except the one he proposes will bring mortal danger upon his country. Unable to put his faith in any agreements between nations for the prevention of future wars, he holds that America must be made too militarily strong to be defeated in the next conflict (or series of conflicts) that his imagination, or his logic, convinces him will threaten her life.

He often says that he does not object to the efforts of well meaning people to make wars between nations impossible. But his distrust is so sharp that his position is really that, even should such efforts succeed, America must be made so powerful that no other nation or combination of other nations can challenge her with hope of success. This means that the United States must not only be made able to resist invasion along two coast lines, each extending from the Arctic to the Antarctic, but must also, for self-preservation's sake, be "strong" enough to take the offensive against all alliances that might come into effect against us. In other words, the advocates of compulsion expect future wars, and, to be realistically consistent, they must make America safe for an encounter with all the rest of the world.

Most of the advocates will here pronounce so much consistency untenable and admit that we can't fight the world. They'll further admit that the best we can do is to make ourselves safe against one or two of the other great powers. Professional military advocates sometimes call the supposed enemy that will rise against us "X country." For diplomacy's sake, they think it wise not to be more definite. But patriotic enthusiasm is not inspired in any boy or his family if you force him out of his home or his school or his job to compel him to learn how to fight to the death against an enemy named "X country." Surely we all have a right to know exactly who and what "X country" is.

"X country" can't be Germany or Japan or both. Unless we and our allies completely fail in the purposes of the colossal and sacrificing war we're now waging, Germany and Japan for at least a generation will be made militarily helpless by Allied forces already trained and by others provided for through our present system of Selective Service. The measure before Congress does not contemplate the use of the new compulsory peacetime conscriptees in that field. No; they are to be made ready for another combat, one between America—and whom?

Not Britain, certainly, because the whole British Empire or Commonwealth of Nations devoutly hopes to be our permanent friend and would go to the utmost extremes rather than fight us. Self-interest makes the very thought abhorrent and impossible to both nations. Nor could our theoretical enemy possibly be China—not in this century—nor would Central American or South American combinations of countries either attack us or require such vast preparation on our part if they did. The only great power left that can possibly be regarded as "X country" is Russia. Unavoidably, therefore, we perceive that "X country" is Russia, and it is for a war against Russia that the peacetime conscription measure is to be put into operation. Russia now appears to be forming a defensive alliance with France; so perhaps we should say that "X country" may prove to be Russia plus France. The quarrel the conscriptionists expect to lead into war would not be with France, of course. France once helped to save us and we have twice helped to save France, so the expected quarrel is to be with Russia.

It's a waste of time to discuss the subsidiary plea that conscription is a health

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THE PROUD SISTERS

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

Miss Lucy and Miss Bea hadn't been seen out of the house together for years. The town just put it down to their strange ways—but one frightened little girl knew the real reason

BY

ALLEN RANKIN

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

NO one but the Tinjer twins would have worn lace in mourning, or such gleaming, slithering black silk. The black watered-silk clothes the Tinjers wore in their last years were beyond a doubt the finest ever seen in our little cotton town.

Still, they could have been twice as fine and stylish and they would have frightened me as a child. I can still look up as I did as a little girl playing on the flagstoned walk and see Miss Lucy or Miss Bea Tinjer bearing down on me, and hear the swishy, feathery sound of dark skirts in the still afternoon air. I remember how, when one of the old ladies would come upon me too late to run, I would press myself tightly against the brick wall to give her plenty of room on the walk, lest the creeping hobble skirt brush me as she passed.

I suppose it was really the old ladies themselves that frightened me: their stark white faces, their sharp noses and fierce old eyes held proudly, the mystery of their queer ways. Miss Lucy and Miss Bea hadn't been seen out of the house together in years. When one would come out the other would stay home—to watch their house, people said; to see that no one stole anything from their dark rambling old mansion.

People would say to Miss Lucy at Wednesday-night prayer meeting, "Good ev'ning, Miss Lucy, and where is Miss Bea tonight?" And Miss Lucy would say in her strange, high-pitched voice, "Well, since father died, you know, someone must stay home and keep the house company."

When Miss Bea would come out on Friday nights and Miss Lucy would stay home, it was the same sort of thing.

IT all seemed queer when I was little. I remember how, when mama was around with the lamps turned up bright and I wasn't afraid to think such thoughts, I used to wonder what strange things went on in the house on the hill. I used to see one of the old ladies coming from a distance, and wonder which one was out and which one was staying home. The old twins always dressed identically, and in their mourning clothes you could hardly tell them apart. Guessing made an interesting game.

Yet, game or not, I feared either one of them in those black clothes they never changed. When I saw or felt them near to me I sensed the implications of a strange new word. I know now the word was death.

But I was most afraid of them because of my great carelessness, my great sin. I was running with my hoop that day, rounding the corner at the foot of Walnut Street when I ran into Miss Bea Tinjer. I still feel the shock of that collision, the sudden rush of the silk about me. Again I struggle frantically to loose myself and be free of the stuff, and I hear the small ripping sound

I feel the horror of Miss Bea's cold fury as she drew herself up and glared at me and at the little tear I had made in her dress just beneath the hobble skirt.

"Oh, you've done it now! You've torn it!" The words come out in that shocked whisper. "You stupid . . . careless little . . . trash!"

I feel the burning hurt of her cane as it whipped out and struck me, leaving me too stunned and bewildered to cry. I see mama running up, breathless with alarm. I see her standing as straight and proud as Miss Bea and as white with anger, though her dress was only gingham. I feel again in my heart the bitter, passionate things mama almost said—and didn't. I feel again the remarkable quiet force that was my mother.

When she finally spoke it was in a low, gentle tone:

"I'm sorry, Miss Bea. If you'll let me take the dress and mend it—"

"Mend it! How could you?" Miss Bea's voice rasped. "I wouldn't let you mend it if it were *never* mended!"

I saw mama take the insult, weigh it, absorb it and conquer it, and somehow decide not to give hurt for hurt.

"I'm sorry," she said quietly. "That is all I can do."

It was a last hard slap at mama's pride, calculated to hurt, and it did. All the things the Tinjers had done to mama had hurt: the way they had snubbed her when she had begun to take in sewing for a living; the way they had slipped away to Mobile to buy their fine mourning clothes from a modiste instead of from her.

The Tinjer sisters never forgave mama for working. When she lost her money she became the town dressmaker. When they lost theirs they refused to admit it. The paint peeled off the columns in front of their house; the house itself grew splotchy and worm-eaten and smelled of molding wood; the window frames, where panes once had caught up the sunset in a mad red tangle, showed more and more blind blank spaces. Still, rather than admit they were getting poor, the Tinjers would have died.

That was why they wore the fine black clothes, I think: to disguise the fact they were doing without, eating less, selling some of their brighter clothes of earlier days and even some of their furniture. In secret, of course. They had to keep up appearances. They never could understand how people like mama could wear gingham and be self-respecting.

I was furious when Miss Bea struck me. I wanted to tell everyone about it. But mama said quietly when we got home, "No, Jo Anne. What good would it do? Isn't there enough gossip around Summerville now—enough ugliness in the world?"

That was mama. She would go to any lengths to avoid unpleasantness. She didn't even like to think ill of people. I know now that that's why she kept reassuring me. In reassuring me she was trying to reassure herself.

Mama forgot everything and tried to help Miss Lucy the night Miss Bea died. It was a bitter February night in 1897. Mama said Miss Lucy was sick in bed, too, and needed help, and so she took me and walked to the Tinjer place in the slosh and rain. When old Sam, the family house servant, came down and said Miss Lucy wouldn't see us or anyone, mama argued with him quietly, sensibly, before the big Tinjer door finally closed on us as so often, figuratively, it had closed on us before.

But even at Miss Bea's funeral, when the rest of the town buzzed with gossip, mama was quiet and thoughtful. It was an ugly thing, that funeral with its cheap pine box and seedy flowers. It was like the opening of an ugly closed hand. Suddenly and unavoidably it showed all the town how poor Miss Bea and Lucy Tinjer had been, perhaps for years.

MISS LUCY wasn't even there. She sent word that she was too sick to come out. But I could hear people whispering that she wasn't sick at all, but just too proud to come out and show her face. It was such a small, cheap thing, that funeral—not for itself, but for what it revealed—the Tinjers' masquerade. Even the rich finery of Miss Bea's familiar dress couldn't conceal that, for all its proud shining in the dim yellow church light.

The little knots of people came forward and stood over Miss Bea and whispered, and they didn't notice the delicately mended place which showed no larger than a crow's foot beneath the hobble skirt. And I was glad, proud then that I never had told them of Miss Bea's striking me that day I tore the dress. The deed was bad and a little like the whispers going round, and it was a fine thing to keep it so soundly, so secretly within myself. I remember the odd feeling of bigness which came over me in knowing something like that, something that the others didn't know, and how the feeling grew when that evil little crow's foot of a mended place was buried with Miss Bea with no one ever knowing.

That is why, I suppose, I never gossiped about Miss Bea or about Miss Lucy Tinjer afterward. I could never bring myself to talk about Miss Lucy—not when she stayed locked up in her house alone for so many days after the funeral; not when people said she was off in her mind and slipping out to the cemetery at night; not even when she came back out again, prouder and even more defiant than ever before in her familiar black silk.

I wake at night and see her as I passed her that night under the street light. I hear the rustle of old cloth and see her looking above and beyond me, her white face still proud, but somehow set and blank in its proudness. I feel the old fright

"Oh, you've done it now! You've torn it!" The words came out in that shocked whisper. "You stupid . . . careless little . . . trash!"

come over me and I am running again as I ran then, faster even than the black landaus with their horses clip-clopping on the cobblestones. I feel the senseless panic pounding inside as I ran, and hear the strangely bent old man on the corner laugh dryly and say, "What's the matter, little girl? See a ghost?"

I hear myself call back, "No. No-nothing." I feel the new calmness that came inside, the calmness that was mama's, and I know why I never told. What good would it have done to tell, to tell even mama? She would have worried. It was just something else to keep within myself, that's all. And so I have kept it till now when Miss Lucy herself is dead and it can do no harm.

What good would it have done to tell people that, just beneath the hobble skirt Miss Lucy wore to the last, I always saw that familiar little mended place like a crow's foot, just as I saw it that first night she came back? How could I ever have let her know that I knew there never was, never had been, but one black dress?

THE END

Bus Ride in the South

BY HOWARD H. TAUBMAN

"MAKE *them* move, soldier," the driver said as he stood just outside the bus and took my ticket. "Make them move to the back seat. Is all they get."

I climbed into the Birmingham-Chattanooga bus. The Birmingham bus station was bustling with the usual Sunday-night crowd. Other soldiers crowded into the bus behind me. I made my way down the dimly lit aisle and found one empty seat in the last row but one. There was no need to make "them" move to the back seat; that was where they were.

There were only three of "them" in the bus, and they sat huddled together. Their dark skin seemed even darker in the half-lights of the bus. The one woman sat with her side pressed against the side of the bus. The man near her slouched in a loose-limbed way, his chin buried in his chest. He held a guitar in his lap, and the occasional drumming of his left hand on the finger board was the only sign that he was awake. He held the guitar so that the finger board was partly in the woman's lap and the base of the instrument did not jut beyond his right side. When I came down the aisle, the third figure in the back seat sat close to the man with the guitar. But as the other soldiers piled into the bus, he moved over and squeezed himself against the side of it. The back seat had room for five; two spaces remained unoccupied.

The driver got in, closed the door, started the motor, and the bus edged its way through the station and into the street. The lights in the bus were switched off, and until my eyes were accustomed to the darkness I could not make out who stood and lurched in the aisle near me. I could hear the voices. They were soft Southern voices. I could make out that they belonged to two soldiers, and they were comparing notes on the week-end in Birmingham. They were gay. They talked and laughed with a touch of boisterousness. They knew a place to get beer in Birmingham on Sundays.

As the bus swung into the outskirts of the city, it picked up speed, and the soldiers standing near me swayed more markedly.

"Gosh, Charlie," said one, "I'm tuckered out for fair."

"You ain't kiddin', Bill. Birmingham was rough."

"Yeah, boy, Charlie, rough!"

"Why don't you sit down, Bill?" Charlie drawled, and then he roared with laughter at his joke.

By then I could make out the expressions on the soldiers' faces and could see them glance meaningfully at the vacant places in the back seat.

"I think I will," said Charlie, and his voice seemed to be mischievous. "Where's that newspaper you had?"

Bill handed Charlie a section of the Birmingham News that he carried in a roll under his arm. Charlie ostentatiously spread it on the floor and plopped down. Bill lowered himself in front of him.

"Dammit, Bill, ain't no room for my feet!"

"Ain't no room for mine neither, . . ."

"Floor's a hell of a place to sit, Bill."

"Rough, Charlie, rough!"

I glanced at the dark figures in the back seat. They seemed to be made of stone. They gave no hint of seeing or hearing what was taking place virtually at their feet. The dark-skinned woman stared straight ahead. The loose-limbed man seemed to sink deeper into the dark leather of the seat, and even his drumming on the finger board stopped. The third figure might have been asleep; only, his body was too rigid.

Charlie and Bill were feeling good. They roared at each other, mixing their recollections of the week-end in Birmingham with gripes about ending it by riding the floor back to camp.

This is the story of some people on a bus in Dixie. They're ordinary people, and nothing very extraordinary happens to them. But you'll remember them for a long time

The bus made a sudden stop and Charlie's head bumped against the back seat.

"Cain't git comfortable nohow," he complained. Then he bent forward and whispered into Bill's ear. I could hear his last words, "Waddyasay? Cain't do no harm." Bill said, "Let's," and raised himself from the floor. Charlie stood up, and the two twisted and turned as if to flex stiffened muscles. They looked at each other. "Well, let's," said Charlie, and lowered himself carefully onto the edge of one of the vacant spaces in the back seat, next to the man with the guitar. Bill's movement was also gingerly, and he, too, sat on the edge of the seat. The dark-skinned figure at Bill's right seemed to contract as he squeezed himself against the side. Charlie and Bill laughed with a shade of embarrassment, I thought. But they were feeling good; they were in the mood for fun.

"Say, Charlie," Bill said, nudging him, "can you play the gee-tar?"

"Naw, cain't play a lick."

"Be a good time to learn, Charlie."

"Ain't got a gee-tar," Charlie chuckled and elbowed his companion.

"Could be you could borrow one if you asked nice and friendly-like," Bill said softly, and his voice was suffused with complacent merriment.

"Could be," said Charlie, rising to the bait. "Think I will." He turned to the couple at his left. The woman sat straight. The red feather on her hat, which must have been meant to look perky but was forlornly old-fashioned, seemed to quiver. The man beside her scarcely stirred.

"Say, Sam," Charlie said amiably, "how'd you like to lend me that gee-tar?"

The man addressed as Sam did not move, nor did the woman beside him.

"Come on, Sam," Charlie pleaded. "Won't do it no harm."

"Naw," Bill roared, "nor no good neither."

"How about it, Sam, just for a minute?"

I thought I saw the woman nudge the dark-skinned man. Without a word and without raising his chin from his chest, he handed the guitar to Charlie.

"Mighty decent of you," said Charlie.

Bill chimed in, "Mighty white, mighty white!" and guffawed.

Charlie handled the guitar like an unmarried uncle picking up his newly born nephew. He put the base on his lap. He let his left hand ride up and down the finger board in what was meant to be a professional manner, but his fingers were stiff and awkward. With his right hand he plucked the open strings. They replied by wailing inharmoniously.

"Oh, my aching back!" Bill shouted. "Give it back."

"I ain't sayin' it's good," Charlie said, as he plucked the strings carelessly, "but you gotta remember this ain't my gee-tar."

Bill was derisive. "I suppose you own one that plays for white folks."

Charlie and Bill roared with laughter. Charlie got up, holding the guitar at arm's length. "Anybody here can play this here thing?" There was no response. He sat down and plucked the strings. He got a harsh, insolent sound.

"Give it back," Bill said; "it ain't doin' no good in your hands."

"It sure ain't." Charlie shook his head. "Here, Sam, here's your gee-tar." His voice was really friendly. "And thank you kindly."

The man addressed as Sam took the guitar. He mumbled indistinguishably. The words might have been, "It don't matter."

Charlie and Bill were feeling good; they wanted some fun. Charlie had another idea. "Say, Sam," he said, "you can play that thing, cain't you?" The Negro didn't answer. But Charlie wasn't to be put aside. "Aw, come on, Sam; no hard feelings. Just tell me. You can, cain't you? What'd you be doin' with it if you couldn't?" He turned to Bill. "Eh, Bill, don't you figure he can play the gee-tar?"

"Reckon he can," Bill said. "How about it, Sam? Give us a tune."

The Negro they called Sam raised his head from his chest. Looking straight ahead he said, "Just goin' up to Chattanooga. Ain't workin'."

"Tell you what," Charlie said. "Give you a buck for a tune."

"Gotta buck, Charlie?" Bill demanded playfully.

Charlie pulled out his wallet and flushed a dollar bill. He waved it under the Negro's face. "Yours for one tune, Sam."

The Negro turned his head and looked at Charlie. "Won't play fo' no money." I thought the woman jabbed him as he started to speak. "You boys is American soldiers," he said steadily, "and I'll play fo' nothin'."

"Attaboy, Sam," Charlie said, and he stuffed the dollar bill into his wallet rather awkwardly, as if embarrassed. His voice was excessively loud. "Hear that, Bill?

Sam warmed up as he played. His eyes remained half shut, but the beat became livelier . . . the tension seemed to slacken.

We're gonna have a tune. What'll it be, Sam?"

The Negro cradled the guitar in his arms, gave the strings a few preliminary twangs and began to play. The songs were pretty much his own. He used fairly well known tunes, but his words were either his own or some other modest minstrel's. He didn't really sing. His voice didn't have much range, and frequently the words were spoken rhythmically, with the guitar beating out the time. Charlie and Bill beat time with their feet. The other passengers listened. Charlie and Bill wanted to sing too. They asked for You Are My Sunshine. The Negro plunked out an accompaniment for You Are My Sunshine, and Charlie and Bill sounded off with heartiness. They were feeling good; they were having fun.

THE man they called Sam warmed up as he played. His eyes remained half shut, but his feet began to work harder, his shoulders swayed, his head bobbed, the beat became livelier. The woman beside him watched quietly. The tension in her seemed to slacken. The Negro at the other side of the back seat also relaxed, and when his shoulder brushed Bill's, he didn't recoil as if he had trespassed.

After a couple of songs, Charlie clapped the guitarist on the back and said, "Sam, you're a helluva good guy."

The Negro grinned. "Ain't bad to have music."

"You ain't kiddin'," Charlie said.

"D'ya know any blues?" Bill asked.

The Negro nodded and then shook his head.

"Come on, Sam," Charlie said. "Bet you do."

"Don't like singin' blues," the Negro said.

"Why not?" Charlie asked with a laugh.

"Well," the Negro grinned, "cain't tell what they'll do to me. First they go to my feet, then my heart, then my haid. Ain't no good to sing the blues."

A faint warm smile played around the corners of the woman's mouth; she squeezed his arm.

"Please, Sam," Bill begged.

"Sure appreciate it," Charlie added.

The Negro poised over the guitar and began a tune which had this refrain: "When there ain't no lovin', there ain't no livin'." He rang many changes on the theme. He tailored them to his own style. His face became rapt. He wasn't kidding that blues went to his feet; certainly they came from some place that might have been called the heart.

Bill and Charlie and the other passengers listened. When the Negro finished, Charlie got up and took his hand and shook it. "Great," he said. Then, a little sheepishly, "'Scuse us for calling you Sam. Tell us your name. I'm Charlie Brewer. This goon here is Bill Winston."

The Negro smiled. "Name ain't Sam. It's Josh—Josh Robinson. That's Lydia, my wife."

Charlie and Bill shook hands with the woman and murmured, "Pleased to meet ya, Mrs. Robinson."

"How's about another blues?" Charlie asked.

"One's all I can do," Josh said.

"O. K.," Bill put in. "How about a religious tune?"

Josh nodded. "Bein' as it's Sunday." He began We'll Be Goin' Down the Jordan. The woman, sitting erect, her head held high, joined in the tune. She sang vigorously, perhaps defiantly.

Bill and Charlie grinned with pleasure. They applauded at the end and asked for another tune. The other passengers were all looking back, listening and watching. Mostly people grinned; several frowned. The singers and Bill and Charlie paid no mind. Bill and Charlie no longer sat on the edge of the seat. They made themselves at home. They were having fun.

THE bus in the meantime kept moving, stopping from time to time at villages and towns on the way to drop and pick up passengers. The bus remained crowded all the time. When it stopped at one point, the Robinsons and Charlie and Bill were singing a religious tune they all knew. The conductor switched on the lights, stood up, and looked down the length of the bus. I peered out the window and saw a Negro in working clothes standing near the front door of the bus.

The conductor blocked the entrance, then put his hand on the lever that operated the door. "Cain't come in here," he said to the figure outside, and his voice was loud enough for all of us to hear. "Back seat's all taken. Ain't no other place for no more Nigras."

He slammed the door shut, and the bus pulled away. It became quiet in the rear.

THE END

ANN DENNIS was worried. She had been worried for two years, ever since Shep Farrier had gone in the Army, ever since his outfit had been shipped to the South Pacific; but this was a different kind of worry. For Shep was back in the States now, in Asheville, North Carolina, and what was gnawing at Ann was the thought that he did not want to come to New York to see her. And the boys—Shep had written so often about his eagerness to be back with the band again, to get together with Horse and Charley and Mezz. But instead of coming back, he was staying on at Asheville's swank Mount Mitchell Hotel, which had been taken over by the government for a rehabilitation center, and Ann was trying to read between the laconic and not too tender lines of his letters.

The worry showed up in her singing, and Horse noticed it. "What's the matter, Annie?" he said. "Where, oh, where, has your old ginger gone?"

"It's Shep," Ann said. "I know you've got to expect people who've been in the thick of fighting and had malaria and everything to be changed, but I didn't think Shep would be. But his letters are so different."

"You're anxious to see the guy, aren't you?" Horse said.

Ann nodded. "I love the big hunk of junk, Horse. And I think there must be something the matter with him, although he says he's all right."

"Shep Farrier's always been my pal," Horse said solemnly, "and, kreep that I am, I love you though it does me no good. So I'm going to stake you to a trip to North Carolina to see him."

"I've got the money," Ann said. "I've been saving up for furnishing that apartment Shep and I were going to have in Jackson Heights, come the armistice. You could give me a vacation for a couple of weeks, though."

"Take your time about it," Horse said, "and when you come back bring Shep along in your luggage. Complete with his Bronze Star and his overseas stripes. He'll add tone to our 4-F organization."

THE boys in the band had seen Ann off at Penn Station, loaded her down with candy, cigarettes, fruit, books. "It's like going to Europe." Ann clutched her spoils and tried vainly to blow her nose, for farewells always made her weepy.

"Be sure to tell Shep we can still use that trumpet of his," Horse said.

For a year and a half she had been anticipating the first moment when she would see Shep. She would laugh and cry, and Shep would hold her tightly and say, "Uneasy does it, Annie." Horse had wired Shep the time of her arrival, but as the train pulled into the station he was not on the platform.

The nervous wavering in Ann's stomach tripled and she hurried into the waiting room. But there was no sign of him. Now she was sure that Shep was really ill; that there was more to his stay here than the fact he had had jungle fever and served eighteen months out of the country.

A forlorn-looking individual approached her. "Are you Miss Dennis?" he drawled.

So Shep had sent someone for her. "Uh-huh. Did Shep have you come for me?"

"Yup," he said. "My name's Oakes. I'm kind of a chauffeur."

"Why couldn't Shep, I mean Sergeant Farrier, come himself?" Ann said. "In his letters he says he's all right, that he just needs a little building up."

Shep was hesitant about going. "I don't like to leave you, Ann," he said, "after you coming down here."

None but the PURPLE HEART

Was this polite stranger the boy who asked her to wait for him when he went away to war? Another woman gave her the answer —"You're not a part of Shep's life any more!" The touching story of a man who came back

BY M. J. GAFFNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB OLSEN

"Miss Rogers don't think it's so good him going out for a while. The sarge tacks a lot of importance on what Miss Rogers says."

Ann didn't know who Miss Rogers was, but she had an instinctive feeling she was going to dislike her.

Part of the Mount Mitchell Hotel had been set aside for the servicemen's guests, and Ann's room had a balcony from which she could see the mountains and the river. But she was not interested in views.

Sergeant Farrier, she was told at the desk, was on the sun deck. Ann's heels echoed along the marble floors.

THERE were three men on the sun deck. "Shep!" she called out excitedly to one of them. "Oh, Shep darling!"

He got up from a wicker couch, pulled a flannel robe about him. He was as tall as Ann had always remembered, but thinner. Besides the tallness he had dark hair and dark eyes: a Cary Grant stand-in, Ann used to say. "Hello, Annie. I'm sorry I wasn't on the welcoming committee, but I haven't gone into town yet." He kissed her briefly, put his hand on her shoulder.

There was something peculiar about his walk. "Shep," she said, "your leg?"

"A little banged up," he said. "Just leaves me with a distinguished limp."

"Then it was more than just fever?"

"Yeah, sure." His hand moved nervously on her shoulder. "Don't fuss, Ann. I'll give you the details sometime. Not now."

Startled, Ann drew back. She had never dreamed of this irritation. At that moment she noticed the hand at his side. His left hand. Fascinated, she stared at it. The three middle fingers were missing.

Shep could see where she was looking. "Now you know all my secrets," he said.

"Your trumpet? Will it . . .?"

"You guessed it, professor," he said. "It's curtains for Satchelmouth Farrier."

"The drums," Ann said, "maybe you could play them or sing?"

"What bright ideas you got, grandma," he said. "Let's skip it, Ann, and celebrate your arrival instead." He presented her to the other sun bathers, one from Alaska, one who had been in Italy.

Ann heard a soft step behind her and, turning, she saw a tall girl in a pale yellow suit carrying an armful of books. "Hello, Miss Rogers," said the two soldiers, while Shep said, "Hello, Edith."

Edith Rogers was beautiful in a poised Nordic way and exquisitely turned out. Ann was conscious that her own black dress with the sequins which had seemed smart in New York was out of place here.

"Hello, boys," said Miss Rogers, and then turning to Shep, "Hello, Shep."

Shep introduced Ann to Miss Rogers. She was sweet: "Shep has spoken so often about you, Miss Dennis. And about his associates in the orchestra."

Associates in the orchestra. It seemed a funny way to speak of Horse and Mezz and Nick and Charley. "They all send you their best, Shep," Ann said. "I got some candy and cigarettes they gave me."

"Shep, here are the books on business management I was telling you about." Although Edith Rogers was facing Ann, it was as if she had turned her back upon her. "I think you'll find them helpful."

"Business management," Ann said. "Why, the lug can't balance his own checkbook!"

Miss Rogers laughed. "I'm afraid you're mistaken, dear. Shep has a real flair for business. And now that his music has been cut off, I think it will be a marvelous field for him to enter."

His music cut off. Ann bit her lip hard. She was remembering Shep taking the solo in a blend of Rhapsody in Blue and After You're Gone. The boys had called him a skyscraper windjammer because of the ease with which he climbed into the upper register. Shep could hold a note for ten bars. And now that was all gone, "cut off," as Miss Rogers put it.

"Edith's been swell, Ann," Shep said. "Got me interested in banking and the stock market. It's amazing how a girl can know so much about things like that."

"You forget my family has been dabbling in finance for generations," Edith said. "I've practically been reared on the gold standard. And I know, Shep, that father will be able to locate something worth while for you when you're out of here." With that she smiled warmly and departed.

FOR a minute Ann was silent. Then she said cautiously, "Your friend could spot Mr. Anthony a couple of problems any day, and lick him hands tied. Is she official around here, or what?"

"Oh, Edith's volunteer," Shep said. "Her family lives in Asheville most of the year, and she's keen on this army rehabilitation. She's taken courses in it."

"Well, I'm glad she didn't rehabilitate you into basket weaving or crocheting." Ann was perilously close to tears. "I—I guess I'll go take a shower."

"We can have dinner together here in the hotel," Shep said. "How about meeting me in the recreation room at six?"

"All right," Ann moved away numbly. He didn't want her. Shep, who had kissed her good-by and said, "I'm going to put you in dry dock for the duration, baby. Honor bright, you won't sail away with any good-looking speedboats?"

"Don't worry, Shep," she had promised. "I'll be moored right here waiting for you."

Dinner did not go off easily. Ann chatted on about the band, the tough set of one nighters they had completed, but Shep listened only halfheartedly. And he was not eating much.

At last dinner was finished. "How about a little gin rummy?" Shep suggested.

Gin rummy on the first night they had been together in eighteen months! "I've got some new disks Horse and the boys made," Ann said. "We could play them." She was taking a long chance; Shep could not have changed so completely he would not respond to the magic of Horse's clarinet, Mezz's sax, Charley's bass fiddle.

"Why not?" Shep said. "I'd like to hear how the brass section bore up in my absence."

They had the music room to themselves; Shep put on the records, lit a cigarette.

The first recording was an old favorite, Minuet in Blues, on the other side a swing version of None but the Lonely Heart. During the first number Shep sat quietly enough, but in the middle of None but the Lonely Heart he exploded. "That damn piece," he shut off the vic, his lips white, "I heard it all the time I was in the hospital. I don't know why. I kept humming it over and over. None but the lonely heart. None but the Purple Heart. That's all of us poor guys here. None but the Purple Heart. A professional football player next door to me with his left leg missing. A gambler who could shuffle the spots off the cards, with his hand gone. And me the boy with tears in his horn with no fingers to play it."

He stopped abruptly. "Sorry, Ann. I don't usually blow my top like that, but that song got me."

"Oh, darling," Ann said, "why wouldn't you explode with me? I want to help you."

"Come on, let's take a walk to the bridge," he was fighting for his composure. "It's supposed to be quite a scenic spot where the Swannanoa and the French Broad rivers join forces."

(Continued on page 77)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

NORTHERN LIGHT—In an up-to-date igloo insulated with funny papers, and outfitted with an alarm clock to wake her after those long nights, an Eskimo woman gets a light for her pipe from Coast Guardsman John Bonistalli.

GOING UP—These Marine machine gunners built a mountain of their own on Iwo Jima, as the spent cartridges piled up while they poured it into some Japs entrenched on Mount Suribachi.

"DOUGHBOY"—Though he's hip-deep in Jap occupation money found in the vaults of a Manila bank, this Yank M. P. probably doesn't have enough of the inflationary stuff to make a good table stake at poker.

BENDIX ET FILLE—William Bendix, tough guy of the films, is obviously just as brow-beaten as most fathers at home—by his five-month-old adopted daughter, Stephanie Ann.

WITHOUT CANDLES—Oliver M. Haney of Pasadena, Calif., asked for Army K rations on his 100th birthday instead of a cake. They had nothing but pork and beans every day when he was a fighter.

SATURDAY NIGHT IN BURMA—Members of an infantry unit of the 14th British Army in Burma bathe community style in tubs made from oil drums and named after their favorite movie actresses.

MAHOUT TO MACHINE GUNNER—The one-time Elephant Boy of movieland, Sabu, is now an aerial gunner in the U. S. Air Force and holder of the D. F. C. Here he is with Bob Dyer on a radio show in Australia.

PLAYMATE—Not many girls would come within a mile of a python, but Jean Anderson of the Badger Creek wild-life sanctuary in north Queensland, Australia, doesn't mind having him around.

HEMINGWAY, PLEASE NOTE—Before a real bout in the ring at Mexico City, bullfighter Luis Procuna works out on this life-like, mounted, mobile bull.

Bronc Stomper

MORE THAN ANYTHING IN THE WORLD SALLY WANTED MARRIAGE AND A HOME OF HER OWN—AND JOE WANTED SALLY. BUT SHE KNEW A BRONC STOMPER WHEN SHE SAW ONE, DIDN'T SHE?

Steeldust selected that particular moment to revert to type. He exploded into a chain of wicked high rollers.

JOE and Windy loaded Sally's trunk in the wagon, in between their bed rolls. Sally Nolan pretended to be busy with the phlox beside the door, but Joe saw her dabbing at her nose. Everything by which she had turned a whitewashed adobe cabin into a home had been packed, except the things she had planted.

Joe Hamlin felt sorry for her, without quite understanding why it hurt her to leave this ranch where her father had been a mere forty-a-month cowpuncher. Windy and Joe were their own men now. Pretty soon Sally would have a home of her own to take care of.

Windy Nolan said, "All right, Babe. Let's go."

All the way to San Saba Windy kept rattling on about the money they were going to make with these broncs they would trap in the mountains. "Did you see that fellow about the financing?" Joe asked him.

"It's all set," Windy declared.

Joe realized Windy hadn't got his nickname by being closemouthed, but the scheme looked sound. Joe Hamlin was twenty-seven, and tired of working for a puncher's salary.

He and Sally were no closer to getting married than they had been when Windy and his daughter drifted up from New Mexico two years ago.

They reached San Saba in the afternoon. The town was a half-lost settlement that fed on the ranches of this almost theatrical country of snowy peaks and deep green canyons. The first thing was to draw their time from Sam Giddings. Giddings got out to the ranch about once a month, finding an armchair a far more comfortable throne for a cattle king than a saddle.

He took them into his parlor. "Well, boys?" he said.

"The fact is," Joe said, "we've come to draw our time. Me and Windy are going to run broncs this summer."

"As many outfits as you boys have seen go under," Sam said, "I should think you'd stick to what you've got." Giddings was always scornful of anyone else trying to be independent.

Windy Nolan said, "We can't miss! The mountains are crawling with broncs. All our culls we'll sell to by-products outfits. We'll tie up some horse rancher to buy the ones worth breaking."

Giddings' displeasure pulled at the corners of his mouth. In two years Windy had bettered his saddle stock to the point where he was selling a few horses at good profits.

"I hope you men won't expect your jobs to be waiting for you after—if you go broke," he remarked.

"I don't reckon we'll be back, Mr. Giddings," Windy said. "We were thinking you might like first chance at our saddlers. We'll be too busy for a while to hunt up buyers."

Giddings considered. He could always make something on a good horse. He said shortly, "All right. I'll take them off your hands if they're well broke. Good luck, anyway."

WINDY headed for Butterworth's general store, where Sally would work and board until they could afford a cabin. He was some time finding Alec Butterworth, whom the cow crowd all called Dogie. Sally asked Joe, "What did Mr. Giddings say about your quitting?"

Joe shrugged. "He said our jobs wouldn't be waiting next fall."

Sally Nolan was a blonde brown-eyed girl with the kind of complexion and figure nature creates in the open air. "Something else that won't be waiting," she declared, "is me."

Joe was startled. "I don't get you."

"No, I suppose you don't! You think a girl ought to thank her stars to get a man like you or dad. Bronc stompers!"

Joe said, "I should think you'd be ashamed to talk that way about your dad."

Sally looked down. "He's the best dad that ever lived. But I guess he was one of the worst husbands. I don't remember a year when he wasn't off to two or three rodeos. Or he'd give up a good job to break horses, and come home with a broken arm. He never did grow up."

"Maybe," Joe Hamlin said carefully, "that's his good luck."

Sally said, "Maybe it is, but it isn't a woman's good luck to be married to one of the breed."

Joe dug deep for the words to explain to her the difference between bronc stomping and horse ranching. He said, "We aren't going up there to ride in any rodeos, Sally. The horses are there, and all a man has to do is trap them. Why, I wouldn't be surprised if we got two-three hundred for some of our horses!"

"I wouldn't be surprised if you went broke before September."

"Maybe what you want," Joe suggested, "is a man like Dogie. You'll always have a square meal with him, even if you don't have much fun."

Windy came back with Dogie Butterworth. Sally climbed down and gave Joe a look. "Maybe I'll just have to see about that," she told him.

Dogie was popular with the mothers of all the girls in San Saba, because when his mother died he was going to own the biggest general store in the county.

"Where's that little old trunk now?" Dogie said.

Joe dropped the tail gate and dragged the trunk back to where they could get purchase on it. Dogie levered the trunk onto his back. He might be ungainly, but he was strong as a bull calf.

When Joe reached the walk, Windy was with him. "Next thing," Windy said, "is to catch the bank before it closes."

"We can't borrow from the bank," Joe said. "What have we got for collateral?"

"All we do is deposit a check and start spending," Windy told him.

Joe said, "You didn't borrow that money from Dogie, did you?"

Windy looked at him. "Why not?"

Joe walked on. It seemed indecent, somehow. Borrowing on Sally's good looks was what it amounted to, because Dogie had had his cap set for her for a long time.

WHEN they left San Baba next day they had spent more than four hundred dollars. The wagon creaked with grub and saddle gear. Between them sat a weedy Mexican youth. Pancho Corrales, for ten dollars a month, would act as gate man.

On the way up they borrowed six saddle horses from Latimer, who was glad to have some of these cussed mustangs driven out of the mountains. They spent three days building a trap in a box canyon, camouflaging it with quaking aspen and buckbrush. The benches where the horses ranged were high and inaccessible, deep within a fortress of granite walls and thick stands of timber.

When they were ready, Windy made Pancho strip and wash himself with icy spring water. "These broncs get one whiff of sweat," he said, "and they'll blow back in our faces. All you got to do is wait till you hear us coming and git ready to slam that gate."

They worked up the canyons for three days. At ten thousand feet they sighted their first mustangs. Windy inspected them from the trees.

"Heat the runnin' iron!" he told Joe. "They're whey-bellied with water and grass! A mile's run will finish them."

Joe was looking at the stallion, a deep-chested gray who halted his grazing frequently to savor the wind. There was a horse!

WINDY suddenly plunged from the timber, whirling his rope and whooping. One sharp trumpet's note the stallion sounded, and drove his two dozen mares down the meadow. Joe was there to swing them into the down trail.

They ran the horses until the mares could hardly hold a trot. Near dusk, they flung the band into the box canyon. Pancho ran and slammed the barrier.

In the morning, when the horses had quieted, they rode in and inspected their catch. Twenty of the animals would never chew a bit. They would bring seven fifty a head at the stockyards. Two might make saddlers. But when Joe looked at the stallion, he had that same feeling he had when they first sighted him.

"We'll pay our lease with that bronc," he said. "Two hundred if he's worth a dollar. Giddings won't get this one."

Windy lit a cigarette. "He might make a horse."

They fought the stallion over to a snubbing post. Joe said, "Let me have 'im, Windy. I've got a hunch about that horse."

The corners of Windy's eyes crinkled. He had seen a lot of men get hunches about horses, and he'd seen them lose them in the dust of the corral.

Joe climbed the fence and let himself into the saddle. Windy loosed the stallion and scrambled under the gate.

Afterward, Joe could not reconstruct the ride in his mind. He was conscious of going up on a coil spring. He felt the horse twist under him, and then he was facing the scenery to which he had had his back a moment before. The horn hit him in the stomach. The horse went straight up again, then sunfished and shook. This was when Joe Hamlin departed.

"I coulda told you!" Windy chuckled. "But there's only one way to find out which horses can be rode and which can't. That horse will always be an outlaw."

With short lengths of chain fastened to each horse's right forefoot, the herd was taken down to the main camp, where some forgotten rancher had built corrals, a barn and a lean-to. During the three days Windy and the Mexican were disposing of the culls, Joe began to work with the stallion. He called him Steeldust.

He kept the horse in a tight stall where all his meanness was spent against the bars. Talking to him, handling him, Joe gradually conquered his terror of man. But it was rough going: Steeldust would bite, strike, and kick.

In June and July, Windy and Joe put their Fiddleback brand on two more herds. Out of eighty scrubby inbred mountain ponies they had eight good horses which they would sell for money to get through the winter. They made enough on culls to keep them in grub and save toward the five hundred they must pay Dogie Butterworth in October.

Joe kept working with Steeldust until he could throw a saddle blanket across his back without a fight. One day he took him into the breaking pen for another try with the saddle.

"You're going to break your heart and your neck over that critter," Windy said.

But Joe went up on Steeldust. He came down in about five jumps, but he straddled

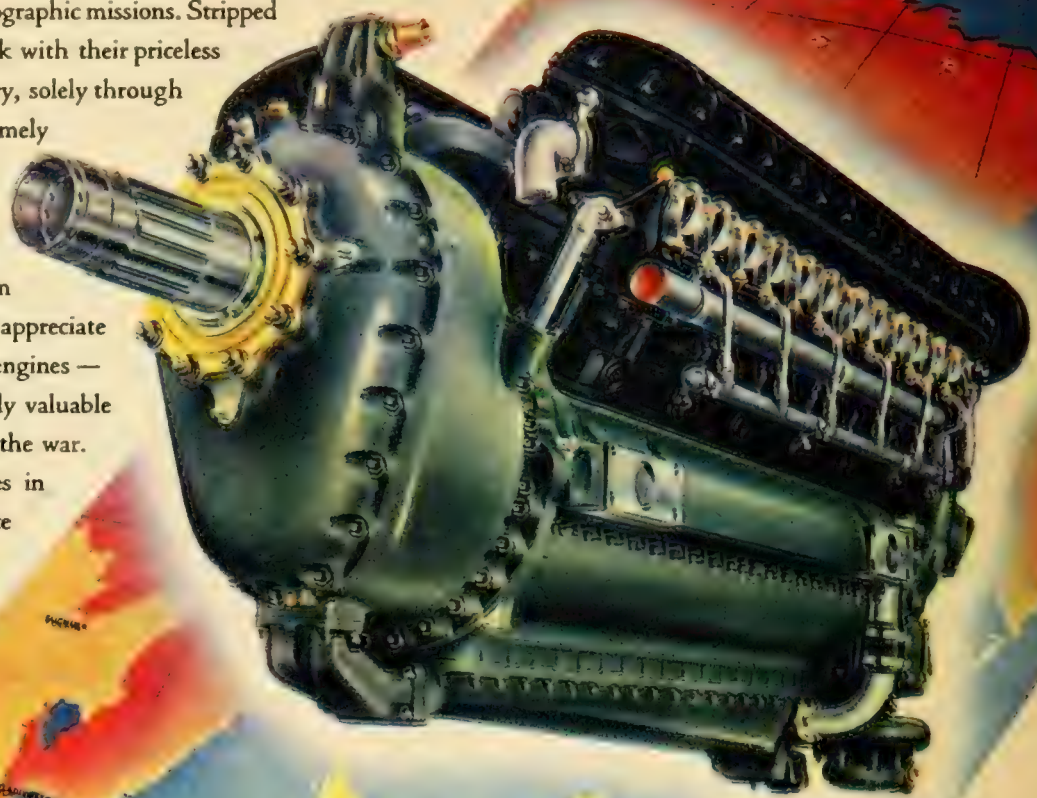
(Continued on page 52)

BY FRANK BONHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY RAFAEL DE SOTO

TO GET A "STAR'S-EYE" VIEW

High up where their Allison engines leave long vapor trails, P-38 Lightnings pursue dangerous photographic missions. Stripped of their guns, these planes get back with their priceless "star's-eye" view of enemy territory, solely through their speed and ability to fly at extremely high altitudes. ★ Reconnaissance pilots, like fighter pilots, know how dependable Allison engines are—how smooth—how slim and how saving with fuel. They appreciate all the special virtues of these engines—virtues that will make them equally valuable in the planes you will enjoy after the war. ★ The secret of these virtues lies in Allison's thirty years of experience in making precise products out of metal. And this reputation vital in aircraft engines will be equally evident in the performance of any Allison product in the future.



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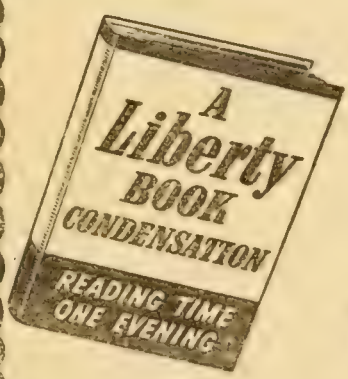
PAPA WAS A PREACHER

BY ALYENE PORTER

This lighthearted family chronicle is one of the spontaneous hits of the year. It has helped remind people throughout the country, in the midst of impressive talk of postwar planning and the coming era of gadgets, that the simple values of small-town life in prewar America were hard to beat.



ILLUSTRATED BY JANET SMALLEY

PAPA'S cousin John was president of the Teachers' Institute in Chalybeate Springs, Mississippi. It was there that Papa planned to don academic robes.

During the summer before his entry, however, destiny stalked across his path in the form of Uncle Ben, who was moving "out West."

"Edwin," he hailed Papa one day, "how would you like to guide my immigrant car to Texas and stay with us till school starts?"

Papa's joy was unconfined. His mental picture of Texas was of the usual exaggerated contour—that it was a vast expanse roamed by wild animals and inhabited by supermen with spurs on their boots, six-shooters on their hips, and evil in their hearts. Papa felt like Livingstone going to darkest Africa.

According to the custom of those migrating west, Uncle Ben chartered a freight car for moving. In one end were stacked household goods and farm implements, while the other sheltered the horses and dogs. (Nobody ever moved a cow to Texas!) Between the ends eight feet of space provided the luxurious traveling compartment by day for the "guide"—in this case, Papa. It was his duty to feed the animals, for which a trough was built on the side of the car, to present when necessary the contract proving the legality of the equipage, and to see that it was switched and coupled to the right trains—after which he could stretch his limbs for a night's rest in the caboose.

And thus it happened that after three days of guiding an immigrant car Papa leveled his gaze to behold, not the expected maze of jungle, but a beautiful prairie carpeted with green and garnished with sunshine. It looked to him like the Promised Land! Then and there Papa became a devoted son of the motherly Lone Star State. In jubilation he cried, "She's just like the old woman who lived in the shoe—with so much land she doesn't know what to do." And Papa wanted land—land to accumulate, land to cultivate, land to love.

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He made a cactus-by-cactus inspection of the state that summer and traveled back to Mississippi only to count the days until he could again raise his eyes to a Texas sky. On the first day at the Institute, as he was strolling out of the main building, Pearl Wilson swished by him and rounded the corner. Papa's heart bounded after her in ardent pursuit. But she gave no evidence that she was aware of his existence. As she sat at the dormitory supper table that evening, however, she must have heard the eager thumping of a heart near by, for she turned sparkling brown eyes straight into Papa's.

"Yes," she said, "I hope to be here the full two years. I'm studying to be an elocution teacher."

But already Papa was mapping out another career for her.

Dates were strictly forbidden by the cousinly president; but Papa, like the other Romeo, stoutly declared, " 'What love can do that dares love attempt; . . . kinsmen are no let to me.' "

Another year of learning, another spring, then the joyful wedding bells pealed forth, and in the fall Papa proudly carried his happy bride across a Texas threshold.

Dispensing reading, writing, and arithmetic in a country school, still dreaming of acres of diamonds, Papa heard the still small voice, "Go . . . and preach!" Like Jacob, he wrestled with the angel. "I can't preach," he said. "I wouldn't know what to say. And besides, I'd be embarrassed telling people how they should live!"

Mother was conscious of his inner struggle.

The following Sunday a visiting minister preached at their small chapel. He chose as his text, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." To Papa it seemed that only the two of them were present—he and the minister—as straightforward eyes gazed steadily into his.

On the way home, Papa broke the heavy silence. "I'm going to be a preacher!" he told Mother.

PAPA'S first assignment in the new life was the serving of six rural churches. On horseback he traveled to the six points on his "circuit." Since that time, for forty years he has voiced the gospel to Texans in rural chapel, in small-town church, and in city temple.

From those first years he had obeyed the literal law of his beliefs. In rearing eight children, Papa has never found it necessary to buy on Sunday. Feed for his circuit-riding horse was bought on Saturday; gasoline for his car is still bought on Saturday. We usually kept a cow, but once when we were without one, Papa opened a sleepy eye on Sunday morning to see the milk ordered for Saturday night being placed on the doorstep. He went to the telephone.

"Mrs. Brown," he kindly addressed the wife of the dairyman-farmer, "I'm sorry. We don't buy milk on Sunday."

"But, Brother Porter," came her incredulous protest, "unfortunately the cows *give* milk on Sunday."

"Yes," sighed Papa in regretful tone, "unfortunately!"

In the early years one night a bolt of lightning struck the corner of the living room where Papa sat with three friends, playing dominoes. It shocked the four of them and set fire to the house. "It was a judgment of God," was Papa's interpretation, as with one broad gesture he committed the dominoes to the open fire. "Never again shall a domino, deck of cards, or any such appearance of evil enter my house." And they never did.

In these and many other ways Papa has been exacting of himself and of his family in upholding the right and suppressing the wrong as he saw it. A father is to be obeyed. We respected his judgment and obeyed his wishes as a matter of course. But it was never through fear. How could a little girl fear a father who patiently laced her shoes in the morning, took her "pastoral" visiting with him during the day, and lovingly tucked her into bed at night?

His grandchildren take a matter-of-fact attitude toward his preaching and adopt a freedom in bossing him which his children would never dare exercise.

One Sunday a grandson, three years old, was in the congregation. It was nearing twelve o'clock and the attentive stillness was broken only by the sound of Papa's voice, preaching earnestly.

Suddenly Paul stood upon the pew. He raised a commanding little hand and a more commanding little voice. "Granddaddy," he called out, "that will be about enough."

Papa forced a cough, then openly abandoned himself to a grin. "We will close the service," he said, "by singing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.' "

As we sang the words, "Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," it set me reminiscing about the time when Paul's father, the baby of our family, firmly sat in his little rocker one Sunday night and refused to go to church. When Mother urged his reason, he said, "I'm afraid of the Holy Ghost."

And as I delved into the past, I realized how colored with hymns, prayers, and clerical terminology was all of our thinking and speaking during those years when eight of us were stretching the walls of a Methodist parsonage with our growing, our merriment, and our off-the-pastoral-record escapades.

We are long since grown and scattered. But the color of those years in the life picture of each of us is more vivid than all the splashes of adult years. Perhaps we fitted into the timeworn pattern cut to make us the worst children in town. But "all God's chillun" have impulses; and since preachers' children spend three fourths of their time in church, those impulses have to be expressed there and observed by the greatest number of people.

No preacher's child can ever have a feeling of anonymity. Even now, as a woman, when I walk into a strange church two thousand miles from home I can feel eyes directed toward me and hear a whispered echo, "That's the preacher's youngest daughter." And from that moment every move must befit such a niche in life.

THE oldest of our troupe was Hugh. When he was four, if Mother let a day pass without drilling him stiffly on the three Rs, papa reproached her for letting the child grow up in ignorance. Philosophical and quiet from his first years, he could always be depended upon to retrieve the family dignity when it was lost by a younger member. His ambition was to become a bishop.

Two years younger was Cecil, taciturn but mischievous. Early in life he decided to be a financier and take care of the artistic, impractical members of the clan. At the age of twelve, by saving the money he had earned delivering groceries and sweeping the church, he had in two years accumulated the sum of fifty dollars. In our circumstances it was unheard of to have that much cash at one time. One day in sending Cecil's suit to the cleaner, Papa discovered the gold mine and was overcome with grief that his son should have stepped from the path of honesty. Cecil had to explain hastily.

The third was Raybon, the family's Don Juan. On his fifth birthday he came into the house crying bitterly When Mother sympathetically coaxed him to give words to his grief, he wailed, "I'm five today! I'm getting old; but I don't want to get married, and I don't want to be an old bachelor. So what can I do?"

By his twelfth year, however, the idea of marriage had triumphed, and from that time his fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love. At fourteen his dates were so numerous that Papa had to forbid them under threat of punishment. Raybon went serenely on, dating as usual. And Papa did not spare the rod. With a this-hurts-me-worse-than-it-hurts-you tone he asked, "Son, why do you deliberately disobey me?"

"Well, Papa," Raybon replied, "I thought it over and decided that I'd rather take the punishment than miss seeing the girls."

Edd was the next in line. Solid, dependable, always loving, he was Mother's first assistant—in cooking, housekeeping, and taking care of the younger children. His familiarity with the preparation of meals for ten was probably responsible for his ambition to become a wholesale grocery merchant.

The four boys so near the same age composed a quartet of noise and prankishness equal to anything short of dynamite. When they were two, four, six, and eight years old they decided they were tired of going to church—and promptly crawled under the church building to set it on fire. When the blaze was discovered and extinguished, with small loss, no little boys were visible, and

it was conceded that the fire was of unexplained origin. The next Sunday saw the four sitting piously in their accustomed pew.

The masculine trend of the family was finally broken, and with great jubilation one day the boys learned that they had a sister. Janette became the family musician. From the time she was ten she had to be on time for every service and ready to play if the regular organist felt disposed to be absent. She would also sing, pray, or tend babies as the occasion demanded.

Two years after Janette there was another boy, Gilderoy. He entered the world with a clinical eye, and from that time on, in his own fashion, he practiced medicine. He made our perfectly healthy dogs and cats go through life with splints on their legs, and he lived with the burning desire to become a great surgeon.

It was then my turn to make an appearance, which I did slightly before the right cue—completely disrupting one of Papa's revival meetings away from home. Consistent with such a dramatic beginning, I yearned to be an actress, and was always in character, deigning to give the family only an occasional glimpse of the real me. I marked time by giving recitations on Sunday-school programs only until the cloak of the great Sarah Bernhardt should fall upon my shoulders.

Mother's favorite story was of the day Candler was born. A neighborly parishioner who had stood by her through the event picked up the tiny squirming bundle and peered into its beetlike face.

"Just think," she gasped, "this makes eight, and not an idiot in the bunch!"

THE most important day of the week is Saturday. If there be those who deny this, go mark them well; they have never lived in a parsonage. Since Sunday was the day around which our career in common revolved, it took great preparation to do the day justice. And Saturday was the eve.

From six o'clock in the morning until midnight the day was foreordained to the exclusive pursuit of getting ready for Sunday. Promptly after morning prayer and breakfast Papa went to his study at the church to prepare the sermon for Sunday. Hugh and Cecil set out with broom and dustcloth to shine the church for Sunday. Edd and Janette set to with broom and mop to polish the house for Sunday. Raybon took down the ironing board to press the clothes for Sunday. Gil stayed on duty to answer telephone calls concerning Sunday. Candler and I skimmed over the dishes and bounded outdoors to store up play to tide us over Sunday. And Mother took down the pots and pans to prepare the food for Sunday.

Like Siamese twins, the church and parsonage were ever side by side. And as Papa sat in his study concentrating on Sunday's sermon, into his thoughts filtered the buzzing of his swarm of bees—the yodeling of Hugh and Cecil echoing through the emptiness of the church, the rhythmic knocking of a broom handle contacting church pews, the whoops and shouts of our gang playing Indian in the back yard, the robust whistling of Edd as he cleaned the house, the incessant ringing of the telephone, and the aroma of pies and cakes emanating from the kitchen.

Saturday-morning chores were finished and dinner over by one o'clock. The buzz of the morning hours subsided into a low hum as the four older boys left for their jobs of delivering groceries or mowing lawns; as Janette took over the ironing; as Papa left for town to get his hair cut, buy groceries, and mingle with the Saturday crowd; and as Mother sat down with her mending to catechize us younger children on the Sunday-school lesson. If we had already learned it—oh, ecstasy!—two of us might go with Papa. We would swing patiently one to each of his hands, our short steps trying to keep pace with his long-legged stride.

Our progress was like the proverbial frog trying to get out of the well, hopping one foot up and falling two feet back, as Papa would take a step and then fall back for conversation.

"How are you, Brother Haskins?" he would say. "And are the children well? How is your wife?"

"Howdy, Preacher," would come a friendly voice from another direction. We would get all set for another pause. There was nothing to do but stand first on one foot and then on the other, or entertain each other by making funny faces. Papa's invariable hopeful hint, "I'll see you at church in the morning," was the indication that now we could be moving on.

The final stop in town was at the grocery store, where, in addition to last-minute supplies for Sunday, Papa bought twenty-five cents' worth of mixed candy.

When at five o'clock he stepped through the door at home, he was greeted with whoops of joy and followed to the front bedroom. There he dumped the candy into the middle of the bed, and as we stood around, his voice called our names while he distributed the sweets down the line,

showing no partiality, even to the baby. No candy was ever so delicious, and no window display has ever held the charm of that front-room bed.

After that, everybody, in high mood, helped with supper. It had to be dispensed with in short order. Eleven o'clock Sunday morning must see the entire family—seven masculine members, and three feminine ones—shining and clean, in best bib and tucker, seated in church.

Papa was firm that there be no baths and no shaves on Sunday. And the Sabbath began exactly on the stroke of midnight. With the swallowing of the last supper crumb the cleansing process began. Baths were taken in order of age. That left the older boys free to turn the ice-cream freezer—for Sunday's dessert—or to witness weddings. It left Papa free till the last to see that the midnight law was observed, to perform any unexpected wedding, and to polish our shoes.

Bathroom-bound, we detoured by way of the kitchen to leave them. There Papa was settled with a giant bottle of shoe polish and a preoccupied look. Passing through the hall, we could hear him accenting the Scripture with a whip of the shine cloth. And by midnight, ready for Sunday, the kitchen floor exhibited a glossy display to make a shoe-shop window green with envy—"Boots, boots," exactly ten pairs of them.

Came the Sabbath! Papa rose at an unearthly hour to go over his sermon, to meditate, and to hide the funny papers. He was a follower of the cartoons, but the reading of them was deferred, for himself and for us, until Monday morning—though they were sometimes "accidentally" discovered and surreptitiously read.

We were called thirty minutes earlier on Sunday than the usual time for getting up. After breakfast Papa distributed the money for our offering. One tenth of his week's salary had been changed into dimes and quarters for that purpose.

While we were dressing for Sunday school one of the boys would be sent to the church to ring the bell. That was for other people. We needed no bell. We had Papa.

At the eleven-o'clock service, as the choir filed in singing, "Holy, holy, holy," Papa seated himself in the pulpit chair and went through an ocular roll call of our pew. Unless some catastrophe prevented, he saw six boys in white starched shirts and creased trousers, two girls with curled hair and ruffled dresses, and Mother looking as fresh and lovely as the flower which unfailingly graced her shoulder.

Mother sat next to the aisle, probably better to establish the eye-to-eye contact with Papa. Throughout the sermon she would send messages in code to him. A cer-

tain glint of the eye meant, "Brush your hair down." Papa would get the hint. A tilt of Mother's head meant, "You're preaching well; I'm proud of you," and Papa's head would lift two inches. A straight-from-the-eye gaze warned, "You are preaching too long," at which Papa would close his Bible and make one long slide to the benediction.

After church there was a half hour or so of mingling with friends. During that time Raybon was addicted to going up and down the aisles saying, "Come home with us to dinner." Those he invited invariably accepted, and Mother greeted them as long-expected-and-at-last-arrived guests.

Rural members of the church usually saw to it that on Sunday the festive board at the parsonage yielded up fried chicken, and Mother trimmed it with boats of cream gravy and plates of hot biscuits.

There were always ten of us and from two to six guests at dinner.

When dinner was over we moved into the living room. Skates, bicycles, and games were of no avail that day, but within the pale of permitted pleasures came the making of music.

One Sunday when the church pianist had stayed with us Papa turned to her. "Katie," he asked, "won't you play for us?"

This particular moment had been anticipated by Cecil and Raybon earlier in the day. They had plotted with Katie.

She seated herself at the piano.

"This is a new song," she said. "Joy in My Heart." Gradually letting herself go, she pounded out Twelfth Street Rag with all the abandon of a night-club entertainer.

When she thumped out the last jazzy notes, there was a pin-dropping pause as we turned our eyes toward Papa.

"That's wonderful!" he exclaimed, and settled back into his chair. "Play it again."

IT was the year of the world's apprehensive waiting for another appearance of Halley's comet. According to prophecy, it would speed toward the earth, brush it with a fiery tail, annihilate all within its path, and then disappear into space for another seventy-six years. Months had passed since scientists first predicted the fearsome event. Night after night people sat and watched, each in his own front yard, and night after night they were disappointed.

Fearful lest some, especially the children, should lose faith in there being a God who would perform such a miracle, Papa's little helpers busied themselves to bring about the appearance of the comet. Leaving their places in the front-yard audience, Hugh, Cecil, Raybon, and Edd tiptoed into the house to the closet where Mother kept a bag of rags and carried its contents to the back yard. Cecil paused in the kitchen long enough to stuff his pocket full of matches.

By the light of the moon they found three oversized rocks. Hugh wound a cloth tightly around one as the other boys tore strips for more wrapping. Hugh wound and wound until at last the rock attained what they considered comet proportions. Not forgetting the fiery tail, they tied narrow strips together, attached one end to the comet, and rolled the rest into a ball to be ready for fast unrolling. For good measure they fashioned two other comets. They saturated the ground around them, as well as the comets, with kerosene.

Laden with the high-smelling comets, Hugh and Cecil climbed the rickety ladder to the bell tower. Raybon and Edd were left aground as spreaders of the alarm. Cecil, the family's champion rock-thrower, took the comet into his grip and began to wind up. The signal was given to the boys waiting in the shadow below. Then Hugh struck a match to ignite the end of the serpentine tail, and on the split second Cecil hurled the flaming torch into the heavens.

In true Paul Revere style the other boys were already spreading the alarm through the neighborhood. "Halley's comet has come! Halley's c-o-m-e-t has come!" they yelled at a lung-bursting pitch. "Look toward the church tower—Halley's comet has come!"

For those who failed to see the first one, the little lords of creation sent out a second, then a third.

The doorstep audience rose to its feet to stare at the streaks of fire falling earthward. Papa straightway left his box seat—the front porch of the parsonage—and crossed the yard in double-quick time. He, too, climbed the ladder to the tower. At that high point in the show the curtains were drawn. Only the parsonage family from its vantage point backstage was permitted to see the inevitable climax. But it carried a pungent message, and the acts of God were left in His own hands—at least for a short time.

A few months later, Cecil felt compelled to lend assistance again.

Brother Goodnight's wagon yard was a forefather of the modern tourist camp. Persons traveling the highway could pull their wagons into the yard and for the sum of twenty-five cents have a secure night's rest. For summoning him at any hour of the night, a large gong with a string attached hung on the gatepost.

Earlier on this particular summer evening Brother Goodnight had been waiting at the parsonage when Papa came in late from his pastoral calls. As Papa went into the living room he called to Cecil, "Son, go unharness the horse."

Cecil immediately obeyed, stopping long enough in the lot to pet old Henry. Papa must have driven him long and hard. Perspiration and the pressure of the harness left marks on his body so vivid that in the moonlight they looked like the harness itself.

The consultation over and Brother Goodnight on his way home, the family sat down to a belated supper, only to be interrupted by a step on the front porch. Brother Goodnight's voice came from the darkness: "Preacher, didn't you tell your boy to unharness that horse? Well, I just passed by the lot, and the horse wasn't unharnessed."

Without a word Papa got up from the table and indicated by a jerk of the head that he wished to see Cecil on the back porch. There he meted out punishment to fit the crime of disobedience. Cecil made no protest, since he did not dare question the veracity of one of Papa's stewards, and the matter was not mentioned again. But the injustice of it rankled in his heart all evening. After everyone was asleep he rose from his bed. He climbed the tree opposite the wagon yard, and with David's true aim sent a rock toward the gong of the gatepost. The bell resounded with all the urgency of a tired customer's string-pulling. Brother Goodnight popped out the front door in a white nightshirt split on the sides, and barefoot. He picked his steps carefully through the yard, mumbling sleepily, "Just a minute," and opened the gate. But no wagon appeared and no wagon driver. He scratched his head, mumbled something else, and found his way back into the house.

Cecil sat patiently in the tree. Before long he took aim with another rock. Again the bell clamored through the stillness of the night, and again in response out popped Brother Goodnight. Visibly affected, he went back to bed.

Still in his tree Cecil sat, and soon he again sent his missile through the air. This time it was longer before the figure in white padded to the gate. He had probably been mulling over the story of the boy and the wolf but had decided that this time it might really be the wolf—with twenty-five cents between his teeth.

Presently Cecil sent his final shot. He could have held out till dawn, but with the last false alarm Brother Goodnight's emotional state hinted of insanity. Cecil knew that revenge was finally his and the Lord's, and for himself he found it delectably sweet.

WHEN we were moved from the west Texas town to a city church in north Texas, Papa no longer drove old Henry. Now he owned a shining Model T Ford sedan. Although our surroundings were different, our responsibility for the welfare of others remained unchanged, and the wheels of the family car turned incessantly on business for the church. It called for and delivered to the church door any member who could not get there for reasons of lameness, age, or distance. It delivered groceries from the church to the poor. It carried Papa to weddings, funerals, and sickrooms.

One of Papa's favorite tasks in his work as a crusader

was the promotion of interracial understanding. At every available opportunity his pulpit was filled by a missionary on furlough or by a member of another race.

FROM the time she was thirteen, Sister was commissioned by Papa to take up the shield of righteousness every Sunday afternoon and superintend the Junior Epworth League, attended by children between the ages of five and twelve. One spring, near the Easter season, after a fervent speech from Sister, Candler became imbued with missionary zeal, and wanted to take immediate action.

"I think the Lord would be happy," he said, "if we had an Easter-egg hunt for the Mexican children."

The spirit of giving ran like wildfire over the juvenile

assemblage. We crowded around Sister. "Oh, let's do!" we begged.

And although Sister knew that she would be in the midst of examinations at the university the week of Easter, she consented. The next day an invitation was sent to the City Mexican Mission, to seventy-five children. It was happily accepted. A park was chosen for the hunt. An entire week was spent by the children of the Epworth League and their mothers boiling eggs, dyeing them, and imprinting fancy designs over the dye. Six hundred eggs were prepared for one hundred children—seventy-five brown-skinned guests and twenty-five Junior League hosts. Each had a basket.

Strolling here and there among the celebrators, Sister took in the strange fact that only American children had eggs in their baskets. Thinking she would be of help, she fell in step with a Mexican boy. His quick eye ferreted out the nearest egg before she could show it to him, and she stood aghast as he paused, not to drop it into his basket, but to stuff it with both hands into his mouth—pictures, dye, shell, and all. Sister looked about her to see countless other little Mexicans devouring their eggs in like manner. Sister stood petrified. The dye was poisonous, she was sure.

"Candler," she yelled at the top of her voice. Candler rushed to her side. "Make him stop eating those eggs," she pleaded. "He's killing himself."

Candler remonstrated with the boy. "Don't eat those," he said. "You'll be sick."

Since the object of concern could not understand English, he went blissfully on his dangerous way. Candler's red hair bristled at being thus ignored in an attempt to save a life. He abandoned all efforts at speech and resorted to the common language of fists. He rushed at the lad, snatching a half-eaten egg from him.

"Boy, look—a fight!" someone yelled. In the next few seconds the pals of each boy were rushing to his defense. Then the pals of the pals rushed to their defense, and the missionary enterprise ended in a free-for-all between American hosts and Mexican guests.

At home, Sister buried her head on Mother's shoulder.

"I've killed them," she sobbed. "They'll every one be dead tomorrow—from poisoning."

Mother went to the telephone and consulted the doctor.

A loud laugh rang through the telephone into the room.

"Kill them?" he roared. "If they can eat chili and tamales, a little dye and eggshell won't hurt 'em."

PAPA'S contemporaries in the ministry have marveled that it was possible on a preacher's income to clothe, feed, and give college educations to eight children.

The amount of a Methodist clergyman's salary is common knowledge. The church members know it, as they determine the sum and pay it. Other ministers and congregations know it, as the published minutes of the Conference each year record every pastor's salary—the amount assessed and the amount paid. Therefore it is also common knowledge that "he is rich only from the very want of wealth."

One day the wife of a neighboring pastor said, "Brother Porter, my husband and I have only three children, and it's nip and tuck to get by. Our income is about the same as yours. How do you and Mrs. Porter manage with eight?"

"Well, Sister Preston," Papa replied, a smile playing over his face, "we eat lots of beans and corn bread."

WITHOUT Papa's knowing it, we had an understanding among ourselves that no two of us should enter the church together on prayer-meeting night. That was because it was such fun to watch Papa's reactions. There were always fewer people at that service than at any other. Each time a step was heard in the vestibule Papa's face would light up. Which faithful member would it be, thought he, coming out tonight through the rain? His eyes would be riveted to the door in expectancy as the knob would turn, as the door would open, and as through the passage would step, not a faithful member, but another one of his children, who, he knew, would be there anyhow. His face would visibly fall.

In one town, besides Mother and the eight of us, Papa could count on another regular attendant—prayer-minded Brother Jasper. When the time came for prayer and Papa said, "Let us pray. Won't each of you offer a sentence prayer?" Brother Jasper was, without fail, the first to respond, always with the same prayer:

"O Lord, my two boys are out playing bronco and forty-four—have mercy on their souls!" Whereupon he would immediately fall asleep and leave everything in the hands of the Lord.

One Sunday afternoon, as we started out to Junior Epworth League, Papa was detained by the arrival of a couple who wished to be married. The boys had gone to the church ahead, and Papa sent Sister and me on to begin the service while he attended to the nuptials. Since Sister was ten, and I six, by right of seniority she took charge. We sang "When the roll is called up yonder" as lustily as would any fifteen unrestrained children.

"Now let us pray," said Sister with solemn devoutness. "Will every one of you offer a sentence prayer? Just say to Jesus exactly what is in your heart."

As Papa stepped into the vestibule thirty pious little knees were bent and childish voices were raising petitions to heaven. He waited for a more timely entrance.

That very week Sister had made a conquest of the town's most eligible ten-year-old and was claiming him for a sweetheart—to the heartbreak of Plassette Brown. Plassette was the first to respond with just what was in her heart.

"Dear Jesus," she begged, "make that preacher's daughter quit stealing my sweetheart—and send him back to me."

There was a weighty pause. From where Papa was standing in the doorway he could see that Edd was kneeling in the opposite direction to his pew, holding hands under it with Sarah Gross, who was kneeling in the row behind.

"Please, dear heavenly Father," she put in her plea, as her hand tightened on Edd's, "you know I need a husband—give me Edd Porter for my own."

And, still waiting for an entrance, Papa next recognized the piping voice of the daughter of his leading steward.

"Dear God," she said, "do keep Mama and Papa from fussing so much of the time."

One evening as Papa went out the door to prayer meet-

ing, Mother said, "Don't forget, Father, if Mrs. Gingle is there, ask her if we can borrow her washpot tomorrow."

Papa was unusually tired, and when during sentence prayer Brother Sankey went into a list of endless instructions to God, Papa must have dozed. The drone of Brother Sankey's voice suddenly stopped, and Papa roused with the startled realization that he must close the prayers. His subconscious mind was still in control.

"Our heavenly Father," he began, "bless the washpot . . ."

He has never lived it down.

AS Sunday eclipsed all other days of the week for us, two seasons of the year dwarfed others to comparative obscurity—Conference time in October and revival time in the summer. New members come to the church of today through the avenue of church-school training. But

in our childhood it was the old-time religion, vigorously voiced from the pulpit, which brought sinners to the altar and saw them soundly converted.

One convert in particular stands out in Papa's memory.

One evening he was jogging along in his buggy on a country road toward a village where he had been engaged to hold a revival meeting. He had never been to the community before, and knew no one in it. However, he had explicit directions to the home of Dan Holden, where he was to stay. In the dim half-light of dusk Papa saw a man stumbling heavily along the road. He tied the lines and leaped out of the buggy.

"Here, let me help you," he said as he placed a supporting arm about the man.

"Sure," heaved a foggy voice. "I wuzh isht about t' fall, wuzhn't I, par'ner?" And across Papa's nostrils was wafted the heavy aroma of corn liquor.

Feeling now that he was aiding not only a needy body but also a sick soul, Papa helped him into the buggy.

"I'll take you where you are going," he said.

"Ha, ha, wuzhn't goin' a shingle place, par'ner," the vagabond declared, slapping his knee in delight at the joke he had on Papa.

"Then I'll take you home," Papa said.

"Nope. Lef' home a long time ago, an' I cain't go back." He tugged at his hip pocket and with great effort succeeded in pulling from it a half-empty bottle. "You're a g-good shoak," he went on, and thrust the bottle uncertainly at Papa. "Here, 'ave a d-drink."

Papa diverted the conversation and pondered where to land his strange cargo. He could not get the consent of his inner self to let the man out of the buggy to continue on his downward way. Yet he knew no one in town. "I'll ask the Holdens to keep him overnight," he decided, "and if they don't have room for more than one guest, I'll sleep on a pallet."

He stopped the buggy in front of the house, and the Holdens came down the path to meet him. "I have a friend with me," Papa explained. "This is Mr. Lane, Mrs. Holden—and Mr. Holden. I wonder if you could lodge him overnight?"

"Sure, sure," Mr. Holden said cordially. "Any friend of the preacher's is welcome here. Now you jest get out an' go in with my wife, Mr. Lane, an' I'll go around to the barn with Brother Porter an' unhitch his horse."

While the horse was being made comfortable in the barn, the inebriated knight of the road was making himself comfortable in the parlor. Propping his feet high on a table, he became confidential with Mrs. Holden and her mother, who were solicitously hovering over their guest.

"Ya know," he told them with a wink tinged with satisfaction, "me an' the preacher've been havin' a time!" He pulled out the bottle, fondled it, and continued: "He took a shwig, an' I took a shwig. Ever' time I took a shwig, he took a shwig. Me an' the preacher're par'nersh."

Circumstantial evidence is a mighty force. But Papa braved it and conducted a successful revival. Among the converts was the devil's disciple himself, who became so attached to Papa that he sobered up and stayed around to hear the preaching. The third night of the meeting he rose from the mourners' bench.

"I'm goin' home," he shouted in great exultation. And with that he walked out.

Every summer Papa spent weeks away from home holding revivals for other pastors, but he seldom conducted his own. For them he would secure a professional team—an evangelist and a gospel singer, booked long in advance.

As the actual time drew near, Papa moved at concert pitch. He saw that the pews got a new coat of varnish. He assigned the women of the church their respective days for entertaining the preachers. He commissioned the boys to nail placards in bold type, shouting the news, on every telephone pole in town. Mother had to be reached through a cloud of dust emanating from general house cleaning, for the evangelist customarily stayed at the parsonage.

Men in the community worked overtime that they might be at leisure later, for there were morning services and afternoon prayer meetings, as well as the night services. Relatives were invited to "come on" for visits and attend the revival. Lovers sighed in sheer ecstasy over the prospect of seeing the beloved every night for two blessed weeks. Romance flourished throughout the community during revival time. The gospel singer, a man from another world, was as a rule enjoying single blessedness and was therefore the faint hope of many a maiden heart.

There were at all times several members of our family in the throes of first love, and I approached each revival with the fear that it might result in loss of a loved one. My only barometer was to watch closely the five older brothers and sister during song service. If they looked straight ahead as they sang, I could relax. But if they gazed understandingly into the eyes of the one sitting snugly by them, my heart would sink.

I DELIGHTED in the song service, but I was uncomfortable during the sermon.

Revival sermons were filled with fire and brimstone, designed to move members of the devil's congregation, who always turned out in large numbers. The conversion of a hardened sinner is a battle which requires powerful ammunition.

Numerous times, after the ringing challenge from the pulpit: "What if you should die tonight, would you be prepared?" I impulsively placed one foot in the aisle with the intention of going forward to wrestle with my sins. But the sight of Papa standing there stopped me. I could not face his bewilderment on being confronted with the fact that his baby daughter was a sinner.

Another way out presented itself. In a sermon at our church one Sunday, the bishop had humorously said that when he went to heaven he expected to ride in on Papa's coattail. If the bishop could, I reasoned, so could I. Since I was always swinging on Papa's hand, it would be a simple matter when he started to heaven to shift to his coattail. Leaving my corner in Paradise to Papa, I thereafter calmly stuffed my ears with cotton and smiled blissfully at the evangelist while he pictured the wages of sin.

Occasionally, however, the antics of the evangelist became so lively that my fingers rushed to my ears to remove the cotton that I might not miss the words that went with such action. I recall vividly one impressive six-foot preacher who was especially agile. He had a fifteen-foot ramp built back of the pulpit on which he paced back and forth as he delivered his message, pausing at intervals to draw back a leg and kick it full length and with full force toward the congregation. That was to emphasize the command, "Get out of here, Satan—you and all your schemes!"

The fiery sermon was always merely a preliminary to the altar service. Then the very atmosphere became electrified with emotional vibrations. As the choir sang, Christian people would do "personal work," going in and out among the sinners and quietly talking with them about their souls.

Other children often did personal work, but I could never summon the necessary courage. Sister was more daring. When she was ten, the sins of a little schoolmate who lived across the tracks weighed heavily upon her heart. Seeing her in the congregation one night, Sister put on the whole armor of God and wended her way through the crowd to her side.

"Don't you want to be a Christian?" she whispered.

"Hell, no!" came the retort discourteous, and with it a hand smack into Sister's face. "What's more, you git away from me!"

One year Papa secured the "Boy Wonder" to hold his revival. Though he was only thirteen, his eloquence attracted crowds to fill the aisles and standing space. He stayed at the parsonage. Every afternoon he paced the length of our front bedroom memorizing and rehearsing his sermon for the evening. Outside his door Candler and I lay flat, our ears planted to the space between floor and door to breathe in his oratory. And when the Boy Wonder raised his pleading voice, "Won't you come place your hand in mine and say that you want to live a Christian life?" we had to restrain ourselves from bursting through the door and shaking his hand.

Every morning during the stay of the Boy Wonder, therefore, an even more boyish Wonder, namely Candler, delivered a fervid sermon behind a soapbox on the back lot, after which we would sing and pray over children of the neighborhood whom we had succeeded in dragging to the mourners' bench.

The most callous sinner of all was Gerald Stewart. He would never obey our commands, and he persistently refused to be converted. "Do you intend to lead a new life?" Candler would ask, and Gerald would defiantly reply, "No." We exhorted, pleaded, and prayed, but Gerald would not "come through." And we closed our little meeting on the same day that the Boy Wonder ended his, still worried over Gerald's soul.

ALTHOUGH Papa declared that revival-meeting season was the most satisfying, with Conference next in importance, we disagreed. Revival time, and even the excitement of Christmas, paled into insignificance when compared with that week in October each year when we were mentally suspended above the map of Texas, anxiously awaiting the time when Annual Conference would drop us on a town in which to settle. Every preacher waits with bated breath until his name is read, harnessed to the name of a town. This assignment he and his family are to accept and act upon without comment. Under such a system no Methodist preacher is ever without a church, and no church without a preacher. Each year before Papa went to Conference, countless things had to be accomplished, and most important was that the "Conference Claims" must be paid in full. Conference Claims is a blanket term covering benevolences of the church at large, such as home and foreign missions, hospital and orphanage appropriations, education work, the bishops' fund.

At a local stewards' meeting once, an item mentioned raised an objection. When the list of Conference Claims was read, ending with "and the bishops' fund," one man's ear failed to catch the final letter on the final word. He rose to a point of order. "Now, Brother Porter," he said, "I want to be a good member of the church and pay my part, but there's one thing I'm not willing to contribute to—that's the bishop's fun. Why can't the bishop pay for his own fun?"

Papa felt nothing short of failure unless he could report at Conference, "Claims paid in full." And to ensure that happy moment he and his stewards would spend every day of the week before his departure visiting church members individually, and meet every night at the church to report and plan the next day's campaign.

Papa's wardrobe was new at Conference time, often the gifts of various members; and at the moment of departure he was resplendent. All of us helped with the packing. It was Papa's habit to bring a gift to each of us, and I can remember cautioning Mother, "Let's be sure to leave room in the bag for the presents he's going to bring back."

Frequently it was not only Papa's wardrobe which must be new and proper for Conference, but also that of one of the children; for it was our high privilege to go with him when we became eleven years old. It was a mountaintop experience—getting all new clothes at once, riding the train with Papa in exclusive companionship, proudly sitting with him during sessions of the Conference, and being importantly introduced to the other preachers. It did not occur to us that the tedious business sessions were dull. The build-up had been too glowing, and we bravely sat through them telling ourselves it was wonderful. And besides, we were missing a whole week of school!

Recently at a family conclave when we were comparing reactions to that journey at eleven years, I asked, "But why did we go at that particular time, the year we were eleven?"

Hugh, the preacher, explained, "Well, Christ conversed with the scholars in the temple at the age of twelve. I suppose it was because our understanding was more developed at that time."

To which Candler retorted, "Understanding my eye! It was the last year we could ride the train for half fare!"

OUR whole thought, after Papa returned from Conference, was what we should find in the new place. Would the parsonage be large or small, new or old, well or sparsely furnished? And the church—was it run down or in good condition? The church and parsonage were simply a unit in our minds, one as important as the other, and we took equal pride in the appearance which they made to the secular world.

A member of one of the churches tells of the night we arrived. The membership had been horrified to learn that the new preacher had seven children—that was before Candler's advent—but they were hoping to take it with grace. In keeping with the custom, several ladies were at the parsonage with a lighted house and a warm supper waiting to welcome the new family. They heard the car drive up, and Miss Bertie stepped out the front door to receive us. The first sight her eyes discerned through the gathering dusk was a ten-year-old scrambling from the

Model T Ford without opening the door. It was Raybon. He hit the ground running and made a complete circle around the church, returning to the running board of the car before anyone else had time to alight.

"The church is in pretty good condition but needs painting," he reported. "One of the front windows is broken. Seats about three hundred . . ." He continued until he had given all the facts gathered on his scouting trip, after which the family began to take seriously the business of getting out of the car and inspecting the new home. The first day after a move, before a single box was unpacked, Papa would build a swing and playhouse for Sister and me and help the boys lay off their tennis court. He did this to counteract that gone feeling when it should suddenly engulf us, as it was bound to do. Then he and Mother would begin figuring how to fit their brood into this particular coop.

A part of the equipment of every parsonage was one or two folding beds, the huge wardrobe-looking type that

formed a mirror when folded, left the legs dangling in the air as it ascended, and would ascend sometimes without warning or provocation. It could be coaxed to the floor by a vigorous pulling of the legs. Cecil and Hugh, being oldest, were expected to be most sacrificial, and usually wound up folded into the folding bed. Cecil declares that to this day when he is too sleepy at bedtime to be wholly conscious, he finds himself groping in mid-air for an iron leg. If, after fitting into our assigned places, there was simply too much congestion, Papa and the boys would build a sleeping porch.

It was the responsibility of the Missionary society to take care of the needs of the parsonage and its wants insofar as they could or were inclined. At their first meeting after Conference they would give the pastor's wife an opportunity to state those needs.

When Mother returned from such meetings she would be bombarded with eager questions: "Will they get a new rug for the dining room? Will they take the wicker furniture out and buy a divan?" We would always be certain of one treasured piece of furniture. No parsonage afforded this luxury, but Papa considered music as essential to our souls as was food to our bodies, and in the early years he invested in a piano. A possession prized as a member of the family, it was moved to eighteen different towns.

After school adjustments, came the week-end and our first Sunday in the new charge. Papa would be on his dignity, with his unruly hair brushed carefully into place; and we would be burdened with angel wings, which could be shed the following week on closer acquaintance.

At the close of the service Papa would say, "Let us sing number 49. If there are those present who wish to unite with the church, let them come forward during the singing of the hymn." As the last stanza began, the entire family would file to the front pew. Beginning with Mother, Papa would call each of our names, then shake hands with us impersonally and say, "We rejoice to recognize you as a member of this church, and pray that you may be numbered with Christ's people here, and with His saints in glory everlasting."

There was still the "pounding." On a stated night soon after the first Sunday each member of the church welcomed the new pastor, or rewelcomed the same one, with a pound of substance, accompanied to the parsonage by the donor, "For the gift without the giver is bare." Theoretically poundings were a surprise, but the grapevine telegraph always relayed the news some time before the occasion. It delighted my theatrical heart to see the entire family play-acting, registering complete surprise each time a pound and its giver came through the door. The pound, also theoretical, was more often *ten* pounds—of sugar, potatoes, flour, or corn meal.

The name of the giver was on each gift, scrawled with pencil on the brown paper sack or neatly written on a card with a ribbon, pasted on a jar of jelly, or carved with a knife on a potato or apple. When the crowd had gathered, a strictly unrehearsed program would be given, composed of a take-off on the preacher or stunts about churchgoing. Teasing delighted Papa's heart, and he could give it or take it with equal grace. On pounding night he was all aglow.

AS the steps of the last departing guest died away, Papa would get pencil and paper to record each contribution with the name of its contributor as we called out, "Jar of strawberry preserves from the Lanes. Can of lard from Grandmother Neale. Sack of oranges from the Gibsons," and on into the night until we were falling asleep on our feet. But family prayer could not begin until every item was listed and stored away.

All of us had to be present at the inventory to record mentally what was given by whom, so that we could say when next we met a member, "We are enjoying the macaroni you brought to us," or "I've never tasted better figs than those you gave us." Sometimes we thanked the giver of the figs for the macaroni and the giver of the macaroni for apples, but it was a mistake of the head and not of the heart.

One day, soon after a pounding, Candler and I met at the village square Brother Hobson, the donor of a huge jar of pickled pigs' feet, which none of us liked.

"Hello, children," he said. "We had a mighty good time up at you folks's house the other night." He paused expectantly.

I snapped my mouth together as tight as a clam, determined not to tell a lie. But Candler fed the expectant heart. "Yes, sir. Thank you," he replied. "And I'll bet those pigs' feet you gave us came from your prize pig!"

One of the compensations for living this nomad life was the delight of visiting the scene of former habitat. We went often, but Papa went rarely. He maintained that it interfered with the work of a pastor for the former preacher to keep reappearing on the scene; so only upon special occasions and by request did he visit an earlier pastorate.

On one such occasion Papa was called to preach a church dedication sermon. As a prologue to the sermon he recalled happy days in the community, naming this person and that who had been a soldier of the Lord. Tearfully he came to the name of Brother Gardner. A few months before, Papa had heard indirectly of Brother Gardner's passing. Now he eulogized him. In the respectful voice used for speaking of the dead he concluded, "I am sure that all of you, as well as I, miss the blessing of his presence with us today."

Before he ended the sermon it was noticeable that Papa's face had turned from red to white and back to red. After the closing hymn he stepped to the pulpit.

"My friends," he said, "I am sure that most of you are aware that Brother Gardner is not in heaven. He is still with us, thank God, sitting with his good wife in the fourth pew." Laughter burst from the congregation.

THE Chinese philosopher Lin Yutang has said, "One of the most important consequences of our being animals is that we have got this bottomless pit called the stomach."

The morning after Candler's arrival into our family there were seven other bottomless pits clamoring, as usual, to be filled. An angel of mercy in the garments of a church member came to the parsonage to mix the mountain of dough for our breakfast bread.

"I use a quart of milk," Mother began, "and twelve cups of flour."

"But Sister Porter," Mrs. Blewett said in amazement, "I've never made that many biscuits in all my life!"

"You needn't worry," Mother said. "They will all be eaten." And they were.

Mrs. Blewett came to our rescue for five mornings, and she was forced to admit that for the satisfaction of seven zestful appetites one pan of biscuits was a mere preamble.

Feeding her children three times a day was only a minor step in Mother's toeing the mark of the adage "Woman's work is never done." She once said to a neighbor, "I never feel as if I should go to bed at night unless I have made at least one new garment during the day." Cooking meals, teaching mission study courses, still at any hour she found the time and the energy for feeding the hunger of a childish soul. Her voice with the low, sweet ring of a bell intoning words from the Bible or from our favorite storybooks created an aura of security which no force from an outer world could penetrate.

Papa was necessarily less tangible for reading purposes. Aside from being a shepherd to his flock, there were countless demands on his time in the herding of his own lambs. The alliance between cleanliness and godliness pushed one day out of the week right off his pastoral calendar. On Tuesday Papa the preacher became Papa the laundryman. The mold of tradition which holds Monday as washday was broken, for on Monday morning Papa had to rest from Sunday and in the afternoon attend the Woman's Missionary Society. But come Tuesday each week, the network of clothesline back of the parsonage sagged with the weight of wet garments—numerous enough to clothe a regiment—all done by Papa. For Mother to have the responsibility of washing in addition to her other duties was to his mind unthinkable, and to pay a washwoman for such a task would have been robbing Peter to pay Paul. So by his own efforts Papa weekly brought the family's cleanliness in step with his own godliness. Flying balloonlike in the wind were ten pairs of long-handled underwear, thirty shirts, ten dresses, fifteen

sheets, twenty-five towels, as many cup towels, fourteen pillowcases, and the unlistable odds and ends which complete a family washing.

When that boon to womankind, the washing machine, made its debut, it found joyous welcome in the heart of Papa. He wore out three generations of such machines on one generation of children.

Papa's homework also included the dressing of his progeny each morning for school while Mother prepared breakfast. His scientific mind readily evolved a mass production for the dressing process. We would clothe ourselves according to our talents and then approach Papa at the time he was in motion to fill our particular need. If he was brandishing the hairbrush and our locks were tangled, that was the time to step up. If a shoe buttoner was functioning, it was up to us to place our shoes under it at a timely moment.

For one detail of dressing we were all dependent upon Papa—the anchoring of long underwear under our stockings. The trick was to wrap the underwear tightly about the ankle, then sneak up on it with the stocking before it could slip. Papa was a wizard at doing it, though his method was open to objection.

He would take us one at a time upon his lap, seeming to lose all consciousness that an anatomy boasted anything besides a leg. The forgotten trunk of the body would be hauled over sideways, tucked under his arm, and pinned down firmly at a forty-five-degree angle. The arms waved frantically in search of a straw to grasp, while the upside-down head dangled helplessly near the floor. But Papa would achieve his purpose, and the torso would then be shifted to the other side while a second stocking was pulled into place. When someone else was the victim, the exhibition was fascinating to watch, especially with the added attractions of Papa's facial contortions and the working of his tongue as he performed the feat.

"Papa, you're going to have to stop preaching before long," Edd warned him one day. "You're wearing your tongue out dressing your children."

But not all work of the household was dispelled by the magic wand of parental hands. "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." Papa literally believed this, and he attempted to outwit the devil by keeping our hearts and our brains and our hands busy—busy with work never too hard but always hard enough. There were assigned duties in the home for each of us, and for the boys jobs outside.

THE four older boys first braved the financial world as tillers of the soil. When they were very young, Papa would rent a piece of land for them to farm. It was usually a cotton patch, which he would plow and plant and leave to them to finish.

The money earned when the cotton was sold belonged wholly to them, to be spent as fancy dictated. When out of the corner of his weather eye Papa could see the money rolling toward a hole, he would rescue it by borrowing the sum, and would pay it back with interest when the temptation had passed.

Once, when the boys were well launched as cotton farmers, the town toughies became bent on destroying their project. Each afternoon nine dirty-faced sneering boys would swoop down upon the field to stamp the cotton stalks to earth, scatter and throw dirt on the picked cotton, and commit other depredations.

Papa had always preached the gospel of turning the other cheek and rigidly held the boys to it. One afternoon, however, he happened to see the injustices of the gang. That night at supper he said, "Boys, the next time that gang bothers you on your own property," and his eyes twinkled, "if you don't clean up on them, I'll clean up on the last one of you."

The next afternoon, with bars of restriction down, Hugh, Cecil, Raybon, and Edd were hopefully on guard near a pile of rocks.

On schedule time, Little Napoleon, followed by eight warriors, swaggered into view.

A heated battle ensued, and although Little Napoleon's forces outnumbered the enemy two to one, he met his Waterloo.

Papa had heard of the fight before suppertime that night, as had the whole town. But he made no comment. At the table, during the pause just after the blessing, Cecil said, "Well, we whipped that gang today!"

We looked anxiously at Papa to see if he was really glad of it, now that the deed was done. He picked up the platter of bread. "Mother," he said, and we waited with bated breath, "won't you have some corn bread?" And a contented smile settled over his face.

During the school term there were afternoon hours and Saturdays when the devil might establish a workshop. But counteracting jobs were plentiful. It was never difficult for a preacher's son to find work among the business men of the church. There were always groceries to be delivered, lawns to be mowed, ice-cream freezers to be turned at the drugstore—with a salary of three dishes of

cream and a chance to lick the dasher—cotton seed to be loaded on boxcars, and other occupations calculated to develop the sterner stuff of manhood. And there was ever the church janitorship.

Whenever Papa secured a job of delivering groceries for one of the boys, Edd begged for it. One such job, however, was short-lived. Edd was provided a little wagon drawn by two hard-tailed mules called Pat and Mike. They were young, wild, and determined not to be controlled by a mere strap of leather. They strained and pulled toward the outside as far as the harness would allow. Edd got tired of it.

"I'll teach you a few things," he bawled out at them one day as he pulled them to a stop near our house. Although he was late with deliveries, he unhitched both mules and with coaxing and pulling succeeded in hitching Pat in Mike's place. "Now just pull all you want to," he said, as he climbed back into the wagon. They did. As Edd said "Giddap" and slapped them with the reins, they started pulling—each in his direction, which now was toward the other. They stumbled over each other, broke the wagon tongue, and made a web of the harness, kicking and stamping all the while. Edd hopped from the wagon and started toward the house.

"Pa-a-pa, Papa!" he yelled. "Help me, Papa!"

Papa helped to untangle the mess. But facing his employer was Edd's own responsibility. He lost the job.

"THERE is one only good, namely knowledge," said Socrates. Papa and Mother heartily agreed with him. They determined each of their eight lambs should eventually have a sheepskin. To that end thirty years in all were spent by the family in college. Unable to sustain several in school away from home, on three occasions Papa denied himself promotions to larger churches that he might stay near enough to the university for the children to live at home and commute. And Conference smiled helpfully at his ambition by stationing him at nearby churches.

Somebody was always graduating from something. I recall one particular June when Candler was graduating from grammar school, I was receiving my diploma from high school, Janette and Edd were getting B. A. degrees from college, and Hugh was taking his Bachelor of Divinity degree.

It was that year, in June, that Uncle Tom came from Mississippi to visit us. He was a cotton buyer and had to work only three months of the year. The rest of the

time Uncle Tom took his leisure. He had no particular creed, but, like the Hindus, he spent much time in contemplation.

During his visit to us he sat most of the time on the front porch, his feet propped on the railing, chewing gum and thinking—thinking and watching the endless procession made by a family of ten about their daily activities, going out to school or to work, pushing in to meals or to re-dress, and rushing out again to work, or to play, or to church.

One afternoon, when the stream of traffic across the porch had been unbroken, he heard the screen door slam one more unbearable time. This time it was Papa, his Bible under his arm, quickly shoving his watch back in his pocket and adjusting his hat as he hastened across the porch. Uncle Tom could stand no more. He banged his feet to the floor from the railing and stood up in exasperation.

"Great Scott, Edwin," he shouted at Papa, who by that time was crossing the yard, "when do you people meditate?"

" 'THOSE whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' "

Papa was intoning the words with a dignity suited to a flower-banked altar, glowing candlelight, and a bride in flowing veil. But the bride wore house shoes, a flowered kimono, and the expression of a frightened fawn. The groom wore brogans, overalls, and a cat-that-swallowed-the-canary look. Papa was full-suited, although he had dressed with the speed of a fireman answering his first call.

It was February and three o'clock in the morning. There were no flowers, and the only wedding music was the rhythmic chatter of teeth—those of the three principal figures, quivering through the rites, and those of Sister and me, dragged from a warm bed to serve as witnesses. The law demanded two onlookers at a wedding ceremony, and rarely did the persons getting married bring them. This couple was obviously staging an elopement.

The groom urged, "Make it short as you can, preacher. Just so it's legal."

At the words " 'I pronounce that they are husband and wife,' " without waiting for the final blessing, he thrust two dollars into Papa's palm, picked up his bride, and carried her over the doorstep. He flung her upon his horse, untied the steed, and mounted to the saddle in front of her. She placed her arms around his waist, snuggled her head against his back, and they galloped through the night.

We had no sooner pulled the covers up to our ears than there came a pounding on the front door and shouts to waken the dead. The pajamaed and nightgowned household rushed to the living room and stood terrified while Papa unlocked the door. After one turn of the knob a colossal red-faced figure with a gun burst into the room, demanding to know if Papa had married two young fools. Papa tremblingly admitted that he had. Then, as we fought for clinging space on Mother's nightgown, the presence leveled his gun at Papa.

"Parson," he roared, "I'm gonna git that pair, an' you can untie that knot as you tied it!" and he moved a step nearer. "For thirty-one years I've kept any low-lived man from carryin' off my daughter, an' I'll be hornswoggled if Jasper Fox can outslick me—even if he's forty years old!"

With that he banged out the door.

We stood transfixed with fright. "He won't be back," Papa said as he calmly locked the door. And we went once more to our beds, sighing with the sheer peace of being too young to marry, since it was so much trouble, and since one had to freeze to death to do it.

One day, when Papa came to the final part of the ceremony, declaring, " 'Forasmuch as John and Sara have consented together in holy wedlock . . . I pronounce that they are husband and wife,' " John, who had been gazing at the floor to that time, looked out of the corner of his eye at Sara. She smiled into his glance. They were so transported that they failed to hear the Amen and failed to hear Papa's clearing of his throat to notify them that the ceremony was at an end.

Ah, thought we who were looking on, there is real love!

"I hope you'll be happy," Papa said, although he had told them the same thing five minutes before.

"Yes, sir," said John self-consciously, and at last nerved himself for the question he had been putting off: "What do I owe you, preacher?"

"Oh," said Papa with his usual reply, "whatever you think your wife is worth."

Reaching into his pocket, John jangled some coins. Then he brought one out and with all seriousness asked, "Have you got change for a quarter?"

Quite different was the response of another bridegroom. When he asked the same question and Papa gave the same reply, a twinkle came into his eye. He rammed a hand to the depth of each pocket of his trousers and quickly turned those cavities inside out, dislodging bills, quarters, dimes, and pennies. Without counting, he handed them to Papa—to the last penny. "She's worth all I've got," he said.

One winter evening, after a rare Texas blizzard, when ice covered the streets and crackled in the trees, there was a knock at the door. Outside stood two men and two women.

"Could you perform a double wedding right away?" one of the men asked.

"Certainly," Papa said, and invited them in.

"We know it's cold and the church is not heated," said one of the prospective brides, "but we'd feel much better about it if we could have the ceremony in the church."

Papa sent Hugh ahead to turn on the lights and to remain as witness. As the others were all studying, I begged to be the other witness. I remembered it was my time to get the fee. Being only eight years old, I had some difficulty in figuring the exact amount. But I could multiply. If each man paid two dollars, that would be four dollars! And all my own!

IT was cold in the church and our breath made smoke when we exhaled. I sat close to Hugh as we witnessed. Came the part of the ceremony I always dreaded: "Therefore if any can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace." What if someone should speak up and say, "I know reasons why they shouldn't be married?" And there was the even more tense moment when the bride or groom might confess—"I require and charge you both, as ye shall answer at the dreadful day of judgment . . . that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it." That always sent a chill down my spine. "Oh, don't let anybody confess an impediment, whatever that might be!" I breathed this time.

Nobody objected, nobody confessed, and the ceremony proceeded as usual to its conclusion. When the two couples had gone, Papa dropped the fee into my hand. It was five quarters. I was sorry I had wished them happiness.

The neighbor children were forever seeing a man and a woman go into our house to get married and come out to ride away, and they were forever wishing that they could see the weddings. Candler hit upon the idea of letting them peep for a nominal fee.

Every time there was to be a ceremony he rounded up the would-be spectators and Gil collected ten cents from each of them. When they were planted in darkness outside the living-room windows in looking position, I would go into the house, nonchalantly stroll about the room, and raise the shades. With Gil as chief silencer, the audience would take in the show. After the performance the three of us would divide the proceeds, all without Papa's knowledge.

On one of those Saturday nights when a child audience peered in from the darkness, the groom was all attention, but the bride stood with amazing unconcern through the whole procedure until the ring ceremony. The best man took the ring from his pocket and handed it to the groom, who handed it to Papa, who handed it back to the groom, who placed it on the bride's finger. The bride watched intently.

"Please repeat after me," said Papa to the groom: " 'With this ring I thee wed.' "

" 'With this ring I thee wed,' " he began. At that point the bride was unable to stifle her enthusiasm longer. This was obviously the first ring she had ever owned. She raised her hand to a distance and gazed proudly at the ring.

"I know it's pure gold," she burst forth, "or it would 'a' wore out with all that passin'!"

As we sat around the fire one winter evening, schoolbooks littering the floor and tables, there came a knock upon the door. Papa opened it to admit Brother Benedict, lifetime member of the congregation.

"My wife and my niece and her fiancé are in the car," he said. "You know, Mary and I were married in this

parsonage thirty-five years ago, and our niece has set her heart on being married tonight in the very same room."

"We'll be glad to arrange that," said Papa.

"We didn't know just what you'd think of it," Brother Benedict continued. "When the parsonage was remodeled nine years ago some of the rooms were shifted about. The room we were married in is now your kitchen."

Papa looked thoughtful. He had never performed a kitchen ceremony.

"I told Jenny you might not want to do it, but she wouldn't be satisfied till I'd asked."

"Tell them to come in," said Papa. "It's a bride's privilege to be married where she wishes. We'll have the wedding in the kitchen."

Mother put down her book and indicated with a look that she wished the help of Sister and me in making a lightning transformation of the kitchen.

The whole family witnessed that ceremony. It took place before an improvised altar—the kitchen sink with strands of ivy hanging over its side, a pot plant in the window above, and a lighted candle on each of the drainboards. The bridal party entered to the strains of drip, drip, drip, from an obliging water faucet. I Love You Truly was sung by Mother's proud canary, and as Papa concluded, " 'the Lord mercifully with His favor look upon you,' " the groom gave his beloved her bridal kiss over the kitchen sink. If it is true what they say about the way to a man's heart, this clever bride, by plighting her troth in the kitchen, was a milepost ahead, shooting straight for the mark.

After one wedding which Papa performed, the talk of the guests was not the usual what the bride wore and how the groom acted. Edith Meadows had been an active worker in the church for several years, teaching a Sunday-school class and singing in the choir. She graciously invited all of her friends to witness her wedding at the church.

"We feel that it is the dawning of happiness for both of us," Edith told Papa, "so we wanted to be married just as day is dawning."

It was still pitch dark when Papa stood over the bed where Cecil and Raybon were sleeping. Cecil was the official church janitor.

"Son, wake up," said Papa, shaking him. "You'd better go over right away and turn on the lights. It's only forty minutes until the wedding, and some of the guests might be coming."

It was late spring, and the nights were warm. Cecil had discarded his pajamas in favor of a cooler sleeping garment—his B. V. D.s. There was only a step out our back door to the church study, and it was not even light yet. As Cecil intended to go back to bed to get the last forty winks, he did not bother to dress. Half asleep, he rolled out of the bed, went out the door, and into the door of the church. He fumbled his way through the study and across the rostrum to the opposite side of the choir loft to the master switch, which turned on every light in the church. In the dark he found the handle and pulled it down, flooding the church with light.

As he yawningly turned to retrace his steps, his eyes, which had been only half open, popped out. Wedding guests had found their way to seats through the darkness of the church and were awaiting the hour. Now they sat forward in amazement and merriment at this unexpected eye-opener. The floor would not open up and swallow Cecil as he wished it would, and there was not even a near exit through which he could vanish. He placed his hand on the light switch again, plunged the world and himself into comforting darkness, and made his embarrassed way out the door.

With burning cheeks he crawled back into bed and roused Raybon. With the promise of a magnificent bribe, Raybon dressed and turned on the lights at the church again.

WHEN the older boys were young and Papa's pastorates were in west Texas, their outlook on life was tinged with the Wild West atmosphere which pervaded the towns. The small towns were secondary to the large ranches which surrounded them. Professional broncobusters ambled up and down the streets; cowboys lolled in front of the drugstore; ranch owners strode importantly through the town square smoking long cigars; ten-gallon hats, spurs, and high-heeled boots were regulation garb for the masculine contingent.

Farmers brought their bucking horses to town, and the broncobusters broke them in, right in the middle of the town square. The horses would rear and cavort while the busters hung on for dear life, shouting epithets in the ears of the beasts and finally subduing them. All of which would appeal to that capacity for high adventure and hero worship in the soul of every boy. It made its due impression on the four in the parsonage.

In one town they could sit in their own hayloft and get a bird's-eye view of the goings-on. They noted the swagger of the busters, they studied their technique of riding, and they memorized their lingo. Then they practiced it in the cow lot.

One Saturday afternoon when the town square was thick with human beings milling about, the boys decided to carry their broncobusting to its rightful place—the town square.

Only Molly, the cow which gave our milk, and her calf Daisy were available for busting. Pushing Molly into the narrow hallway of the barn, the boys succeeded with much effort in tying a saddle on her. The calf was to be ridden bareback.

Hugh mounted Molly, and Cecil mounted the reluctant Daisy, while Edd and Raybon gave a literal interpretation of the term "cowpunching." Round and round the lot they went, punching the two cows mercilessly until bovine irritation was at a high peak. When Molly began to bellow and try to buck the saddle off and Daisy was snorting and pitching, the gate was opened, and the rodeo troupe charged through.

The Saturday crowd began to scatter as the two wild cows with boys astride came forging through the street. Proudly exhibiting his newly acquired lingo, Cecil yelled into Daisy's ear, "Git around there, you pie-eyed, locoed son of a lop-eared rabbit! Drat your doggone hide!"

Papa was standing on the street corner in conversation. "Sh-h-h-h!" he expostulated as the startling scene whizzed by. Sh-h-h-h! was his nearest approach to profanity. He took out after them in a long run, his coattails flapping in the wind. "Stop, boys! Stop!" he shouted, springing his way around the square. Enjoying the excitement, the crowd took sides, some betting on the preacher, some on the kids.

Papa's long legs enabled him finally to overtake them.

He got Molly by a horn and Hugh by the ear and told the others to follow. They did, slowly and meekly.

But Papa loved fun and sociability, and he provided for it constantly.

Usually it was the active type. We were forever staging outdoor plays, with all of the children of the community taking part, and with Papa and Mother stepping in whenever we were in need of adult counsel.

Our tennis court and croquet ground became gathering places for the young people of the community. Papa made no distinction between Judy O'Grady and the colonel's lady. It sometimes handicapped our fun to be as democratic as he expected us to be. We had our preference in playmates, but he would say, "A preacher's child must show no partiality." And we were supposed to act upon that law.

Once Papa called Hugh and Cecil on the mat. "Unless you can have the Smith girls over and play with them, you'll just have to quit playing on the tennis court," was his ultimatum. He had heard criticism on this score.

The next morning Cecil rode over to the Smith home on his bicycle. "Lucy, could you and Jenny play tennis with Hugh and me today?" he cordially invited.

"We'd like to," she responded. "What time?"

"Oh, say two o'clock," said Cecil as if it were impromptu and had not been settled long ago in conspiracy with Hugh.

"We'll be there," said Lucy happily.

Two o'clock on an August afternoon in Texas!—when the heat is so dreadful that no native has the desire to do anything but take off his flesh and sit in his bones.

Promptly at the appointed hour Lucy and Jenny Smith arrived, smiling and fresh-looking in crisp dotted-swiss dresses. They had never played tennis before.

When the first game was over, the boys asked, "Do you like tennis?"

"Oh, yes," the girls forced an enthusiastic reply.

"Then let's keep on playing," Cecil urged.

At the end of the sixth game the boys heard what they had been so vigorously working and hopefully listening for as Jenny exhaustedly murmured to Lucy, "We'd better go home."

"Oh, must you?" Hugh regretfully asked.

Both boys thanked them for coming and gallantly escorted them home. Subsequent invitations were given, but from that day the Smith girls showed no spark of interest in tennis—at least not on the parsonage court.

MOTHER often said, "If the pulpit hadn't got your Father, the stage would have."

Papa loved theatricals. He continually urged various church groups to work up a play. It was the most enjoyable way to raise money for any deficit in the church budget, and the giving of pageants was to his mind the most impressive method of observing Easter, Mother's Day, Children's Day, Thanksgiving, and Christmas.

Mother was the director and made most of the costumes. But quite by accident she forsook her backstage life to appear briefly before the spotlight. The Missionary Society was giving a play, one of those breakdown farces, The Old Maid's Convention. The ladies of the church were having the time of their lives disporting in the most ridiculous costumes they could rig up—hats with high plumes, shoes that buttoned halfway up the leg, wasp-waisted dresses, lorgnettes, and whatever else their attics could give forth. The plot, a sickly one, concerned the convening from all parts ot the country of women whom life had left unwed, unhonored, and unsung. They were there to bemoan their mutual woes. From that beginning the play was mostly improvised, and every rehearsal added a few more touches.

On the night of the performance one of the principal characters, or delegates to the convention, was ill. Mother donned the high-buttoned shoes and outlandish costume. None of us, nor the audience, nor Papa knew of the substitution until Mother stepped out on the stage.

With head flung carelessly high, she tripped perkily about and at unexpected moments came shyly close to the footlights and flirted with Papa. When her "special" came, she stepped to the center of the stage and lifted her voice in woeful song. With heartbreaking gestures she sang:

"'Why did I let him kiss me?
Oh, I let him kiss me twice.
I know that I did wrong,
But oh, dear me, he seemed so-o-o nice!'"

And on through twelve tragic stanzas.

At home, after the performance, we clustered around her. For now there was a new aura about her. Our Mother could act! "We didn't know you could do that, Mother," we said. "Why don't you take part in all the plays?"

"Aren't you ashamed, Pop," said Raybon, "to have robbed the stage of such an actress?"

Papa looked over at Mother with an indulgent smile. "Sh-h-h-h" was his only comment.

CANDLER was usually drafted for a part in the church pageants, especially at Christmastime. He evaded the assignment whenever possible, for his informal nature shrank from memorizing set lines and actions.

One Christmas season he refused the part of a shepherd, pleading too much school work. Papa heard of it and immediately accepted the role for him. And beginning with the first rehearsal Candler obligingly said his line, "What is that great light which floods the earth? Let us go hence that we may see!" After that, in company with the other shepherds, he was to draw near to the manger and stand, propped on his shepherd's crook, for the remaining thirty minutes of the pageant without uttering a sound. He was required to garb himself in loose gray flannel, tie a rag around his head—for all the world like a housemaid—and go barefoot! That was the last straw. He was at the self-conscious age, and to have to pad up and down the aisles barefoot was ignominy too great.

The performance was going smoothly, shepherds quietly resting on their crooks, wise men gazing with adoration at the manger, one of them worshipfully kneeling to offer a gift, when suddenly the seventeen-year-old Mary gave expression to a faint giggle. The next line was hers. "May God bless thee," she said to the wise man on his knees, "for thy gift to the Child." And she ended with a stifled laugh. The bowed wise man joined in her suppressed laughter. One by one the cast succumbed and struggled through their lines. All except Candler. His eyes were directed to the floor, but looking down at his feet as if in shame that the others could so forget themselves.

Gathered in the living room later, we were discussing the pageant. "Son," Mother said to Candler appreciatively, "I'm proud of you for keeping your face straight and not entering into that sacrilegious laughter. What could they have been laughing at, anyhow?"

"Well, Mom," was the shamefaced reply, "I cannot tell a lie." So saying, he pulled off his shoes and socks and placed his bare feet on the floor in view of all. On the top of each of them, in bold black lines, was drawn a funny face. By certain movements of the muscles in the feet he could make them change expression. He had created his additions to the cast by using the eyebrow pencil and the rouge and powder from the make-up box. He now looked at Papa pleadingly. "Honest, Pop," he said, "I didn't know it would cause such a commotion. I got so danged tired of standing there barefoot every night, doing nothing, I decided to entertain myself, and the rest of them just happened to see it."

That was Candler's farewell Biblical performance.

All his life something within his uninhibited soul was

fascinated by the antics of colored people when they were happy. He was a regular attendant at all of the colored Holiness meetings, and his version of them would be served the next morning at breakfast with our oatmeal. Whenever possible, he had a colored playmate who was a constant source of Negro lore and primitive gyrations.

During high-school days he struck up a friendship with Zeke. Zeke spent his happy-go-lucky days shining shoes, and between shines he spent the time practicing the rhythms of the buzzard lope—a spineless, effortless, primitive dance. By diligent practice Candler perfected the lope and would on rare occasions with his own gang give an exhibition, though the family's knowledge of it was only hearsay.

During his first year in junior college a professor stopped him in the hall one day. "Red, I've heard among the students that you're a real actor. How about a performance on our assembly program Monday? It's all impromptu. Give us something funny."

"O. K.," agreed Candler.

Papa was given a special invitation to the assembly, since his son was to take part. And he was called upon to begin it with a prayer. Papa prayed. The program proceeded through varied numbers with varied content. Everybody was having a fine time.

Candler went nonchalantly to the stage. "Professor White asked me the other day to perform on this program," he said. "I will now perform."

He walked to the far end of the platform and paused. Rubbing his hand over his face, he left it with a fixed vacant expression. Then he gave his trousers a lazy hitch at the waist in back and in front, raising the cuffs to a high-water mark. Slowly he began to glide across the stage in a silent, effortless movement like a giant earthworm which had raised itself to a vertical position. By the time he was across the stage and revolving to complete the circle, his schoolmates were convulsed. Papa had no idea that his son could do such a stunt, and having a keen sense of humor he, too, was bending toward his knees in unrestrained laughter.

He had to leave immediately after Candler's number to meet another engagement. At home, later in the day, he said, "Candler has been holding out on us. Have him do his act for you when he gets here."

When the buzzard loper reached home that afternoon, however, he entered the house with slow step.

"Pop," he moaned, "I guess I'll be Mother's home companion from now on. I'm expelled!"

"Expelled?" said Papa in unbelief. "What on earth have you been doing?"

"According to some of the faculty members," he said, "I did a wicked, heathenish dance on the assembly program this morning. I will now be dropped from the roll."

Papa's program for the next day was automatically rearranged. He went into a long conference with the school president and faculty members. When he emerged, his youngest—the pagan dancer—was reinstated in school.

Years later, after all of us were away from home, we were having a family get-together in the town to which Papa had just been assigned as pastor of the Methodist church. Candler's sinful farewell to acting and Papa's innocent enjoyment of it were being recalled, and Candler rose to give a command performance. He shifted his facial expression to neutral, hitched his trousers, and started moving. Like the other audience, we were convulsed.

Papa, passing through the brightly lighted living room at that particular moment, paused to laugh with us—until he made a heart-sinking observation. "Children!" he said in stricken tone above the laughter. "Sh-h-h-h, children —*the shades are up!*"

IN our childhood we not only kept Christmas; we made Christmas. We made our gifts, we made our entertainment. How good it was to make Christmas!

But the giving of gifts and the hanging of stockings for Santa constituted only a small part of our celebration of Christmas. A tree at home was unheard of. A giant one was always erected in the church for the enjoyment of all. Only the noblest cedar in the forest was worthy to be called a Christmas tree. While some members of the family were reluctant to take part in the Christmas week programs, others were ready at the drop of a hat. And I was one. Christmas would not have been Christmas without a part in the program. My earliest recollection is of walking to the platform, standing in front of a huge, candlelit tree, and reciting:

"'Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just as small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?'"

On Christmas Eve it was the custom that all gifts be brought to the church tree—for family, for friends, for the poor. The tree was almost obscured with everything

from cedar chests to handkerchiefs, not to mention a sack of fruit and nuts for every person present, a gift from the Sunday school. The overflow was stacked under the tree, but not till all tying space was gone. Everybody saw what everybody got and who gave what to whom.

Exactly on time, outside the church would come a prancing of hoofs and, "Whoa, Donner and Blitzen! There, Dancer! Now, Prancer!" as Santa would alight from his sleigh. Delighted squeals emanated from various spots over the audience. The door would open, and through it would burst a jolly, laughing Santa, with red suit, high black boots, and bells, bells, bells jingling as he walked. Down the aisle he would come, stamping the snow from his boots and blowing warmth into his cold hands. "Hello, everybody!" he would shout. "I made it, didn't I?" And his eye catching the eye of some child on the aisle, he would pause. "Well, well, here's Johnny Green! Have you been a good boy?" Santa knew our names!

Before my courage was developed to the point of close contact with Santa, I begged Mother on Christmas Eve, "Please promise that we won't sit next to the aisle!"

Corpulent old Brother Mahoney, who sat in the same corner of the church every Sunday, had, besides a surplus of Amens, a chronic sniffle. When Papa was preaching over my head or repeating a sermon I had heard, I would amuse myself by listening and counting time to Brother Mahoney's sniffles. They were rhythmical: one long sniff—a pause of two counts—then three staccato sniffs—one long sniff—pause—count one, two, three shorts —and in a few minutes repeat. He never failed to come in on the right beat. He never failed to make the same number of sniffs.

One Christmas Eve I heard from Santa's nostrils a hauntingly familiar sniff. A sickening chill ran down my spine. "I'll count," said I to myself, "and then I'll know." So I counted.

Blinded with tears, I found my way to Mother and hid my face on her shoulder in painful disillusionment. At home that night I tearfully demanded an explanation. I went to bed somewhat comforted after Mother's words.

"Anybody who loves children and spreads joy at Christmas can be Santa," she said. "You can be. How would you like to be Santa to Candler and the others and fill their stockings?" And I was waked at the proper time to share in the filling of the stockings, for everybody's stocking was hung on the mantel every year that he was home.

Clear in my memory is the time when one of my little schoolmates sat next to me watching breathlessly the presents being handed down from the tree and listening for her name to be called. Her father was reputed to be

the wealthiest and stingiest man in town, and at Christmas he was an old Scrooge. There were several children in the family. The older ones did not come to the tree, perhaps because they knew how embarrassing it could be. But little Penelope, with faith and confidence, came. For two hours of constant name-calling her hopes went up and down. True, she had a sack of fruit and nuts passed around by Santa's helpers, and she even had a handkerchief that someone had dropped as a surprise into her lap; but her name had not been called. Toward the end, when only a few scattered packages remained on the tree, I could stand the look on her face no longer. I worked my way to Mother and whispered the story.

"We won't let her be disappointed," said Mother. She took a small bottle of perfume which I had tied to the tree for her, carefully rewrapped it, and wrote across the wrapping "Penelope Warren." Candler was sent with it unobtrusively up to the tree, with directions to call Santa's attention to it. Just as hope had died within the little girl's heart, Santa Claus called out in a loud important voice, "Penelope Warren."

She danced up and down with joy. "He did call it! He did call it!" she cried. "I did get a present."

The tree was lighted after the manner of the day, with candles. One Christmas Eve, as Santa Claus bent toward the audience calling out, "Whose present is this? Let me see," he backed up too near a candle. The cotton batting on the midriff of his suit caught fire. Two men sitting in the front pew discovered the catastrophe before Santa and were making their way toward him to extinguish the blaze when Santa, feeling the warmth, was himself struck with the realization of what had happened.

Santa, that year, was Brother Damon. He had renounced the ways of the world only that summer, and some of its lingo came automatically to his lips in time of stress. "Dammit!" he yelled. "Help me out of this thing, somebody! Help me out of this thing!"

The pianist fortunately was quick-witted enough to thunder out some Christmas music, while some of the men whisked the disgruntled Santa out through the back vestibule. Papa had to save the day and the illusions of the young. He peered through the door into the vestibule. "I'll tell them," Santa," he said and came to the center of the platform. "He says to tell all you boys and girls that he has another coat in his pack and that he has to hurry on now or he won't make it around to your houses tonight to fill your stockings." The congregation sang the customary closing hymn, Joy to the World! and we went home to await a happier visit from Santa Claus.

If the parsonage kept open house on other days, it kept opener house on Christmas Day. Mother would have prepared mince pies, dressing, and cranberries, and fruit cake in plenty. And just as fowl was provided for our table on Sunday, on Christmas some member was sure to present his pastor with a huge turkey. No restrictions were made on the number of guests we might invite to dinner or to call during the day. And God blessed us every one.

Although time has altered custom, and no longer do most churches plan a service for Christmas Eve, still on the night before Christmas I find my heart and my steps ever turning toward a church, for somehow within the holy hush of the house of God I can more clearly hear the angels singing, " 'On earth peace, good will toward men.' "

"DADDY, Daddy, Daddy!" Since none of us ever addressed Papa that informally, my ears refused to believe what they heard, and as I stepped to the kitchen door, my eyes refused to believe what they saw. On the ironing board was a half-ironed shirt. Back of it stood Raybon, lifting pleading arms and coy eyes as his voice in baby tones begged, "Take me, Daddy, take me!" Then he turned to the other side and impishly demanded, "No, Daddy, take me!" And last to the center, tearfully whining, "Me, Daddy, me!"

Alarmed lest his brain had snapped, I tried to speak to Mother, who was busy at the stove back of him, but she raised a silencing finger as the scene continued. Then the visionary dropped to a stool, rested his elbows on the ironing board and his chin in his hands.

"Oh, Mother," he sighed, "I just can't wait till I hear my babies calling me Daddy."

Relieved that he was sane, but utterly disgusted, I started again to speak, and once more came Mother's silencing motion. Never by word or look would she dispel the dream of another or allow us to. "Mother," Raybon dreamily continued, "how do you know when you are really in love?"

Bored with the conversation, I went through the kitchen and out the back door, but Mother's reply came to my ears: "Don't even think of marrying until down deep you absolutely know that you can't live without her."

THE room which the four older boys shared was to me the choice one in the house. Everywhere were faces of gals, gals, gals—adorning the walls, the bureau, and the study table.

I used to study the portraits. Why was Edd so smitten with Felice? I would ask myself. Taking Felice from the study table to the bureau, I would stand her near the mirror. Then with elbow on the bureau, propping my chin on my hand, I would lean close to her face and with soul-searching scrutiny try to fathom the mystery. When I arrived at the solution I would turn to the mirror, and for the next thirty minutes completely lose myself in Felice-like posing—and in making up words to go with the gestures.

Every so often some photograph would be placed in the bureau drawer while a newer, brighter flame would take its place. Knowing nothing of the psychology of adolescent boys, I did not like this off-with-the-old-and-on-with-the-new policy. Just as I was feeling a warm kinship with some sweet-looking girl—though I might never have seen her—she would be relegated to the drawer and some bold flapper put in her place.

Cecil was the most reticent of the boys, and he laid less claim than the others to photograph space. And, too, his circle was interdenominational, and Papa preferred Methodist girls. Cecil's art collection, always large, was housed in a private vault at the church. The pulpit had a cupboard effect with a door on the back side. Space inside was ordinarily used for storing old hymnbooks or Sunday-school papers. There in seclusion Cecil's portrait heart throbs lived in amity, and at any overwhelmingly lonely moment he could slip into the church and in its solitude gaze upon a beloved face.

One Sunday in the midst of an enthusiastic sermon Papa began to quote a hymn which he could not finish.

Hurriedly he opened the little door of the pulpit and fumbled about in the recess for a hymnbook. After an embarrassing pause he succeeded in bringing one out. With it came a bevy of pictures of smiling girls fluttering happily to the less crowded confines of the rostrum, flagrantly waving before the amused eyes of choir members such inscriptions as, "To Cecil, with all my love," "I love you," "Forever yours."

Hugh suffered no such humiliating experiences, since he went with one girl at a time and gave her his undivided attention. It was so undivided that Papa's deadline of eleven o'clock for getting home was repeatedly violated. As scoldings and warnings did no good, Papa had to devise another method for inducing obedience.

One midnight when the sleeping household still lacked Hugh, Papa stripped a bed of its top sheet and tiptoed out of the house. He went to a bridge over which Hugh's homeward trek would bring him. Hugh's step came soon, a brisk trot. As it neared the bridge the phantom figure rose from out of the shadow into the moonlight. When Hugh's terrified eyes saw the vision, his trot changed to a gallop. The sinister figure moved, then started in pursuit. Step for step, gallop for gallop, down the road they went.

Somehow Hugh managed to stay one step ahead. Nearing home and faint with exhaustion, he moaned, "Oh, Papa, Papa, is it you? I think it's you; but please, Papa, tell me it's you." Papa did not reassure him until years later. But at eleven o'clock the next night and each night thereafter Hugh was present and accounted for.

We have often wondered how an only child carries on the necessary steps of courtship. Who acts as courier for love notes if not a younger brother? Who is the mediator

in a lovers' quarrel? And who stands sentinel near the place of rendezvous in case a parent should call?

Sister admits that she would never have snared her breadwinner Harry, whom she first courted in high school, had not Gil, Candler, and I been always stationed in a treetop to announce his coming. Between that and his arrival she would change her dress or powder her nose. When the two of them would have a clandestine meeting—Papa thought Sister too young for dates—we could see the approach of any tattletale and sound an alarm. To keep us from telling cost Sister and her sweetheart many an anxious moment and many a piece of silver.

For them there was no escape, for between the time of school's closing and the time for school's opening we literally lived in the trees. We would nail planks to the limbs and carry up books, pillows, toys, bottles of water, and fruit. Mother would fix our lunch in a basket and tie it to the long rope left dangling from the tree for that purpose.

At the age of twelve Gil went so thoroughly native as to establish a love nest for his best girl in a separate tree from ours. The money he earned delivering groceries provided candy and soda pop for their ménage. With such refreshments in view, Candler and I would often slide down from our tree and climb up theirs for a visit. But when we stayed overlong and ate overmuch, Gil would become gruff. "Go home! Sit in your own tree!"

After we were grown, tree-sitting became for one season a fad throughout the country. We lived at that time in the town where the world's champion tree-sitter sat his way to fame. During the steady excitement attendant upon such a celebrated happening, Mother went about her daily tasks as usual, and not once did she walk around the corner to see the phenomenon.

One day a neighbor rushed in. "Mrs. Porter, our tree-sitter has won the world's championship! In ten minutes he will be coming down. Aren't you going to see him?"

Mother, unimpressed, smiled at her. "Why should I?" she asked. "I have the *original* tree-sitter in my own family. Only," she laconically added, "I wasn't farsighted enough to put out a sign."

It was during that tree-sitting span of years that I first fell desperately in love. The object of my affection did not take to tree-sitting. It was too tame. "I like to be high," he said, "but I like to be in an airplane, going fast. Dad's going to give me an airplane when I graduate from high school, and the very next day I'm going to fly to Mars!"

"Why don't you just fly across the ocean?" I suggested.

His reply reeked with disgust: "Shoot a monkey! If that's not just like a girl! Who wants to fly across the ocean? We *know* what's over *there!*"

ONE day, as we walked to school together, Jack kicked a rock aimlessly from the sidewalk. "Alyene," he said, "I've got to fly to Mars, but I don't want to leave you. Could—could you marry me—and maybe we could go there on our honeymoon?"

A honeymoon to Mars! Needless to say, I accepted his proposal before he finished the voicing of it. And thereafter in school, back of our books, across the room our eyes would meet while Jack, suggesting an airplane with his right hand, would make it zoom upward as high as it could without going over the top of his geography.

One day the teacher brought up for discussion the subject of Mars. No more responsive students could be found anywhere than we two as she talked, and when the bell rang, history was made in the annals of schooldom by the audible groaning of two children.

As we broke line on the school steps, Jack hurried to me. "Let's go back in and tell Miss Boutwell about our honeymoon," he whispered.

We found her alone in the room, straightening her desk. Timidly we approached her, one on either side. "Miss Boutwell," I said in meaningful tone, "we have a secret to tell you."

Jack came close to her ear and in a loud whisper announced, "We are going to get married and fly to Mars!"

Miss Boutwell did not bat an eye. "How wonderful!" she exclaimed, and for several minutes the three of us discussed the venture in all seriousness, until at length she sent us on our way rejoicing. There was a teacher!—taking with delicate understanding the dream of two eager youngsters, holding it tenderly for a moment, and handing it back to them bright and shining. Nor did she ever betray our confidence to our parents.

As Mother and Papa were having to bear at that time the home reactions of six other love affairs in various stages, it was well that mine did not come to their notice

Sister's case was unquestionably the most obtrusive. Her sweetheart owned a trumpet with which he expressed his feeling. If there had been a quarrel he would stand on his porch and lift the trumpet to his lips, and when the plaintive strains of I'm Sorry I Made You Cry were wafted through our window to hover over the supper table, Sister would burst into tears and have to be excused from the room. If all was well between them, he would play, for all the town to hear, I Love You Truly.

As each child discovered the one whom down deep he knew he couldn't live without, Papa would somewhat tearfully take his place to perform the marriage ceremony. We were all baptized by bishops, but we were married by Papa. His face always became pale, and emotion seethed within him. He was probably most visibly affected when it came the hour for saying the marriage ceremony for Candler. Candler had sighed to many, though he loved but one, and he could not wait to finish college to claim her as his bride. He had no work, no prospect of any, but the wedding went on as planned.

A few minutes before the ceremony Mother discovered Candler in the back bedroom tying into a bundle on a stick, hobo style, three shirts, a tie, and some socks.

"What are you doing, son?" she asked.

"Well, Mom," he said, "this is for when I say, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.' "

During the ceremony, Gil's eight-year-old son, who had slipped in to witness this bedroom scene, sat by Mother, quiet and subdued by the solemnity of the occasion. He made no move during the rites until Candler spoke those words about "worldly goods." Then he leaned toward Mother with a joke he had heard on the radio—"There goes his football sweater." His intended whisper filled the room. Even Papa had to laugh.

PAPA is carrying on the work he loves. His birthdays show he has passed the age for active ministry, but his strength and point of view seem ageless. Since there is a preacher shortage, Papa serves a full-time church.

A young grandson visited him one recent Sunday. As they walked home from church, Papa failed to notice the little bundle under Billy's arm, or took it to be his usual Sunday-school papers.

When Papa was settled in his armchair, Bill climbed up into his lap.

"You know somepin, Gran'dad?" he said. "You're the best preacher in the world. Your sermons are jus' right!"

"Is that so, Bill?" said Papa, and his chest expanded.

"Yep," said Bill, "I like 'em. They're jus' right. You know why?" Papa did not know.

"They're jus' ezackly three funny books long!"

Keeping step with modern trends unknowingly, but holding high the same banner, Papa is a preacher still.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

"TO General Montgomery. Indomitable in defeat. . . . Insufferable in victory!" This was a popular toast (supposedly originated by Winston Churchill himself) among the British in Egypt after the Battle of El Alamein, says **Thomas E. Healy** in **Tourist Under Fire.** Mr. Healy, a correspondent for the London Mirror, tells how Montgomery's flamboyant attitude—his habit of saying, "I am planning my battle," and "I have Rommel where I want him," created such legends.

Thomas E. Healy

Fortunately, Mr. Healy was present at El Alamein as well as at press conferences. He gives a succinct description of the steps by which Montgomery baited and sprang his trap for Rommel. After reading it, you'll feel that if cocky self-confidence works in this fashion, it's a handy weapon to have on our side.

In between its stories of combat, Tourist Under Fire has some priceless interludes. In West Africa, Mr. Healy made a study of the native newspapers. He quotes this weepful obituary from one of them:

"The deceased gentleman had been for many years a martyr to venereal disease."

Published by Henry Holt & Co., N. Y. Price $3.

OUR tenderhearted government has carefully refrained from issuing any statement that might be construed as a personal attack on Emperor Hirohito. At first we credited Japan's dirty work at the Pearl Harbor crossroads to Tojo, then to "the Jap war lords."

Otto D. Tolischus breaks this inhibition in **Through Japanese Eyes.** He lays a full share of the guilt on Hirohito's doorstep. He points out, among other things, that the Mikado "issued the Imperial rescript declaring war 'to carry forward the task bequeathed by Our Forefathers'—which calls for extending his rule until it embraces the world."

Otto D. Tolischus

Through Japanese Eyes is a collection of excerpts from speeches, books, and newspaper and magazine articles by Jap leaders, with shrewd comments by Mr. Tolischus.

Warmaking nations like to use the pressure of expanding populations as their excuse. Mr. Tolischus lets the Japs destroy this argument in their own words, as follows:

Quotation No. 1 (from a statement of Ambassador Yoshida to Cordell Hull): "The people of the United States should recognize the rapidly growing population of Japan and the absolute necessity for more territory."

Quotation No. 2 (from a speech by Tojo to the Jap Diet): "An increase in population is essential for the future of Japan."

Published by Reynal & Hitchcock, Inc., N. Y. Price $2.75

"IF you read quickly, you do, of course, save time; but far more important, you understand better what you are reading," says **Norman Lewis** in **How to Read Better and Faster.** "The faster your habitual reading rate, the keener your comprehension: that is the discovery made in recent years by reading clinics in dozens of colleges throughout the country."

I approached Mr. Lewis' book in an "Oh, yeah?" frame of mind, but found it stimulating and full of useful suggestions.

Published by Thomas Y. Crowell Co., N. Y. Price $2.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 What general heads the Third Army, U. S. A.?
7 What's the given name of Mr. Stover of the comic strips?
13 What could be called the Fester Spot of Civilization?
14 What ex-mobster is now a substantial Florida citizen?
15 Beef manufacturers
17 Who won the World Series in '42? (abbr.)
18 In Biblical times, a what was cast to determine the guilty?
19 What would the Mothers of Hams be?
21 What doughnuts are made with flower?
22 Who is the world's greatest matchmaker?
24 Complete: How He —— to Her Husband, by G. B. Shaw
26 St.'s pop (abbr.)
27 Bars and circles are associated with a what?
29 Name the oldest branch of the U. S. military services
31 A Roman'd call a couple of pounds of uncoined copper money —— rude
33 What kind of Jack do the English use on their ships?
34 French radical socialist cabinet minister
38 Gary Cooper starred in what first air picture?
42 What gal's name means Life?
43 What's pig plush?
45 If you were sent to get a load of Mrs. Lot, what'd you ask for?
46 Deal (anag.)
48 What do philosophers call the absence of pleasure?
50 What article of men's dress has gone berserk?
51 A famous what was issued at Nantes?
53 Vice-Presidents do what over the Senate?
55 Independent nerve cell
57 Name the water-transport colonel who helped Washington cross the Delaware
58 Sue Sam (anag.)
59 Name the bushes whose berries make a wine

VERTICAL

1 Name a vituperative columnist
2 What's the most heavenly city in Illinois?
3 What's a male mermaid?
4 What's an old term for a young man?
5 Pose (anag.)
6 French orange-flower-oil alcohol's called what?
7 What state produces lots of turps? (abbr.)
8 What can make a Scotchman out of anybody?
9 What's the hard-luck stone?
10 What race inhabits Chosen
11 What's another name for witloof?
12 Translate: Gives approbation without necessarily approving
16 Most colleges won't give degrees unless you can do what?
20 What's something rarely found in the subway?
23 What face did Edward G. Robinson make famous?
25 Name the original form of poker
28 What word will soon become extinct in German?
30 What might be the flower of one's eye?
32 Name the softest sort of inedible baloney
34 Give the capital of Montana
35 Tries to give Morgenthau the slip
36 Twice the what times pi equals the circumference of a circle?
37 A rosebud of a mouth would be a what in Brooklynese?
39 Thomas Hardy wrote The Return of the What?
40 Freight of the future will probably be carried by what kind of train?
41 What're really Home on the Range?
44 Funeral music
47 Cure (anag.)
49 What gal was never done right by in the mauve decade?
52 Mr. Turkey's first name
54 One's native soil is the old what?
56 Minsk is what direction from Pinsk?

M	R	I	N	B	E	T	W	E	E	N	W	A	G
E	A	S	Y	C	R	O	W	S	O	P	E	R	A
A	D	L	O	C	O	E	C	R	U	D	R		
L	I	N	O	L	E	U	M	A	M	T	E	D	
S	O	U	N	D	S	U	I	T	P	A	N	E	
		D	S	P	E	S	T	T	A	X	N		
F	E	E	C	U	R	T	S	E	N	I	L	E	
R	A	C	O	P	S	P	I	N	T	A	I	R	
A	R	R	O	W	S	C	E	N	T	P	P	S	
N	A	S	S	S	O	T	S	T	A				
K	N	I	T	P	O	O	R	T	O	G	A	S	
B	A	N	B	O	L	I	N	I	M	E	N	T	
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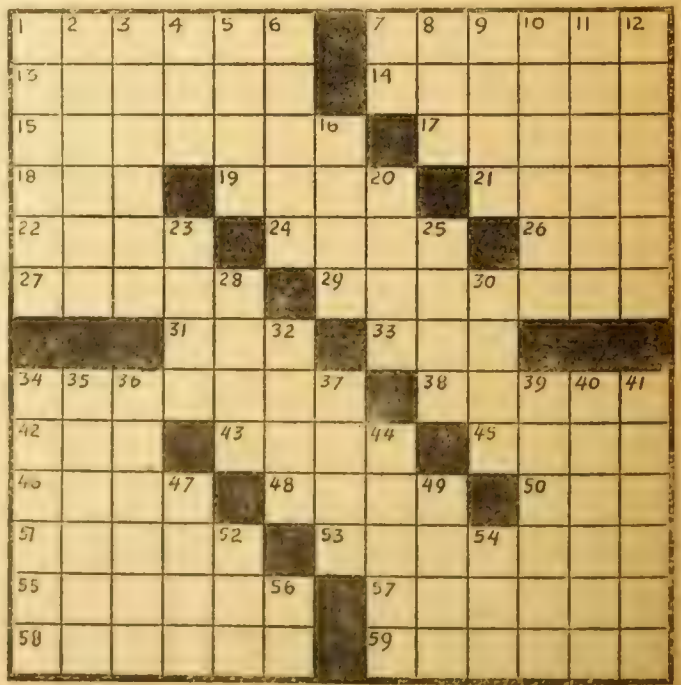
C	R	A	T	E	P	O	L	O	T	H	E	N	
K	E	Y	R	A	T	I	O	N	B	O	A	R	D

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Out of this world

And that's just where you are Son—out of this world and into another. Now you're on the very threshold of research exploring the unknown. It is research that finds ways to make more and better things for more people.

Research is as essential as factory buildings or assembly lines in our business.

It was in the Research Laboratories that General Motors men found ways to make our cars safer and stronger than ever before by exploring the secrets of metals. Their studies of fuels gave us smoother, more powerful engines. Their research paved the way for better body finishes on our cars.

These engineers pioneered better household refrigeration. They developed an early, crude Diesel engine into one of civilization's most important aids.

And they worked on a multitude of other projects, which have added up to more and better things for more people.

Then the picture changed and the Research Laboratories, like all other GM divisions, threw their full energy into the urgent jobs of war.

Through their peacetime development of Ethyl they had made a great contribution to the high octane fuels that enable our warplanes to fly so high and fast. Continuing their studies into wartime, GM research men developed a new commercial process for making a promising new synthetic fuel, Triptane, with far greater power and economy than present day aviation gasoline. And they found ways to put their fully developed Diesel engine to work on thousands of tough, demanding wartime jobs.

Many such instances prove that American skills and knowledge built up in peacetime are helping to win this war.

Our country had this backlog of skill and knowledge because it was, and is, literally "the land of opportunity." It rewarded men who did their best. And in the years ahead, this American way of working promises to create even greater production, with an ever-rising standard of living for all.

Every Sunday Afternoon
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NBC Network

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CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK
CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • FRIGIDAIRE
GMC TRUCK AND COACH

MAKE VICTORY COMPLETE
★
Buy More War Bonds

BRONC STOMPER

Continued from Page 33

him again. He left the print of his levis in the corral four times before he stayed up, but the last time he mounted the stallion he could sense a change. Steeldust stood rigidly under the saddle. Joe spurred him until he would move around. Then he dismounted and gave the horse a thorough currying.

"He'll soldier for me," he said.

Windy said, "I could have been wrong."

In spare time Joe rode Steeldust down to Latimer's range and got him used to a rope. He taught him to keep the rope taut until the calf was tied, yet not to drag it. Steeldust learned to crowd a running steer so that his knees almost bumped the animal's rump.

By midsummer, when Windy had the other horses ready, Steeldust was as dependable a roper as Joe had ever ridden.

THEY took the horses down to San Saba. Sam Giddings walked to the livery stable with them, not saying much. Windy rode the horses about the corral. He was proud of the job of training he'd done, and the horses showed off for him.

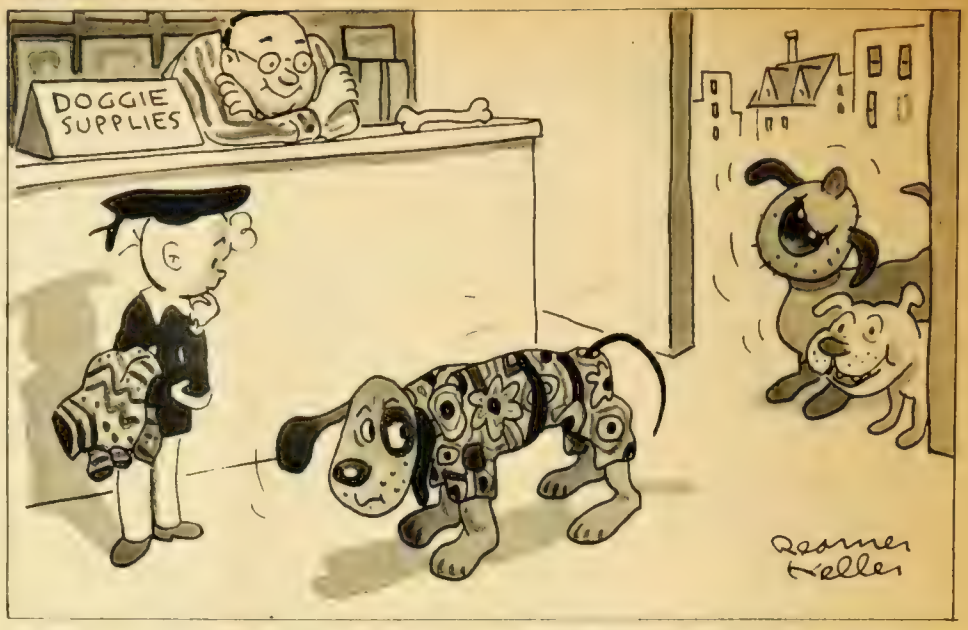
Giddings was unimpressed. "Any horse looks good under you," he said.

He rode them himself. He had complaints to make about all of them. "I didn't say I'd take all your cutbacks, boys," he told them, sourly. "When you bring in some real horses we can talk business."

There was silence for an instant, and then Windy's voice saying: "Are you trying to kid somebody, Sam?"

Giddings bit the end off a cigar. "They aren't worth a dollar more than fifteen a head to me."

HARDTACK



Then it was plain that Sam Giddings' vindictive soul was battening itself on the situation. He had never intended to take their horses. He had let them count on him, and now it was too late to make connections without losing valuable time during the short trapping season.

Windy Nolan's Irish temper exploded. He said, "Why, you ——!" He struck Giddings on the mouth. Giddings sat down with a grunt. Windy stalked away.

They headed for the saloon by a sort of instinct. After two drinks, Windy said, "Maybe we could rent a car and take them East."

Joe grunted. They both knew they'd lose a month's time taking the horses to an outside market, and besides, the price of a boxcar would be prohibitive.

Joe said, "Well, there's still Jake Lingle."

Jake Lingle was by trade a commission merchant, by nature a cider press to squeeze profits out of his fellow men. He lumbered over to the stable. He was, if possible, less enthusiastic than Giddings had been. "Haven't you boys got some nice cattle you want to sell?" he asked.

"Get away from that wailing wall, Jake," Joe snapped. "Just tell us what they're worth to you."

"Nobody around here wants horses," Lingle said. "I couldn't pay more than seventeen fifty a head and make money."

They left his office with a check for one hundred and forty dollars. In October they had to pay Dogie Butterworth five hundred. They had saved nearly that much from the sale of culls, but after he was paid off they would have nothing left to get through the winter.

"They think they got us licked, Joe," Windy said. "But I can still scratch a bronc. Hank Wilbur's putting on the rodeo next month. That means good stock and top prizes."

It wouldn't be as easy as that, Joe knew. Top prizes meant top performers, and Windy Nolan hadn't ridden against the best in a long time.

JOE'S thoughts went back to Steeldust. His blood began to warm up. Some of the biggest money-makers in the rodeo game were ropers. With side bets and prizes, they banked plenty. They could afford to pay big money for roping horses; they had to be sure of them.

Sally walked down to the creek with Joe. She sat on the sand, her back against a boulder, tilting her head so that the sun touched her throat and the soft hollow under her chin. Her hair was like firelit amber, and suddenly Joe knew he wanted Sally Nolan more than anything in the world. More than independence, even; and yet he knew how poverty could smudge everything it touched.

Joe told her about Giddings. For a long time Sally did not speak. At last she said, "I'm sorry, Joe—for all of us. Can't you see, now, what I tried to tell you? With horses there's always something—"

Joe's mouth set. "We aren't licked yet," he told her.

Sally said, "No. Not until you've risked

(Continued on page 54)

"That's what I call a perfect setup, Jim!"

The inside story on a really swell drink can be told in three well-chosen words: "Use Paul Jones." For Paul Jones's smoothness and mellow, rich flavor have things pretty much their own way in a glass. You'll observe this yourself, we believe, the next time you meet up with Paul Jones. See if you don't agree. *Blended whiskey—86 proof—65% grain neutral spirits. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.*

Paul Jones

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How YOU Can Avoid The Danger of

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Guess Who? He doesn't have to guess . . . he knows! There's just no hiding your . . . DENTURE BREATH. Avoid offending in this way. Don't trust brushing with ordinary cleansers that scratch your plate material. Such scratches help food particles and film to collect faster, cling tighter, causing offensive Denture Breath.

PLAY SAFE—SOAK DENTURES IN POLIDENT DAILY
It's Easy! It's Quick!
Soak your plate or bridge in Polident fifteen minutes or overnight . . . rinse . . . and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.
NO BRUSHING

What's more . . . your plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth*, and brushing with ordinary tooth pastes, tooth powders and soaps often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens. But, since there is no need for brushing when using Polident, there's no danger. Besides, the *safe* Polident way is so easy and sure!

Later—No offensive Denture Breath now! She's one of delighted millions who have found Polident the new, easy way to keep dentures sparkling clean, odor-free. If *you* wear a bridge or plate, *play safe*. Use Polident daily to help keep its original natural appearance. Costs less than 1¢ a day. All drug counters; 30¢, 60¢.

NEW! Another Polident Product **DENTU-GRIP** Pleasant Powder to Hold Plates Tight

Use **POLIDENT** *Daily* TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN . . . AND ODOR-FREE!

(*Continued from page 52*)

your neck to win some prize money in the rodeo." She smiled. "This isn't the first time I've seen dad in action, you know."

Joe frowned. "If we can just hang on through the winter— We've got our outfit now. From now on, everything will be profit."

Sally said, "I hope so, Joe."

That was as close as they could come to an understanding. Joe believed feverishly in what he was doing, and Sally could only think of the wasted years of Windy Nolan's life that might have been put to some account.

FROM then on, Windy spent all his spare time snapping broncs, getting toughened up for the rodeo.

Talking little, Joe Hamlin all but slept with Steeldust. He taught that horse things a lot of cowpunchers didn't know.

Pancho slammed the gate on one more herd of mustangs before they trailed down to San Saba for perhaps the last time. The rodeo was slated for the last Saturday and Sunday in September.

The morning of the show the town was full of riders, men whose names came up whenever the talk drifted to horses. Tom Williams, who had won the bucking contest at Prescott last spring, had a crowd with him at the fair grounds. Windy was right in there with them, finding old friends, telling Tom Williams, "You better have glue on your pants, Tommy. Old Windy Nolan's after that money."

Tom laughed. "Why, you old rannihan! I'll bet you haven't done any more riding in ten years than to bring in the milk cows."

Watching, Joe Hamlin understood something: Windy wasn't riding in this show just to win the money. He was riding because years ago he'd given his heart to something called Adventure. Call him a boomer or a bronc stomper, he had to have the wine that flowed where things were doing. If the Fiddleback went under, he'd still have the heart to shrug and say, "Another time," because life itself was just a contest with him.

But Joe was thinking of obligations, and the years ahead, and Sally. . . .

The bleachers west of town filled early. Joe and Windy paid their fees and got their brassards. Joe took the first calf out of the chutes, making a nice tie in sixteen seconds. He had luck with his second and third calves, finishing strongly in third place. Al Cooney, who took first money, spoke to Joe afterward. He was looking at Steeldust the way some men look at a pretty girl.

"Is he show-broke?" Cooney asked.

Joe told a few lies about the horse.

Al Cooney said, "Funny I never saw you ride him before."

"I've only hit the local ropin's so far," Joe said.

Cooney said casually, "Stick around after the finals tomorrow. Maybe we can make a dicker."

Joe grinned. Cooney's tongue was all but hanging out, he wanted Steeldust so bad.

Tom Williams, as the smart betters prophesied, took the lead in the bucking contest and hung onto it. He was points ahead at the end of the first day.

Windy Nolan took a bad jarring every time he rode, but he was still spurring at the gun. "Shook the old man's liver up some," he told Joe; but Joe didn't like the white look of him.

Joe sat with Sally during the finals the next day. She was concerned about Windy. "He's too old to be taking that punishment, Joe."

"Nobody ever accused him of being soft," Joe told her.

(*Continued on page 56*)

THE "HOLE-PUNCHER"!

(76 MM. CANNON)

It's America's Hard-Hitting Tank Cannon—with Fire-Power to Punch Holes in Heavy Concrete!

Pinned down by murderous fire from a pillbox, all we could do was hug the ground—and hope for a miracle . . . Then it came!—a 76 mm. "miracle" that smacked into that pillbox with a force not even reinforced concrete could withstand. WHAM!—another shell found its mark. And as those earth-shaking explosions continued, we knew that our tanks were right behind us. Those good old Shermans, with their long-nosed, long-range "Hole-Puncher" guns, were pounding the enemy's defenses to pieces, so we could move forward again.

THE man who first called America's 76 mm. tank cannon a "Hole-Puncher" really knew his Fire-Power. Hundreds of riddled enemy vehicles and shattered enemy fortifications bear witness to the effectiveness of this versatile weapon, which Oldsmobile has been producing for over two years. Oldsmobile also builds automatic cannon for planes, aircraft rockets, aircraft engine parts, heavy-duty axles for military vehicles . . . plus that most critically needed war product of all, *heavy-caliber ammunition* . . . 90 mm., 105 mm., 155 mm. shell. Fire-Power is our business—*our urgent business*—until Victory is final!

YOUR MOST POTENT WEAPON IS A DOLLAR BILL!

Don't let it burn a hole in your pocket. Let it help *punch* holes in enemy armor. Put it with other dollars . . . to buy an extra Bond . . . that will help buy a "Hole-Puncher" cannon!

BUY WAR BONDS!

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

FIRE-POWER IS OUR BUSINESS

(Continued from page 54)

But it hurt to watch the beating those horses were giving Windy. When you passed forty, your muscles lost their stretch. The old bronc stomper spurred his way into the finals, but he was feeling each jump clear to the top of his head.

Tom Williams made a dazzling ride on a spur-scarred black. Then Windy made his last ride on a sunfishing fool called Piute.

The horse put a savage twist into each jump. When he landed, Windy's neck snapped. Windy had been yelling and waving his hat, but suddenly he went loose. A flanker tried to catch him; Windy was already sliding under the horse. One of the bucker's hoofs caught him in the thigh, and Windy lay there after the horse went pitching across the arena.

LYING there on the wagon bed with the doctor beside him, Windy Nolan looked like a child. There wasn't much to him but bow legs, muscle, and fight.

The doctor said, "My Lord! He must've broken those ribs yesterday. A wonder he didn't spear a lung." The leg the horse had stepped on was broken. "He'll do his winter riding in an armchair," the doctor grunted.

Dogie helped Sally into the wagon, but it was Joe she was waiting for. "Aren't you coming with us?" she asked him.

"Tell Windy I'll see him after the show," Joe said. "I've got some things to clean up."

He sat on a chute bar, trying to make some sense out of it. Windy had had to have his fling. Well, he'd had it, and now all that was left was a bad taste in Joe's mouth, plus a pile of doctor bills.

He did a lot of figuring. He was convinced he could save the Fiddleback if he could save enough during the winter to pay another hand to take Windy's place if Windy were still on the side lines. Giddings wouldn't take him back, but maybe he could get a winter riding job somewhere. They'd licked all the paint off the Fiddleback and now there was nothing left, but Joe Hamlin still thought he'd had enough of working for other men.

It was all up to Steeldust. . . .

Al Cooney hung up an arena record of twelve and one fifth seconds, and right then Joe knew the company was too fast for him. But he told himself he could still pull off second place and do some sharp trading with Al Cooney.

The stallion was edgy under the pressure of the yelling as Joe waited for his last calf. Joe patted the sweating neck, leaning forward. The barrier banged open. Joe Hamlin dug in the spurs. And Steeldust selected that particular moment to revert to type.

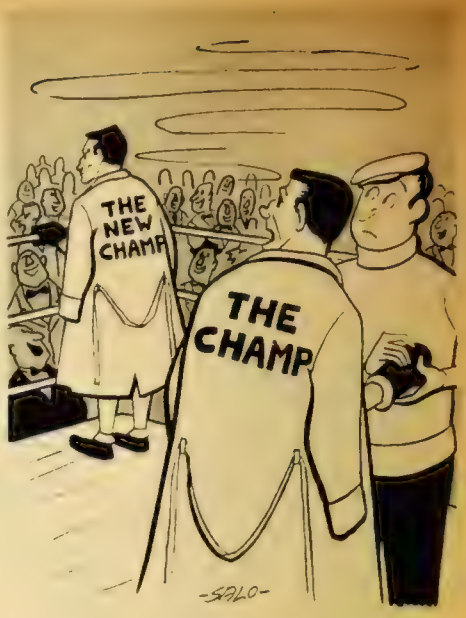
He exploded into a chain of wicked high rollers. He reached back to bite Joe's knee. He twisted and trumpeted and sunfished, everything a killer was supposed to do.

Joe figured he must have stayed on about three seconds. He landed rolling, and sat up to watch the horse battle the flankers. He heard the stands rocking with laughter. Steeldust struck out at the other horses. It was fifteen minutes before they could shunt him off into a pitching pen.

Joe Hamlin dragged himself off. So now the whole misbegotten thing was ended, here in the dust of the arena.

There was a florid-jowled man among the handlers who were trying to unsaddle the stallion when Joe went over to the pens. He wore gabardine breeches and a maroon shirt; his silver belt buckle was set with rubies. Joe recognized Hank Wilbur, the show promoter.

Wilbur said, "How'll you sell that horse, son?"



"He seems very confident."

"Looking for a nice steady roper?" Joe asked.

Wilbur got a wise look in his eyes, but about the same time Joe Hamlin caught on. "I've got some boys that could gentle him," Wilbur said. "Of course, it would cost money—"

"You know damn well that horse will never gentle," Joe stated. "If you want him for your bucking string it will cost you eight hundred dollars."

Wilbur turned the color of his shirt. "Eight hundred! Why, I wouldn't give a cent over five!"

Joe said, "For six he's yours."

Hank Wilbur got out his checkbook.

THEY had fixed Windy up in a hotel room. He hadn't much heart for talk when Joe visited him. As Joe left the hotel he heard Sally call. He turned back.

What was it about her that seemed to shine? Bills coming down like snowflakes, her father in a cast again, but Sally Nolan looked happy!

"What was it you went back to clean up, Joe?" Sally asked him.

Joe said, "I had to make my entry fee, didn't I?"

"You went back," Sally said, "because, even with dad out of it, you weren't ready to give up. You still wanted that ranch. Windy Nolan would never have gone back. He'd have lost heart and quit after the fun was over. Any real bronc stomper would have. Why, Joe," Sally said, "you aren't a bronc stomper at all!"

"Did I say I was?" Joe asked her. "Windy Nolan's one of God's people. He's got his head up in the stars, where there aren't any mortgages. Me, I worry about bills and a lot of other foolishness. I blew the roping sky-high, but Hank Wilbur bought Steeldust for his bucking string for six hundred dollars."

Sally said, "Why, that's enough to carry us through the winter! Maybe dad will be riding again by spring. If we had one or two good seasons, we could buy a few cattle—"

Joe began to nod. "That's what I've been trying to tell you," he said.

Sally didn't hear him. She had that mail-order-catalogue look in her eyes. "I'll take up some curtain material," she was saying. "My goodness, that must be a regular cave you live in—"

Joe grinned. Sally Nolan was about to sink roots again. But nobody was going to pull them up this time.

THE END

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UNIFORM

A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

OLD THOMPSON is a whiskey you can serve with all the confidence in the world. Rich in taste without being heavy, its quality and character are always uniform. The reason: OLD THOMPSON is blended in Kentucky by GLENMORE. Blended Whiskey 86.8 Proof —65% grain neutral spirits.

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The hydraulic "midget" that helps rescue men at sea!

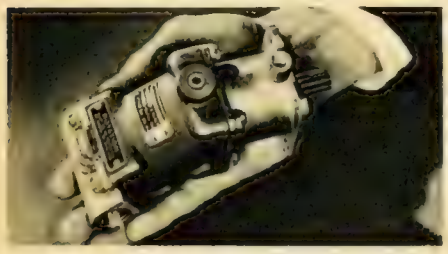
The U. S. Coast Guard had a good idea:

Why couldn't survivors at sea be rescued by helicopter?

With characteristic Coast Guard energy, they went to work. A hoist was designed which would lower a cable from a helicopter hovering overhead to a man on a life raft or in the water. The cable could be snapped to a special harness built into the man's life jacket.

But, when it came to finding a motor powerful enough to lift a heavy man quickly and smoothly . . . yet small, light and controllable enough, they were almost stymied.

An engineer from Vickers Incorporated, a division of the Sperry Corporation, suggested that a *hydraulic* system could do the trick.



"Go ahead and try it," said the Coast Guard. "And fast, if you please!"

Shortly, the Vickers hydraulic hoist was ready. It was powered by a midget motor—a *hydraulic* motor no bigger than a man's hand. A midget hydraulic pump supplied oil under pressure.

The whole installation was small, light and *powerful.* That midget hydraulic motor could lift a 400-lb. load 2½ feet per second. It could be started and stopped—even reversed—instantly but smoothly. And, without brakes or clutch, it held its load without slipping.

When the Coast Guard's good idea was demonstrated at sea before high Government and Navy officials, it proved a dramatic success. Four "survivors" were "rescued" from life rafts and transferred to a ship, in less than ten minutes!

What makes this midget mighty?

Modern hydraulics—the use of oil under pressure to drive and control mechanical devices—enables hydraulic motors to deliver as much as 2½ horsepower for every pound of weight! (Most airplane engines average not more than one horsepower per pound.)

Hydraulic motors also offer smooth operation, precise control, easy adaptability, simple, rugged construction.

Vickers Incorporated manufactures a wide variety of these piston-type hydraulic motors. Also hydraulic pumps and controls for every type of hydraulic power application. Their many advantages and economies suggest postwar uses in a wide variety of new equipment.

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THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WHEN it was announced that Marine Sergeant John Basilone had been killed at Iwo Jima, several newspapers stated that a man who is awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor is entitled to be "piped aboard" a battleship, like an admiral, and also that he is entitled to a salute from other enlisted men. Is that true?

Cpl. M. D. P., Council Bluffs, Iowa.

No. An enlisted man who wins the Medal of Honor rates a two-dollar increase in pay and that is all. Officers do not get the pay bonus. Old Sarge knew John Basilone, though, and can say that John rated a salute from every American. Offered a chance to stay in this country when he returned here from Guadalcanal, he refused. No man wants to die, but if he'd known he had to, John Basilone would have asked to die the way he did—on a battlefield, moving toward the enemy.

* * *

"Rhubarb"

Sitting in a foxhole in Germany and arguing about this may sound like a silly way to spend time, but some of my buddies and I got into a "rhubarb" about whether or not the average G. I. knows what he's fighting for. I mean, what besides getting home.

You've met a lot more dogfaces than we have. What do you think?

Pvt. P. Lerner, APO, New York, N. Y.

I think the best way to answer that is to quote what another dogface in Germany wrote recently. His name is Corporal Walter J. Slatoff, and he scribbled:

"We are fighting to return to the warm personal world of our loved ones, our homes, and the things that are familiar. And we are fighting because we believe that every man, no matter how stupid or poor, no matter what his race, color, or creed, is a precious thing whose life and integrity are vitally important.

"And because we believe that the combined intelligence and sense of all men is greater than the intelligence and sense of any one man or group of men, and that by the slow, circuitous, often terribly trying method of democracy, with all its unfairness and mistakes, men will make for themselves a better world than can be achieved by any other means."

I understood from friends that all promotions in the Army were temporary, but I see where Congress has made some permanent ones. Why is that?

Mrs. C. V. C., Enid, Okla.

The only promotions Congress passes on concern generals and the top three grades of admirals, since no federal position carrying with it a salary in excess of $7,500 may be awarded without the approval of the U. S. Senate.

* * *

My son's wife did not receive any allotment payment until he signed the allotment papers, five months after entering the service. Is she entitled to allotments from the time he was inducted?

J. E. J., Reeves, La.

She is entitled to the family allowance only from the date he applied for it.

* * *

A G. I. recently wrote Old Sarge that he was worried about the reception the bride he married in Ireland would get from U. S. gals. One of our first answers is reassuring. It's from "Mildred A. H.," of Beverly, Massachusetts, and part of it reads:

"Don't you worry, Corporal. When you or any other G. I. brings his wife home to America, you can be sure she'll be greeted with open arms by both your friends and relatives. She certainly must be pretty wonderful to get one of our swell American fellows . . . and all the more power to her for grabbing you!"

* * *

If a man is overseas, can his dependents get government-paid medical care?

S/Sgt. R. T. F.,
APO, San Francisco, Calif.

Yes, by applying at the nearest Army hospital, if the man is a soldier, or at the nearest Navy hospital, if he is in that branch of the service.

* * *

Why can't we send mail without having it censored? It's a pretty degrading thing to have some person you see every day know exactly what you've got to say to your wife or your buddy or your parents. Don't you think it ought to be stopped?

Five G. I.s in the Pacific.

The best way to answer that is to tell you that every military secret in existence would be spread if there were no censorship. Most men, like most women, can't keep a secret. For example, after a certain landing had been made, the censoring officer had to return every man's letters with the warning: "Now I want all of you men to take out the postscripts in your letters which say: 'And best regards to all our Uncle *Solomons*.'"

The defense rests.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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COMPULSORY TRAINING? YES!

Continued from Page 22

ways room for the argument that security is not really endangered. When, as in 1941, an enemy attack proves the danger even to the most blind of the optimists, the nation is compelled to improvise an army to meet it, with all the delays and defeats that marked the first year of this present war. To wait until obvious conditions demand a sudden decision is to gamble with national safety in the meantime.

Nor does our historical experience indicate that the nation is better qualified to make the decision after peace has been established. On the contrary, it is clear that the reaction following the end of a war induces a false optimism and a desire to take things easy. Such a state of mind is more disastrous to wise judgment than any alleged wartime emotion. I suggest that the judgment of our people is more sound on this issue now, when the realization of the miseries of war is acute, than it will be after the conflict is over.

If we admit the necessity of a military organization adequate for our security, and that the time to decide upon it is now, we shall do well to consider the alternative methods of achieving it. Clearly the method we have followed in the past—a small standing army suddenly expanded by a universal draft when war comes—has not proved adequate. It has left us incapable of effective action in the prevention of war; and it has occasioned costly losses and disastrous defeats in the early stages of the wars we have been compelled to fight. These are facts which we like to forget but which must be remembered.

GEORGE WASHINGTON understood the necessity of organized military preparation as a basis for effective diplomacy and assured peace. In his message to Congress of December, 1783, he wrote: "The United States ought not to indulge a persuasion that, contrary to the order of human events, they will forever keep at a distance those painful appeals to arms with which the history of every other nation abounds. . . . If we desire to avoid insult we must be ready to repel it; if we desire to secure peace, one of the most powerful instruments of our rising prosperity, it must be known that we are at all times ready for war." And in his Farewell Address he looked forward to the time when, by reason of suitable establishments, "we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest guided by our justice shall counsel." The final phrase is one which every American schoolboy should memorize.

Unfortunately Washington's plans for a "well-organized militia" were emasculated by Congress. We faced the conflict with the British in the War of 1812 with a small regular army and no trained reserve. We may well ask whether the war would have been fought at all if Congress had placed the young nation in what Washington called "a respectably defensive posture." As General Palmer writes, "We were provoked into war solely because we were not respectable with the powers of Europe. Both France and Great Britain treated us with contempt. With our soil impregnable against invasion, with power to seize Canada or the Floridas or Louisiana at will, and with a tight little navy, our weight must have been different in the councils of the world. In these circumstances, the impressment of American seamen might not have been such a harmless sport. If President Jefferson tried to support his diplomacy by futile blockades and embargoes, it was largely because he had repeatedly sought and had been denied the only military sanctions that could have been effective."

Thus by reason of military unreadiness we were caught in the War of 1812, itself an aspect of the Napoleonic world war. In 1917 we were caught in another world war, again because of the attack of a European power on our commerce and again because that power lacked respect for our military establishment. For two and a half years we tried by every diplomatic expedient to escape intervention. We accepted the humiliations that are imposed upon an unarmed neutral and endeavored to alleviate them by futile notes of protest. Finally Germany launched the unrestricted submarine warfare upon our commerce, and we accepted the challenge. We were quite unprepared for war during these months of neutrality. Once again we had a small standing army and no trained reserves. Not long before our intervention we began the Plattsburg training camps and the R. O. T. C., but too late to exercise diplomatic pressure.

IF we had had at our disposal in 1914 an effective military reserve, it is certain that we should have exerted a powerful influence in world affairs which neither the Allies nor the Germans could have afforded to ignore. In fact, we were totally incapable of immediate intervention. No one knew this better than the Germans. A study of the secret records, now published, of the discussions culminating in their decision to start the unrestricted submarine campaign, shows conclusively that our military intervention seemed a factor of no significance. They knew, and they were right, that it would be a year and more before we could put a formidable army in the field. Long before then, they calculated, the submarine would have throttled the British into submission. Thus we were forced to fight because we were not "respectable" in the eyes of foreigners.

Our diplomatic impotence, resulting from military unreadiness, was equally obvious in the years preceding this war. Once again, for the third time, we had no effective reserves with which to meet an emergency. In Europe the British and French, conscious that they could not receive immediate support of value from us, yielded bit by bit to the threats of Hitler and surrendered the strategic security offered them by the disarmament of the Rhineland and the Czech control of Bohemia. Our government shook its futile finger at Hitler in his persecution of the Jews, and withdrew our ambassador. But we could not alter the situation. Japan made ruthless war on China and we dared not cease our export of oil and metal to her lest we perhaps provide the excuse for attack. We were a great power, our ultimate strength was enormous. But we were not ready, and before we could get ready a quick blow might defeat us.

The United States has had good fortune in these wars. But we must remember the facts and not count on such fortune in the future. In the War of 1812 the main effort of the British was, of course, directed against Napoleon. With his overthrow and the end of the blockade, it was not worth while prosecuting war against us. In the first World War, as in this, we fought as part of a great coalition. We have thus far always been given time to train our citizens during the course of

(Continued on page 72)

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THE MAN WHO KNOWS EVERYTHING FIRST

Continued from Page 21

though long-dead inventor of a popular kitchen gadget, a distant heir reaped unexpected royalties. Today Kane drives a prewar Buick presented him by the thankful relative. (New York City's indulgent Motor Vehicle Bureau annually issues him license plates stamped FFF-1, symbolizing Famous First Facts.)

Kane lives and works in an eight-room apartment on Manhattan's West End Avenue. Fireproof filing cabinets clutter the place and are jammed with correspondence with American inventors, affidavits signed by inventors' descendants, and photostats of patents and court records. Dishes and clothes have no rank in this household. Space in every closet, shelf, and nook is usurped by thick portfolios, each bulging with letters from curators of museums, heads of historical societies, and other institutions. There is no sanctuary even in the bathroom, where Kane uses the tub to hold a chemical bath that will preserve his papers for centuries to come.

The documents in his files are protected by every variety of insurance, including earthquake and V-bomb. He has made provisions for the disposal of his papers upon his death, willing them to institutions ranging from the Smithsonian to the Library of Congress.

Well built and appearing much younger than his fifty years, Kane looks like a sprightly edition of George Arliss. Extensive reading has made him nearsighted, and most of what he has read has made him bitter. "Often the power of the dollar has robbed the real inventor of his justly earned recognition, with the credit for his invention going to some promoter or opportunist," he comments.

The average day leaves him little time to brood, though. Mornings he spends answering mail and preparing the scripts for The Little Blue Schoolhouse, his Monday-through-Friday radio program over New York's WJZ. Afternoons he may lecture at the Academy of Medicine, speaking on the first blood transfusion; or at the Newspaper Club, debating with fourth estaters over journalistic Firsts. Evenings he compiles First Facts for business firms, edits radio scripts, and sandwiches in work on his third book. Week-ends he pores over clippings his assistants have culled from some 400 newspapers. The job has left him with no time for romance. He is a bachelor.

His friends are constantly scouting for Firsts he can use. Once a year he rewards them, sending each one a reproduction of the first Christmas card and a gift. His favorite relaxation is gin rummy, and costume parties are a particular weakness. At these he always appears in vivid-hued Sioux Indian dress. (Indian-sewn beadwork, collected during his many treks across the map, is his hobby.) Once at Pawhuska, Oklahoma, he wore his outfit, topped off by a colorful headdress made of 200 eagle tail feathers and ornamented by 400 elk teeth. An Indian oil magnate, impressed, offered him $12,000 for the costume, but he refused to sell.

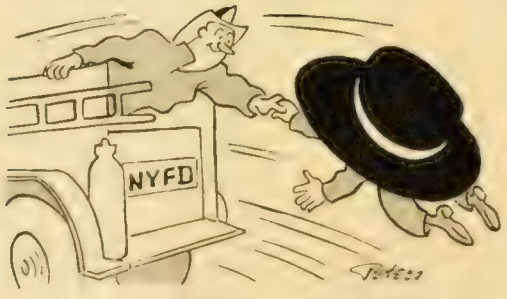
ONE of the hardest-to-get facts Kane ever went after was literally before his nose all the time. For three years he had scoured newspaper files and old aviation magazines, searching for the first man to have flown a monoplane. He had almost given up the quest when he paid a visit to his dentist, Dr. Henry W. Walden. Dr. Walden made conversation by saying, "I've often meant to ask you, Mr. Kane, what you do for a living." Kane told him how he chased facts, and ended by saying he would cheerfully give up an eyetooth to learn who had flown the first monoplane.

"I'll take that eyetooth, Mr. Kane!" said the dentist. And he showed his patient a scrapbook containing yellowed clippings proving that he himself, Dr. Walden, had piloted the first monoplane on December 8, 1909.

Today, with his publishers already clamoring for a fourth book, and a postwar television contract in his pocket, truth detector Joe Kane would be as willing as ever to swap an eyetooth for an elusive fact. After V Day he may once again barnstorm the country, searching for the man—or woman—who invented the first broom, the first cigar band, or the first doughnut. To this date, parentage of these items is unknown, and he hunts for their pedigrees the way the knights of the Round Table went after the Holy Grail.

Meanwhile he picks up stray facts without hunting. The other day his phone rang. "I'm a Famous First," said the voice at the other end, "and I want to be included in your next book. I'm Tommy Manville's first wife!"

THE END



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

FIRE-ELLO: LaGuardia.

CEMEANT: It was supposed to harden.

ANT-THEM: Choral composition for emmets.

BYE, VALVE!: How to say "so long" to an oyster in May.

GUARANTEA: It's positively Oolong.

ALGE-BRA: A gadget for keeping abreast of figures.

FICTION-NARY: In no other magazine but this.

CHICARGO: A boatload from the Windy City.

DAFTERNOON: Twilight in a nut house.

FEENIX: No tipping in Arizona's capital.

OVER THE RIVER

Continued from Page 17

his stomach? I think it's my heart." I told him I thought I knew what he meant. "Wish I had a good slug of bourbon," he said. Again we agree.

2000 hours:
Out in the back yard, after chow, we all sat around on rubble and worried. Eventually Pancho came out, smoking a big cigar and with a broad grin almost closing his little eyes. He stood, legs apart, in front of us and talked about past attacks and future prospects, telling only the funny sides.

With slight exaggeration, he told about the attack on Beek, when a mortar shell had tossed him up in the air. "Where you headin', Pancho?" a sergeant had shouted to him. "Ain't headin' nowhere," he had answered. "I'm just coming back down to earth." Everybody laughed.

On the Randerath deal, he had met the same sergeant on the other side of a little stream. The sergeant had complained, "Got my behind all wet comin' through that damn crick." Pancho had said, "That's funny. That crick hardly came up to my ankles." And the sergeant had answered, "Yeah, it was the same where I crossed it. But you don't know how low my behind's a-hangin' today."

Everybody laughed again, and soon the other old-young veterans of Beek and Randerath were retelling their oft-told tales, well embroidered. Then the replacements, the new fellows sent to take the places of the men who got it at Beek and Randerath, found themselves laughing and enjoying themselves. I don't know if Pancho meant it that way, but he had broken an awful tension.

2300 hours:
In the smoky cellar we went on chewing the rag. Photos of wives and families were passed around for inspection. Then, one by one, the others lay down and tried to sleep. When their eyes had been shut a good while, I went over to the corner and removed the hand grenades from above the stove and placed them in the far corner. Now I'll try to sleep.

2400 hours:
The mess sergeant came in and woke us up. That is, he woke the others up, if they were sleeping. I was not.

Outside, in the cold night air, helmeted shadows sloshed about in the mud. From big smoking cans we were dealt out pancakes, cereal, and coffee. I was surprised to find myself hungry.

In the cellars and houses, the G. I.s were packing to move. They put on waders. Around their bellies, already fat with ammunition, they wrapped life preservers, then inflated them with air. K rations were stuffed in pockets. Everything else, overcoats, mess kits, blankets, was piled in a corner to be picked up later by follow-up squads.

Back in the cellar again, Harold Miller wondered where we all would be tomorrow this time. Pancho, lacing his boots, started singing:

"What a difference a day makes,
Twenty-four little hours. . . ."

Everybody laughed.

0200 hours:
Pancho is assembling the men in the muddy trough of a road outside. In a quarter of an hour we will start marching up the road across the flatlands to the Roer River. We will march single file on either side of the road.

The barrage, Pancho said, would open just about when we were halfway to the river. Then, when Jerry started responding, we might have to leave the road. If we did, we must follow him, for there were still mines in the fields.

I am going outside now, with a prayer on my lips for all these brave men and for me. It is unusually clear outside in the moonlight, and you can see distinctly over the plain for about a mile.

0315 hours:
This is Roerdorf on the Roer, and I am in a deep strong cellar, thank God! I don't think I shall ever again witness a spectacle as terrifying as that I have just seen.

We marched over the silent road to a village called Wels, halfway to the river. When we were leaving the village, our barrage opened up at precisely 0245 hours. Almost instantly the navy blue sky turned into a dome of yellow fire as a thousand guns blasted forth. And they kept on firing, dotting the horizons behind and in front of us with momentary patches of red from the blasts of the guns and the hits of our shells. They thundered and roared over our heads like a hundred express trains. On that flat plain, walking erect, I felt naked, exposed, terrified. Once I think I almost broke. I wanted to dive for the ditch and stay in it until this was over. But I looked ahead and saw Pancho strutting on like a bantam rooster, and I was ashamed of myself. This is what I mean by saying company and platoon leaders mold the shape of war. If Pancho had shown a sign of breaking, I'd have gone into the ditch to stay. And I think a lot of soldiers would have gone with me.

Jerry was apparently stunned by the sudden blast. He did not respond for a full quarter hour. Then he cut loose. Among other things, he lined our road with mortar bursts. Three times I had to dive for the ditch. Once I lost my helmet and spent a terrible minute groping in the mud for it.

We left the road and cut across the fields, a long twisting snake of moving men, all following Pancho. Then our long-range machine guns opened up from a thousand foxholes behind us, firing shoulder-level tracers, chains of bright purple lights, toward Jerry's lines on the river. We had to fall on our hands and knees and crawl to escape our own murderous fire.

At the road running parallel to the river, I shouted an inaudible "Good luck!" and ran down the road to the first house in Roerdorf. I was in the cellar in nothing flat. It turned out to be the headquarters of the combat engineers, who are out there in that inferno, trying to put up a pontoon bridge. Meanwhile the first wave of the infantry is crossing in boats—in all of them except boat No. 13.

0400 hours:
Colonel Robert Anderson of Boise, Idaho, is the commander of the 327th Engineers, who are doing this job and whose headquarters this cellar is. Yesterday, when I interviewed him about his plans for the bridges, he was a picture of poise. Now he chain-smokes and drinks mug after mug of hot black coffee. He has a hard job—probably the hardest job—to do today. His men must put up the bridges to supply and reinforce the infantry. He must do it on sites zeroed in by German guns for months. The Army Manual says you cannot build a pontoon bridge in a river with a current of more than five miles an hour. The current in the Roer at Roerdorf is more than six miles an hour.

The bridge in the vicinity of Roerdorf is

(*Continued on page 80*)

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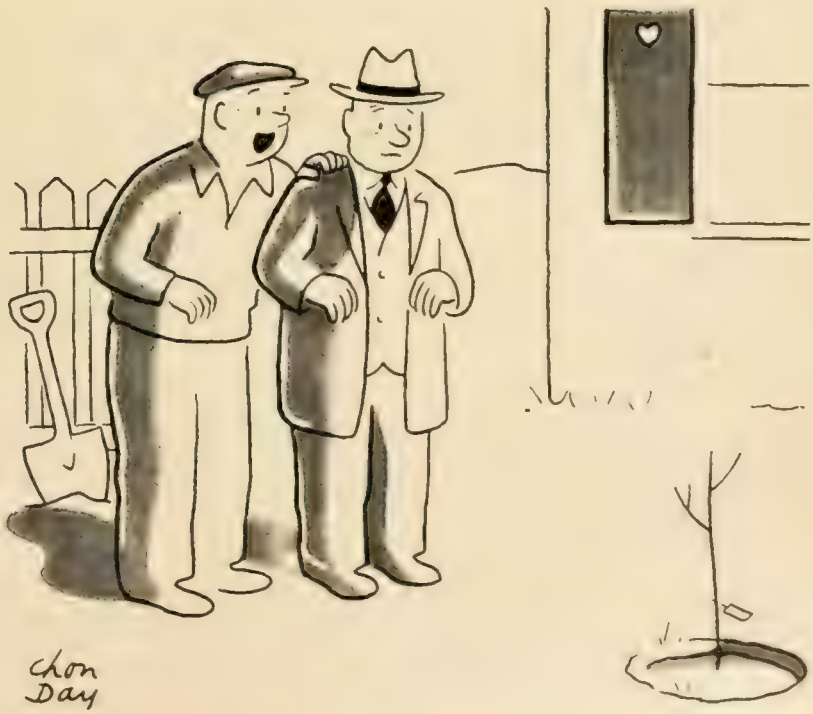

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A HUNK OF STEEL

Continued from Page 19

spout of foam leaped from it into the air. A ship without way on was up ahead.

"Hard left!" shouted Captain Breen. He snatched the engine-room telegraph handle over to full astern. Her whistle blared out three blasts.

At that slow speed the rudder did not seem to be taking hold. She kept on moving. The massive bulk of a big ship, stopped, took form over the bow. She was no phantom; she was there, an enormous transport, motionless in the sea.

She lay almost broadside to the Easy. Somebody shouted hoarsely from her bridge. The Easy's propeller shook the ship as it twirled in reverse. Inexorably the Easy went sliding on into her.

"She won't stop!" cried Breen. "She won't handle!"

Only at the last minute did she begin to swing unwillingly.

Her reaching bow probed at the big transport. Her stem touched. It ground along the larger ship's rivet-studded side.

The Easy was turning now, and Breen was wrenching her away with helm and engines.

John Strom, standing by silently on the bridge, felt his arm grabbed by Paulus.

"D'you know what ship that is?" Paulus said in a high voice. "D'you know?"

"I know," said John. "The Atalanta, Captain Gamaliel."

"Yes! Gamaliel! Then you know why the Easy—"

"Let Gamaliel worry about it," John Strom said.

"He will!" Paulus muttered.

Strom started away. Then he stopped. "Look!" he said. "Don't blame it all on the Easy. No other skipper but Gamaliel would be so recklessly cautious as to kill all the way on his ship in a fog like this. If he hadn't—"

DOWN from the high bridge of the transport came a railing voice, cursing. Gamaliel had recognized the Easy.

At a word from Breen, John Strom started forward to make a routine inspection for damage.

The clustering crew members on the wet deck recovered rapidly. There was something funny about Gamaliel's fury.

When the fog lifted, word went round that Gamaliel had had his station shifted to the far side of the convoy.

At coffee time on the Easy new stories sprouted daily. Gamaliel had had two extra lookouts, stationed fore and aft, night and day. Their job was to watch the Easy. . . . The Easy herself was developing a habit of pointing her bow across convoy at the Atalanta, like a compass.

Captain Breen sensed something was wrong. He tightened up on discipline and demanded better station keeping in the rigid convoy formation. He spoke to Mr. Poe about faster and more accurate response to orders for changes of speed.

The Easy's bunch kept their weather eyes lifting toward the disdainful Atalanta. They decided that the Easy just wasn't feeling like running in tight formation; her mood was to wander around.

Down on the foredeck John Strom, standing over a gang overhauling cargo gear, would lift his head for a look across the convoy. The crew got restive. It was almost funny in the daytime, the wanton way the Easy fought. But it wasn't so good for a man to lie in his bunk at night and wonder where she was wandering now.

None of this juggling with engine revs, chivvying of officers, and wandering out of station concerned John. He stood no bridge

(Continued on page 66)

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WILLIAMS OIL-O-MATIC HEATING
BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

(*Continued from page 64*)

watch. His job was chief servant of the ship. Chief servant? Less than that. He was her drudge.

He tried to be a good drudge. She made many demands on him, as a ship hot from the yard often will. She kept him on the jump, and he in turn kept his boatswain and deck maintenance men on the jump.

Days, John could snatch only a little time now and then to stand silently on the bridge to note how she was behaving and listen to Captain Breen swearing under his breath when the convoy commander made a hoist telling Easy to keep her place.

One day John spoke up. "I've been thinking, sir, about that run-in with the Atalanta," he said mildly. "These turbine jobs don't reverse—"

"I've heard a lot of bad things about this ship," Breen broke in, "and I haven't heard her slandered yet."

John dropped it. Breen was too old to accept any tips from a young first officer. Besides, how much had John Strom learned about ships in brief years afloat?

AT Frisco, Breen found waiting for him an offer from his old line of a new ship on a European run.

"I'm going back," he told John Strom, and paused. "Want me to say a word for you?" he asked with unexpected kindness. "They still need skippers, good ones, on the North Atlantic."

John shook his head. "No, thank you, sir."

Breen looked at him. "I don't draw any water here on the Coast," he said, "and besides that, I wouldn't recommend my worst enemy for command of this one."

"I don't feel experienced enough to command any ship, sir," John replied.

Breen snorted. "Well, I hope there'll be some ships around by the time you do," he said, and went ashore.

Shrewd Tim Mallon sensed that Breen was leaving. "Now what'll we get?" he asked the mate.

"I couldn't get him to trust her," John said.

Tim Mallon shrugged. "Who does trust the witch?"

"It isn't fair," John said slowly. "It isn't fair."

Tim grinned. "I've taken a census," he said. "Poe says he's sticking for another run through sheer stubbornness; Luke Paulus out o' curiosity; Willemse from stupidity. Me? Bull courage."

Slogging along the water front a couple of days later, with his head tucked down in a slanting rain, John Strom almost ran into Captain Gamaliel.

"I've been talking to your super, Strom," Gamaliel said. "In fact I've made a suggestion concerning your—ah—seaworthy ship's next master."

"Who's that, sir?"

"You've heard of Rem Hornbeck?"

John frowned. "Fellow who lost his ship and saved his ticket—something smelly about it."

"You misjudge my friend Captain Hornbeck," Gamaliel said unctuously. "Rather a devil-may-care lad, but he ought to suit the Bascombe. Captain Haynes was interested; he's grasping at straws."

His fat face split in an unpleasant smile as he walked away.

John Strom went back to the Easy. He sat on his bunk for a while and stared at the bulkhead.

Then he shoved his papers, including his master's license, in his inside pocket and went ashore.

He didn't have any trouble in getting the Easy. The harassed marine super positively welcomed him.

Back at the ship, he told the bunch the news and got some hard handshakes and some soft words. He could feel them drawing away from him. He was a master now. The thought chilled him.

"She's a good ship," he told them, "a fine ship."

When the Easy had been loaded and alerted for Voyage Three, Captain John Strom told his steward to bring up his blankets from the rooms under the bridge and put them on the chartroom settee. He overheard a scrap of conversation about this move.

"Three jumps from the wheel is still too far away in this one," Luke Paulus said to Willemse, shaking his head. "Ought to be bedding down in the wheelhouse between the telegraph and the binnacle."

In spite of these forebodings, the Easy cleared the nets and formed up in bright weather like a lamb.

The ship boiled with rumors that this run they were going far beyond the Islands, right smack to the Philippines.

"When I'm on the bridge," Captain John Strom said casually to Mr. Paulus that first day, "I'll pass the word to change propeller revs up or down myself. And we'll give these new A. B.s at the wheel some leeway till they get onto her handling. Don't jump a man unless he's well off course and doesn't know it."

Paulus stared. "Yes, sir," he said.

Paulus didn't like it. John could visualize an indignation meeting at coffee time.

His face remained smooth as he paced the bridge, glancing at the familiar ships to starboard. The Atalanta, far over in column four, stood out as if she were close aboard.

Except for routine inspections, John Strom stayed on the bridge. The new mate, Cliff Brinley, was well able to handle the work on deck. As the unending procession of days and miles slid by, all hands grasped that wherever war took the convoy their Old Man intended to live on the bridge, Frisco to Frisco.

Easy was handling better now that neither watch officers nor helmsmen were too tensely alert to correct her. But John knew this wouldn't stop unpleasant presentiments. He had some himself. How would he handle her in a jam?

The resentment of the junior mates over his usurpation of duties continued. Even the excitement of steaming on westward past the Islands into new waters did not smooth them down.

The monotony began to bore them.

"It's about time the Easy pulled something on us, sir," Paulus said to John one morning as he was turning over the bridge to Willemse.

"She won't," John Strom said shortly.

Paulus' weathered face slowly reddened. Willemse turned away, puckering his lips in a soundless whistle.

Tim Mallon, looking across at the Atalanta, jerked a hand at her and said to John with a disarming grin:

"Gamaliel over there must be getting tired of waiting for us to let fly another coincidence at him, captain."

"Give her a chance, Tim," John said.

TWO weeks later, the convoy, making no smoke and with lookouts keyed up, approached land. John Strom, watching the plunging ships, compared them to an army on tiptoes. These were the Philippines, these islands, and the ships were closing in under cover of hurrying leaden cloud rack. There was a typhoon whirling somewhere beyond the ugly horizon. But the commodore had assured them by short-range voice radio that the center was far enough away to raise no more than an ordinary blow.

John Strom knew they were lucky to have thick storm clouds low overhead. The Japs had been prodigal of planes and warships lately in their effort to destroy con-

(*Continued on page 68*)

Interlude in Uruguay

1 **"Just about** 20 minutes in Montevideo," writes a friend of Canadian Club Whisky, "and I couldn't help realizing that Uruguay, despite its tiny size, is certainly one of the most progressive countries on this earth. It adopted social security and 8-hour work day years ahead of the U.S.A.

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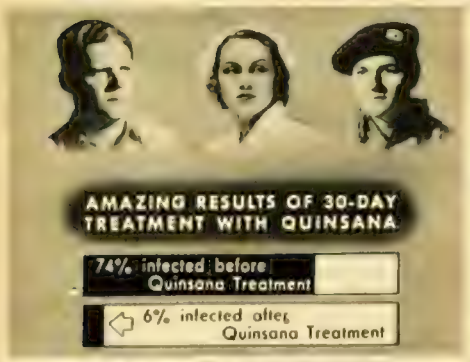
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(Continued from page 66)

voys. And there were always subs. Escorts had doubled during the night.

The route they were to take, through narrow channels among recently liberated islets, was not the direct way.

The TBY set was loud in the wheelhouse with the voice of the commodore. He was re-forming into single column for passage among the islands. Destroyer escorts and other naval ships were darting about like sheep dogs.

John Strom had the Easy under wraps at slow ahead. The screaming wind astern was driving them all down on this channel between two vivid green islands too fast.

John, uneasy when the wind hit the back of his head instead of his face, was holding his ship well to seaward. His station was last in the line; the commodore was taking no chances with the Easy. John clamped his glasses to his eyes and frowned at the huddle of ships near the two converging shores.

"Like a funnel," he told himself. A good few of the ships were in a jam. They should be strung out more.

An escort ship, bound on a last hopeful sweep to eastward, knifed past, half buried, and blinkered a curt command to close up.

"Forty revolutions, Mr. Paulus," John said.

On the Easy's bow the mate was hunched patiently against the wind at his back. By the anchor windlass Pete Stolnik, the boatswain, waited with the deck cadet.

THREE minutes later the tangle of ships in the passage smoothed out. Most of the convoy had disappeared around a bend behind the northern island. John had the chart well in mind.

One ship ahead was not moving away. John Strom's eyes narrowed for better vision as he recognized that ship. A big transport—the Atalanta. He lifted his glasses.

Gamaliel's ship was aground. She was on the coral shoulder that ran out under water from the northern island. Perhaps Gamaliel's caution had swung her too far to starboard to avoid a sideswipe in that jumble of ships at the narrowing mouth of the funnel.

Her bow looked inches high from having taken the coral. Her stern still pointed well to seaward, half hidden in the spray thrown up as the confused seas pelted against her. She was being tapped ashore by those seas. No ship could last long between the hammer of the sea and the anvil of a coral reef. But worse than that, any minute a sea might swing her broadside on. A transport . . .

His job was to follow the column of ships. Getting her off was strictly the escorts' job. Of course most of the naval ships were ahead in the maze of islands. The destroyer escort that had passed the Easy was well off to eastward; another was sweeping miles to southward.

It was more a matter of minutes than an hour. As the Atalanta's bow was pounded higher on the reef the job kept doubling in difficulty. Probably it was beyond a D. E.'s power now.

John Strom thought fast. He had spread out in his mind the chart of these waters. The Atalanta's position marked the reef far better than a buoy.

Never in this war could a skipper have come to know his ship as he knew the Easy. Those unending hours of observation, of vigilance on the bridge, should have taught him minutely her qualities and her limitations. He did not doubt her. He should be able to handle her. A flying rescue? Nothing slower would save the Atalanta.

To side-step attempting assistance would

be simple, even praiseworthy. Especially simple for the master of a ship with the Easy's reputation for crankiness.

But he knew in his soul that the Easy could do her part. He stepped into the wheelhouse and took up the telephone. He called Brinley on the bow.

"Tell the boatswain to stand by to put a heaving line across to the Atalanta," he said. "It'll be a job in this wind."

Brinley's "Yes, sir!" was startled. John went on:

"That inch-and-three-quarters plow-steel towline on the reel at the forward end of the gunhouse—"

His voice continued calmly to outline the job. But his voice took care of merely mechanics, the seamanship for which he could count on all hands. The essential matter was his alone, the handling of the ship to give Pete Stolnik a chance to put that heaving line aboard the Atalanta. No time for setting up a line-throwing gun. The seas were building up.

He went back to the bridge and put his hands on the rail. He was still issuing orders. The signalman at the blinker on his side of the bridge was working his shutter with a fine controlled frenzy of speed.

The Atalanta's blinker was acknowledging. A transport.

Time. It was all a matter of time—and timing. . . .

The wind was still on the shift. Not much, but enough to make it more difficult. There was just one method, a risky one.

His mind slid away from his calculations.

If a silly belief in the Easy's sentient hostility for Gamaliel or his ship weakened Pete Stolnik's throwing arm or hampered the reactions of any key men in this maneuver, then he would be throwing away his ship and the eighty men manning her. And he might well bring quicker disaster to the Atalanta.

"The Easy's O. K.," he said aloud. "They'll handle it when they see I know she's O. K."

He kept the ship moving straight into the passage. He took painstaking bearings across the gyro repeater to get a line on the water: whether a tidal stream flowed in that channel or wayward currents swept alongshore. He discovered a northerly set. A knot or so; enough to have helped put Gamaliel on that reef. Enough, too, to make his own reckonings more complex.

The queenly Atalanta was close to starboard now, veiled in spray from the seas rushing on her stern. Soldiers, bunched on her afterdeck, stared hopelessly as the Easy swept past.

The communications officer was at John's shoulder. "Message from Captain Gamaliel, sir," he shouted. "'Ship pounding not yet wedged hard on. You can still help if—'"

"Acknowledge," John said.

IN the Easy the men who were not working on the towing hawser watched him. Their lives depended on what he said and when he said it in the next few seconds. He watched the Easy, the water, the Atalanta. They were beyond her now, on the course of the other ships.

He could still be prudent and safe. He spoke: "Revolutions ninety-four."

Mr. Paulus ran to the telephone.

John waited two minutes, to give them time below to open up their nozzles and speed up their feed pump. When he felt her quickening under him he spoke again:

"Wheel hard right."

The Easy's bow edged to starboard; then swung with increasing speed. No sluggishness in handling at ninety-four revs. Her churning propeller spun her around.

The ship plunged ahead, vengefully it seemed. Before her the Atalanta's long hull lay helpless, coral-bound. The distance

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shortened; the transport loomed up higher with breath-taking rapidity.

John studied the chaotic water ahead. The coral bottom was stirring it up, but this angle of approach should keep twenty-five feet under her.

Paulus was beside him, shoving against him to get his ear close enough to hear when John Strom spoke in that screaming gale. Was it time to speak? The Atalanta's gray superstructure was rising up over the lower structure of the Easy as if towering on a great wave. His eyes took in fat Gamaliel on the bridge. The captain raised a hand, limp, imploring.

THE Easy's bow thrust at the transport. John forced himself to wait a moment longer. A heaving line . . .

"Right. Ten degrees."

Paulus fled. John watched his ship change bearing on the rivet-studded flank of the Atalanta.

Successively into his sight over the jack staff at the bow slid the after break of the Atalanta's house, her lower stern, the black horizon of the sea. He steadied her then.

He turned and looked aft. Pete Stolnik was at the stern, heaving line clutched in two coils in his hands. He was taking a step toward the rail, but his head twisted forward.

With upraised hand John stopped the boatswain. The distance was still too great. He spoke to Paulus: "Hard right."

"Hard right!" gulped Paulus.

Stolnik stood still, eyes jumping from the Atalanta to John Strom. Back of him the mate and his gang on the wire were as motionless as stanchions.

That last command sent the Easy's stern toward the Atalanta in a violent swing. The gap of leaping water between narrowed—narrowed. It looked certain that stern would grind against stern, and, under the sea, great propeller blades would lock and tear at each other, leaving the two ships paralyzed, dying.

John flicked his wrist. Pete Stolnik flung his line. The knobby monkey's fist on the line's end hurtled high, up across to the deck of the transport. A score of arms grabbed at the writhing rope.

The Easy's forward speed carried her sliding stern rail swiftly past the Atalanta's plates. Clear!

"Wheel amidships! Stop engines!"

John Strom's commands crackled out, but his eyes were fixed on the furious activity on the two sterns. The Atalanta's men were taking the Easy's hawser; Mr. Brinley and his gang were frantically giving them scope.

John started the engines again as the seas cut down her way. He kept the Easy going ahead, quickly calculating the degrees of helm, the revolutions of the screw. The job was to hold her to windward of the Atalanta well short of one hundred and ninety fathoms.

They fought savagely, the two gangs, to secure the ends of the towline.

The signal came. Made fast! John Strom, drawing a breath, spoke to Paulus. His big job, the linking of the ships, was done. She had carried him through it.

More than that, she had let him prove to himself that he could do his work, the work he had taken on in uneasiness and fear. He was a shipmaster now.

As he waited, watching the towline lift from the sea, he remembered the many times he had wanted to shout out to these incredulous shipmates that the trouble of the Easy lay in men, not in the ship. Men had loaded too little ballast too low in her on her first voyage. On her second, men had stopped a transport dead in the water ahead of her in the fog. On all three voyages men had been saying that any minute now she would pull another of her tricks.

But with a towline taking a strain and a transport deep in danger, this was no time to point out object lessons. Now he could show the crew what a ship she really was.

The tremor of the Easy's deck increased slightly as she thrust ahead into a white turmoil of water. The swaying wire astern tightened into a rigid line.

The Easy's propeller gripped the sliding water strongly and whirled it astern. The quick bearings John took showed that she was held motionless. The Atalanta did not budge.

Paulus, beside him, was as taut as the hawser. "D'you think she can do it?" he shouted, turning troubled eyes to John.

John Strom smiled. He leaned his back against the bridge rail and lit a cigarette with the pleasant feeling of a man whose strained nerves are easing up.

"I know she'll do it," he said to Paulus; and he spoke the bare truth. "Relax, Mr. Paulus."

Furiously the Easy's propeller slashed the seas. The ship lunged into the gale and into the breaking seas like a wild thing fighting for freedom. On the bridge John felt power surging through her in a mighty, willful flood.

"Come on, Easy," he muttered. "You can do it."

Even above the screech of the gale he heard men yelling. He looked aft. The Atalanta was coming off. The hawser was no longer a rigid bar of steel. The water in two spots under her counter was boiling white. She was off.

With quickening pace the Easy towed the liner seaward. She dragged that large and queenly liner through the water with unbelievable speed. An ignominious sight, the Atalanta, hauled along stern foremost by a smaller jaunty ship.

He could not hear what the men around him on bridge and afterdeck were saying, but their faces told him they were enjoying that spectacle.

THE Atalanta's whistle sounded; her blinker flashed. She dropped her end of the hawser. On her bridge Gamaliel was extraordinarily busy brandishing a megaphone. John smiled quietly. The Easy's capstan began to wind the wire in out of the sea. The incident was over.

But was it? John Strom motioned to him Paulus and Willemse, and Tim Mallon, too. His face was stern. He spoke to them in the shelter of the wheelhouse:

"You've seen. Now the men will forget fantastic chatter about her grudge against the Atalanta and Gamaliel. If we give her a chance she's a trustworthy ship in a tight spot."

"I'll say," Paulus muttered.

"Let's stop talking about her as if she were a willful living jade that does as she wants," John Strom said. "I started it with a yarn. My fault. She's just a lot of honest steel plates welded together into one lump. A hunk of steel, that's all. Remember that!"

"Yes, sir," they said with respect. He walked forward.

She was still heading out into the gale. A larger sea came running at her. The ship plunged low into a deep hollow; her bow dropped in utter helplessness before the majesty of that white-topped mountain. Then, at the last moment, she lifted her head casually; she lifted it high and rose up over the thwarted sea with easy grace.

"Just a hunk of steel," John Strom said to himself and grinned into the gale. "Like heck she is!"

THE END

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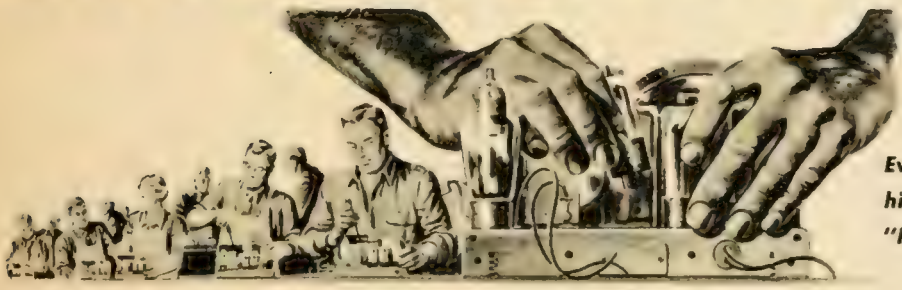

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(Continued from page 60)

the war itself, before our troops met the full crisis. And, once trained, they have fought well. In 1814, at Bladensburg, we were disastrously defeated and lost our capital, although in 1815, at New Orleans, Jackson triumphed over British veterans who had beaten the Napoleonic armies in Spain. It was more than a year after we entered the first World War that we met the Germans on a large scale. They were still redoubtable fighting men, but they had lost the offensive and their armies were drained of reserves. While we were training our citizen soldiers, the British and the French had been killing the Germans. In 1940 we adopted the draft; but, lacking trained reserves in adequate numbers, it was more than two years before American contingents landed in Africa and almost four years before the Normandy D Day. In these wars we have been fortunate in the time allowed us. In the next emergency we may not be so fortunate.

Unless the nation is going to gamble on the future, we must establish a better method than that of the small standing army without trained reserves. There are two alternatives: We can build a large professional standing army, or we can continue our small standing army, maintaining also a system of training for all able-bodied youth who will by annual increment produce a reservoir of manpower sufficient for any emergency. The first alternative is much the more expensive, if the professional army is to be large enough to meet all contingencies. Besides, in the opinion of students of military history, it would not be so effective as a citizen army. General Grant believed that the superiority of the Confederate armies at the beginning of the Civil War resulted from the fact that the North had a standing army, whereas the South did not have one and immediately concentrated on the policy of building a citizen army. A large standing army is not consonant with our democracy. It would result in the creation of a military caste and, so far as I am aware, is not advocated by any authority.

THE determining argument in favor of the small standing army plus a large reserve of trained manpower is that this method is the one approved by those most capable of judging its effectiveness. It was the method advocated by the skilled adviser of Washington, von Steuben, just as it is urged today by General Marshall. It would provide what was demanded of Congress by Washington and what he failed to get: "a well-organized militia." If our reserves should have to be mobilized, we would possess an army of citizens, but they would be trained citizens. We know that our citizen-soldiers when they are trained have been fighting men of the highest military quality. Such an army, according to Marshall's adviser, General Palmer, "would meet our military requirements, whatever the future world organization may be." It would have none of the provocative characteristics of the European armies. It would provide whatever reinforcement was needed by the small Regular Army in the suppression of an aggressor. It would, in case of serious danger, put us in a position to mobilize all or any necessary part of our total manpower in a minimum of time and with maximum effectiveness for war.

My own profession deals with the education of young men, and I am naturally deeply concerned as to the effect of a year's military training upon the youth of the country. But the first consideration is always the security of the future which these young men will face. Careful study should be given to the details of any training system offered, for it may well be possible to alleviate many educational inconveniences without injuring its military effectiveness. If Congress approves the general principle of universal training, it is important that the War and Navy Departments should give scrupulous consideration to alternative details in the application of the principle. The schools of the country would presumably not be greatly disturbed. The impact of military training upon our procedure in higher education would be more serious. And, as this war has proved and as the War Department has insisted, we have dire need of highly educated men. Not enough study has been given (or, if so, it has not been published) to the possible adaptation of the Swiss system to our American needs. This is a type of training embodied in General Knox's plan submitted to Washington and approved by him. It involves successive periods of training which might be fitted into the college vacation periods.

I AM not impressed with arguments against military training that conjure up the fear of militarization, the loss of personal initiative, suppression of love of the free life, the bad moral atmosphere of the training camp, and the absence of the influence of home and church. I watched young men go through the training at Plattsburg twenty-eight years ago, and I have seen them go through their training in this war. With few exceptions they gained in character by the experience. They learned to meet men of different social strata from their own, coming from parts of the nation totally strange to them. They acquired a physical well-being to which many veterans of those times look back with nostalgia today. They developed, under discipline, a habit of self-discipline. And the young men of today, writing from the battle front, display, after a year of training and service, intense devotion to the ideals of liberty, love of the humane way of life, and a determination that after the freedom of America is assured they will make it a better America.

These are very important factors in the national life of America. But the issue of universal training should not be confused with its by-products. Whether they are good or bad in the educational sense, the vital issue is always the security of the nation. Educational interests, like all others, must be adjusted to the conditions which security demands. Because Americans believe that freedom is the foundation of all our interests and welfare, we must pay whatever price is necessary to assure that freedom.

THE END

COMPULSORY TRAINING? NO!

Continued from Page 23

measure, would benefit the boys physically and teach them discipline, carpentering, cooking, etc. Nor need we consider the argument that the conscriptees would be used only to frighten off attack while the country got itself really ready for war. These allurements amount to no more than coating the casfor oil with orange juice. Conscription is a military measure. The impoverishing expense of it would prevent its being seriously considered except as a process for winning a war (we know that it never prevents war), and the only war for which peacetime conscription can be a provision is a war against Russia.

Why against Russia? Russia is our ally. We have no quarrel with Russia. Russia has no quarrel with us. We see in the fu-

ture no possible reason for going to war with Russia, and if we are not to fight Russia, then the conscriptionists must admit that there is no reason why we should set up peacetime conscription. In other words, the compulsion of the boys and the disturbance to all our lives will be useless and foolish if we don't have a war with Russia.

We have just said that the conscriptionists must admit a certain thing. They won't. They'll admit nothing, because they, too, are controlled not by cooled-down thinking but by an emotion—a worthy one, since it is fear for the safety of the country. Probably in a great many of them one stimulus of that fear is the delusion that we were caught unarmed at Pearl Harbor. We were not. We were tremendously armed at Pearl Harbor; but the emotion engendered there is still vehemently in action and it is idle to argue against emotion. One can only suggest a thought or two that may find lodgement in the minds of the emotionalists and perhaps in time take some effect. Such a thought, suggested here, is that although we have no present quarrel with "X country," Russia, and can foresee no reason why there should ever be one, we can easily create one, and our peacetime conscription is an effective step in that tragic direction.

The conscriptionist might even laugh, now, at such a thought. "Everybody knows we're not a warlike country," he would say. "Everybody knows our good will and that we're only trying to make ourselves secure."

THE bitterest of experiences has not taught us that we do not see ourselves as others see us. Any country that increases its peacetime armament becomes thereby a warlike country and always is a cause of alarm to other countries. Russia could not believe in our good will any more than we could in hers if she increased her own armament in order to be safe from an attack by *her* "X country"—the United States. We'd say, "Ridiculous! We're not going to attack anybody. We only want to be safe from Russia." Russia would say, "Ridiculous! We're not going to attack anybody. We're only making ourselves safe from the United States." That is, the two countries would assume the attitudes of two gunmen who say they don't want trouble with each other but are ready for it. Under these circumstances, it happens. Russia has a population larger by sixty millions than our own. An armament race with Russia, including the increased production of children to grow up and bear arms, doesn't seem a wise project for the United States to undertake.

Such suggestions as these are naturally irritating to the conscriptionists, who, probably without realizing it, have reverted to isolationism. The old isolationists believed that America could stand alone because of geography. The present isolationists believe that America can stand alone because of military power. Before committing ourselves to an incalculable permanent change in the lives of our boys and in family life, and before deciding to bear a financial drain as incalculable, we might be wise to think long and hard about the advisability of America's standing alone in a world without law but full of other people.

There is no safety in a world without law. And therefore no sensible person is now proposing anything like a total disarmament of the United States at the end of this war. On the contrary, those minds that appear to be the most hopefully logical are proposing the outlawing of war and, in conjunction with other nations, the retention of armaments sufficient to enforce peace permanently. The man whose

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only law is his gun is never safe from other men with guns; but only criminals object to the sheriff's going armed. Peacetime conscription, however, isn't a sheriff's weapon. It is the outfit of the fighter who makes ready, but not for peace.

This might helpfully be remembered by the personal-minded parent who responds offhand, "Yes, I think it'd be a good thing for my boy to have a year of training." The training will be for the purpose of fitting that boy, and a million others a year, to risk their lives in mortal combat with boys from "X country." The boys from "X country" will be as well trained as ours and as scientific, and may be much more numerous. Doesn't the "goodness" of the event for the American boy seem a bit dangerous?

We lament now that we did not see the danger coming upon us when Germany and Japan, in peacetime, increased their armaments. For those increases should have made us aware of intended aggression in spite of the protests of the two warrior countries that their intentions were peaceful. In other words, a peacetime increase of armament on the part of any nation is rightly to be regarded as a symptom of aggressive intention and should be forcibly prevented by all other nations. Yet such an increase is what our conscription measure proposes. So, to "prevent war" or make ourselves "safe," we are to adopt the very course that the world has now bitterly learned to recognize as the prelude to aggression. To make ourselves "safe" we are to take the unsafest way.

THROUGHOUT our late political campaign we heard all the leaders hail Dumbarton Oaks as the gloriously hopeful process that would bring about permanent international peace. The Dumbarton Oaks conferences, distrustfully bothering over questions of votes and vetoes and "spheres of influence" instead of driving directly toward the outlawing of war as a crime, with all nations committed to the enforcement of that one first-to-be-established law, have lost ground and helped to bring about the uneasiness that generates this sudden agitation for universal soldiering. In wartime our memories are mercurial. Already we forget that Dumbarton Oaks was not claimed to be more than a beginning, and that it will think again, think more, and think better.

Peacetime conscription's honest and devoted champions are right when they say we cannot trust other nations to join us for peace out of motives of brotherly love or friendship or generosity. The conduct of nations is not guided by the Golden Rule. Nations are guided by only one motive, self-interest. No other motive whatever can be counted upon. But it is always completely safe to trust any nation to act in accordance with what that nation believes to be to its self-interest. It is now to the self-interest of every country in the world to join in the creation and maintenance of permanent international peace.

The people of all the nations in the world know and feel this. There are about two billions of us now alive, and with all our hearts we wish for this permanent peace between nations. What can defeat so tremendous a longing? Our fears, our excitability, and the few dozens of persons who control our governments can defeat us, unless we take thought and become wary. Since in an enforced Law for Permanent Peace and in nothing else lies our country's only dependable safety, shall we not let the struggle for that law and the security of peace do more than begin before we plunge into a policy that of itself is dangerous and a despair of any nation's safety?

THE END

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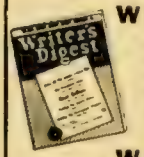

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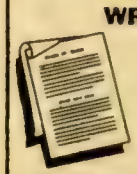

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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Sam decides Granny must spare the extra blanket to make little Daisy a coat for school.

HOLD AUTUMN IN YOUR HAND

(United Artists)
Zachary Scott, Betty Field, Beulah Bondi

MOVIE fans suffering from an overdose of top-heavy melodrama and tasteless musicals will find refreshment here in a picture of unusual quality and simplicity. Taken from George Sessions Perry's novel about a family of half-starved Texas share croppers, the story brings out the heart-warming values of friendship, neighborliness, family love, and faith—without an iota of external glamor. For the force which carries the meaning here is the fine poetic struggle of human beings wresting a living barehanded from the land.

Facing heavy odds in a never-ending gamble with unpredictable nature, gangling young Sam Tucker (Zachary Scott) nevertheless believes that being his own man is worth a mighty try. When he takes the precarious step from migratory worker to tenant farmer, he has nothing but gumption to start on—and four other Tuckers to feed. His sole treasure is a wife (Betty Field) who understands how a man can bring his family to a desolate sag-beamed shack for the sake of hopeful fields and free sky overhead. Through a cycle of changing seasons, the gallant struggle of Sam and Nona is told in simple and revealing incidents. The wholesome, tender intimacy of the moment when they achieve their only privacy by hanging a quilt before their bed is a delicate expression of all that holds the family together. The paranoiac ranting of Sam's aged granny (Beulah Bondi) as she sits stubbornly in the midst of a downpour holds all the fierce, cantankerous pathos of age.

But as the practical problems of cold, hunger, pellagra, and a persecuting neighbor (J. Carroll Naish) begin to close in, the episodes fall into a more or less unrelated series of bouts with Fate. Often an external circumstance, such as the providential gift of a cow, is all that saves the Tuckers and their two children from disaster. Many incidents, such as a matchless rural wedding party, are delightful in themselves, but tend to obscure the story. Whether or not the Tuckers can maintain their foolhardy faith in the land is never made clear—but the poetry of their dream is stirring and unmistakable.

Director Jean Renoir's keen feeling for detail brings in such rare small touches as the caw of a distant crow and the brushing away of midsummer flies. Fine photography and an unusually characterful cast help him achieve a noteworthy effect here. Zachary Scott and Betty Field are restrained, simple and credible in the main roles, and there are many outstanding bits. But Beulah Bondi tops the whole cast in her vivid portrait of the redoubtable Granny. As she shuffles grudgingly along a dusty road or splutters indiscriminate abuse, Granny, like the Tucker family's other trials, is well worth seeing.

(Other review on page 76)

Sam wins over his surly neighbors by catching the biggest catfish in the whole river.

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The greatest star of the screen!

There are several kinds of laughs. The smile, the chuckle, the quirk of amusement— ★ ★ ★ ★
None of these goes with the new Spencer Tracy-Katharine Hepburn film —"Without Love". ★ ★ ★ ★

We're talking about the Abdominal Upheaval—the kind of laugh that gets a half-nelson on your midriff and rolls you around in your seat. ★ ★ ★ ★
The handkerchief-stuffed-in-the-mouth kind of laughter. ★ ★ ★ ★
"Without Love" is sensationally funny. And personal and warm. ★ ★ ★ ★
This columnist saw the picture four times before writing this. We laugh in the same places each time. ★ ★ ★ ★
Spencer was never immenser. Katharine attempts to woo, but his attitude is that it can't Hepburn here. ★ ★ ★ ★
The picture is much better than that. ★ ★ ★ ★
Donald Ogden Stewart has adapted Philip Barry's play with a fresh approach and a free hand. He has introduced a sleep-walking motif. ★ ★ ★ ★
Spence sleep-walks at first and Katie sleep-walks right back at him. It's a sleep-walkie-talkie. ★ ★ ★ ★
Lawrence Weingarten, who is awfully good at producing this sort of clever fare for M-G-M, is up to his old tricks. ★ ★ ★ ★
Harold Bucquet, the director, deserves a bouquet for his excellent job. ★ ★ ★ ★
The picture has one of the greatest casts ever. In addition to Tracy and Hepburn, there's, to begin with, Lucille Ball, a star on her own, who lives up to her reputation. ★ ★ ★ ★
Keenan Wynn never was funnier. Then there are Carl Esmond, Patricia Morison, Felix Bressart—and and and. ★ ★ ★ ★
It started during Easter at the Radio City Music Hall in New York and is still running. It's a long run picture. ★ ★ ★ ★
Changing the subject, how many of you have seen "The Picture of Dorian Gray", the most unusual film of the year? ★ ★ ★ ★
This production based on Oscar Wilde's absinthe-tinted drama is causing a great deal of talk. It is so superbly produced, so different in theme from conventional fare. We think you ought to see "Dorian". ★ ★ ★ ★

M-G-M has many wonderful offerings on the way. You might look for "The Clock", "Son of Lassie", "The Valley of Decision", "Thrill of a Romance", and "Ziegfeld Follies". ★ ★ ★ ★
Still roaring. —Leo

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A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Governess Gail Russell can't worm a single clue from her elusive charge (Richard Lyon).

THE UNSEEN

(Paramount)
Joel McCrea, Gail Russell, Herbert Marshall

TAKEN from quite a scary mystery novel titled Her Heart in Her Throat, this murder thriller gets too involved in its own plot to bring out much goose flesh. Starting out with a superior atmosphere of foreboding, gloom, and horror emanating from an abandoned house, it carries the suspense well through a weird murder before it begins to get absent-minded. Impressed by its continual promise of more-than-sinister doings, one is apt to sit about halfway through it before discovering that the whole works is hopelessly awash with red herrings.

Gail Russell, as the governess who comes to a new situation to find her little charges prattling of murder and pasting the victim's picture in a scrapbook, has little to do but walk up and down stairs looking more and more depressed. And who wouldn't? Luckily, she avoids a severe attack of jitters by bickering continually with her cultivated but brusque employer (Joel McCrea) whose rude manners evidently hide a sinister secret—or maybe three or four. A neighborly doctor (Herbert Marshall) is the only person among the flock of mysterious callers coming in and out who seems normal—but he won't talk, either. Meanwhile people keep getting bumped off.

Little Nona Griffith and Richard Lyon as the motherless kids stand out as very interesting children in spite of unreal parts. The dialogue, setting, and atmosphere are all so much better than the plot that if you're easily kidded you may emerge from the confusion with the feeling you've seen something exciting.

SPECIAL MENTION

A ROYAL SCANDAL (20th Century-Fox). Tallulah Bankhead, William Eythe.
COLONEL BLIMP (Eagle Lion-U. A.). Anton Walbrook, Roger Livesey, Deborah Kerr.
OBJECTIVE BURMA (Warner Bros.). Errol Flynn, Henry Hull, all-male cast.
THE ENCHANTED COTTAGE (RKO). Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Herbert Marshall.
THE PICTURE OF DORIAN GRAY (M-G-M). George Sanders, Hurd Hatfield.
THE THREE CABALLEROS (Walt Disney-RKO). Donald Duck, Joe Carioca, Panchito.

NONE BUT THE PURPLE HEART

Continued from Page 29

There was moonlight, and around them etched in gold and black were the Smoky Mountains. "Remember when we went up the Hudson on a moonlight excursion?" Ann said. "It was the first night we didn't have to work in months. We danced, and then we found a bit of deck all to ourselves."

"I remember," Shep said; "and the drummer in the band used to be a pal of mine and he asked me to play a couple of numbers with them. It was Kitten on the Keys, and you stood by the piano smiling."

"I remember the first time I saw you," Ann said, "at our Pelham High School prom. You and Horse were playing, and all the fellows hung around the bandstand listening to you instead of dancing. I wrote to you afterward and enclosed a quarter in stamps for your picture."

"How about that jitterbug contest you won?" Shep said. "You nearly knocked yourself out with I Got Spurs That Jingle Jangle Jingle, and two weeks after Horse hired you he discovered you had a good voice, excluding all the rug-cutting devices."

This was the old Shep. Ann moved closer to him, involuntarily reached for his hand. He moved away. "It's no good, Ann," he said hoarsely. "Let's get back. Maybe tomorrow I'll be more amusing."

The next afternoon Edith Rogers was again at the center. She had brought her convertible to take Shep and some of the other patients for a drive. "I'd love to have you come, Ann," she said, "but these boys need a little change and novelty, and there just isn't room. You understand, of course, don't you, dear?"

Shep was hesitant about going. "I don't like to leave you, Ann," he said, "after you coming way down here and everything."

"Don't be silly," Ann said, "I'll take a nap. I'm still tired from the trip." He couldn't go; he wouldn't just walk off like this. But he did. Shep Farrier going for a drive like a convalescent old lady. Ann buried her head in her pillow and cried. She didn't care if her eyes were red at dinner. Shep wouldn't notice.

The motorists returned around five thirty. Ann was sitting on the veranda, reading.

"Hello, baby," Shep came up on the porch. "Miss me?" He kissed her on the forehead.

THE expression on Edith's face did not alter, but a glint came into her eyes. "Ann, I would love to have a little chat with you. You'll excuse us, won't you, Shep, if we run up to Ann's room for a minute?"

Puzzled, Ann wrinkled her nose. Something was going to happen, but what she could not fathom.

Once in Ann's room, Edith walked over to the window. "You have a lovely view here. I think it's so picturesque in the mountains in the early fall."

Ann was not in the mood for a nature talk. "Stop being so refined," she said, "and tell me what gives, anyway?"

"I don't like your attitude," Edith said coldly. "I was just going to advise you not to play any more recordings for Shep, and to try to desist from allusions to his former way of life."

"Listen," Ann said, "Shep was a great trumpet player. That's nothing to be ashamed of. That's nothing to desist from talking about."

"Naturally not. But that was the past. It only makes him unhappy to think of those days. He is trying to build up a new life

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entirely disassociated from this jazz. You are certainly not helping him."

"But it's his life! Take that away from him and there's nothing left."

"I'm afraid you're wrong," Edith said. "But then you're prejudiced and would fight against the inevitable."

"Don't you like music?" Ann suddenly veered from the original topic. "Don't you know She's in the same class with Beiderbecke and Louis Armstrong and Harry James? He's got swing in his blood?"

"Of course I like music," Edith emphasized the music. "I'm fond of the classics and of orchestras like Guy Lombardo and Wayne King."

Ann shook her head as if to clear it. "I don't get it," she said.

Edith was near the door. "Isn't it obvious you're not a part of Shep's life any more?" She turned the knob, stepped out, and closed the door.

ANN sat on the bed, limply filled with a curious kind of anger and emptiness. In the past she and Shep had quarreled, noisily and often with stage properties: she had thrown a stack of music at Shep and he had responded by putting her over his knee and proceeding to beat it out with a bass drumstick. But you could not throw things at a wounded hero; it wasn't being done this season. Only hearts and flowers could you toss to these beribboned servicemen, and it didn't seem to matter whether it was your own heart, battered and in need of repairs.

There was to be a party at the U. S. O. in Asheville that night for the men at the center. Some of the boys had asked Ann to sing, and she had readily agreed. Shep did not want to go. "I'm no dancer," he said, "I linger on ladies' toes. I'd probably cave in in the conga line."

"Nonsense," Ann said, "the conga went out when you were over one-two-three-kicking the Japs."

The canteen was filled with pretty Southern girls but Shep lingered morosely by the juke box, listening with an impassive face to Dorsey and Miller and Goodman.

After a while a kid from Texas played the piano and Ann began to sing Pistol Packin' Mama, Mairzy Doats, Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'; not especially new ones, but the ones the boys remembered from the time they had left the country. And then the old crop, Smoke Gets in Your Eyes, Why Do I Love You? It was when Ann was singing this that Shep walked out of the canteen. Her eyes bright with tears, Ann watched him leave. Everyone was singing now—even the little Southern belles.

An imposing-looking procession had entered the canteen: a chauffeur loaded down with boxes, a dignified elderly gentleman, and Edith Rogers in a white dinner gown and the most beautiful mink Ann had ever seen. And with Edith, Shep.

The elderly man gestured for the music to stop. "I have a treat for you lads and lassies," he said, "a midnight lunch."

"Doesn't Prince Charming know it's only ten thirty?" Ann muttered to the piano player.

"'Prince Charming'?" said the boy. "That's Mr. Rogers. You know, Florence Nightingale's old man."

The midnight lunch was turkey and ham sandwiches, French pastry, salted almonds, piping hot coffee. The singing was naturally forgotten.

Mr. Rogers had his arm paternally about Shep. He was talking about business. One of the many branches of his business, the piano player told Ann, was a ham loaf called Trix. It was in the sales department of Trix that Shep would start in, Mr. Rogers was booming out.

Ann picked up her polo coat, slipped out of the building. I could have had a fur coat too, she thought, if I hadn't sent boxes almost every week to Shep. A camera, films, books, a flashlight, a special knife, razor blades, a tiny radio. She walked to the hotel. She would leave Asheville as soon as she could. She was throwing in the towel all right; she had lost Shep to a girl who liked her music sweet and schmaltzy.

Upstairs in her room Ann put through a call to Horse Donnelly at the Cumberland Hotel in New York, where the band was playing. After what seemed an interminable time she heard Horse's voice. "What's the matter, Annie?" he said. "How's Shep?"

"Shep was wounded," Ann said. "His leg and—and he lost some fingers. He's given up the trumpet and he's going to work for a company that puts out ham loaf."

"Ham loaf? Ann, are you kidding?"

Ann gulped, "I wish I were, Horse."

"Stop sniveling," Horse said. "Do you still want to marry him?"

"Shep's in love with another girl," Ann said. "She likes Guy Lombardo and Wayne King and she's wealthy and intelligent."

"She ain't for Shep," Horse said.

"I'm coming back to New York as soon as I can," Ann said. "I fought the good fight, but the opposition had a better left hook."

"Listen," Horse said, "you can't do that. Stick around for a couple of days. Maybe Shep'll get allergic to ham loaf."

"When I get my reservations, the Marines couldn't keep me here."

"O. K.," Horse said, "but remember the password's *Don't give up the Shep.* He's worth fighting for, Annie."

Around eleven thirty there was a knock on Ann's door. "Who's that?" she called.

"It's me, Shep." He put his head in. "I was worried about you. Why did you go off like that?"

Why did she go off like that? She picked up a shoe from beside her bed, hurled it at him. "I don't like ham loaf," Ann said, "even when it comes wrapped in a mink coat."

"You're acting childish." Shep dodged the shoe.

"Get out of here," she said, "and pleasant nightmares."

TRAIN reservations in North Carolina were not easy to get. By dint of considerable maneuvering, Ann was able to secure a seat for Thursday. But this was only Tuesday. Toward Shep she maintained a sulky silence. Edith Rogers was about a great deal, for now she was inaugurating a class in French Civilization. Before the war she had spent several summers in France.

On Wednesday evening Edith stayed to dinner. With her was a portly and prosperous gentleman, Mr. Cyrus B. Glen, who was to speak briefly to the boys after dinner on Vistas of the Future. Edith was to introduce Mr. Glen.

Shep was very quiet. Only once did he speak to Ann. "I'm sorry about all this, Ann. Believe me, I feel like a heel. But everything's so confused. You're my old life, and you see that I can't go back to that."

"Forget it," Ann said. "It isn't every musician that can pick his spots like you have. You'll have no worries about your future vista. Fellows like Horse and Charley will, but they'll have something that you'll be missing."

Mr. Glen had arisen to deliver his message. There was only a sprinkling of applause, for the men were tired of hearing of future vistas and rehabilitation plans.

"There will be a spot for every veteran to fill if he will only so equip himself," Mr. Glen was orating, when suddenly there was a terrific din from the recreation room.

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"Will someone turn off that radio in the next room?" Edith Rogers was indignant at this cacophony of sounds that was drowning out Mr. Glen's address.

Ann was perplexed. The uproar sounded to her like neither a vic nor a radio but rather a clarinet, a sax, a violin, and a piano tearing apart Mahogany Hall Stomp.

Shep sat transfixed. His eyes were shining and his foot was beating time to the tearing rhythm.

The G. I. who had gone to turn off the radio came back beaming. "It ain't any radio," he said. "It's four guys in there—and are they sending!"

At this announcement everybody got up from the table and scrambled toward the recreation room.

Ann and Shep were among the first to leave.

"It's Horse!" Ann exclaimed. "And Charley and Mezz and Nick!"

The others, like Shep, were enthralled by this furious jam session. One veteran produced a mouth organ from his pocket. Another raced upstairs to get a banjo, while a third dragged forth a comb and a piece of tissue paper from his pocket.

"Break it down!" A boy who Ann could scarcely believe was eighteen seized her by the waist. "Let's jitter!"

"Listen, everybody," Edith Rogers' voice was shrill with annoyance, "remember we were listening to Mr. Glen."

But nobody was listening to Edith.

Horse took time out for a breath. "Hi ya, Annie. Hi ya, Shep. They told us you folks were at dinner, so we thought we'd kill a little time."

Shep was speechless. He could only stand looking at Horse, his face working.

"Why don't you grab the slush pump over there?" Horse pointed to a trombone. "You could manage that even with the fingers gone."

Like someone in a trance, Shep walked over to the trombone, lifted it gingerly. Then he began to play, at first awkwardly, then with the born musician's sureness.

They had switched to Tiger Rag, and never had Ann heard such wild improvising.

Briskly Edith tapped Shep on the shoulder, "Shep, you must stop this. It isn't the time nor the place. It's simply not right to do this to an important man like Mr. Glen."

"How about letting Mr. Glen speak for himself?" Ann shouted, for the gentleman in question had obtained from the kitchen an enormous soup kettle and was banging on this with a large tablespoon.

After China Girl the solid senders collapsed. Horse took off his hat, wiped his forehead. "Man, am I ever knocked out!"

"HOW—how did you get here?" Ann asked.

"Car," Charley said, "as far as Virginia. Then our gas coupons gave out. Then we got a ride to Marion in a horsecar. After that we took a bus here."

Shep was still fondling the trombone.

"You don't sound bad on that sliphorn," Horse said judicially. "A lot of work on it, and you'd be O. K."

"I didn't," Shep said, "I never . . ."

"Shep, I thought you had decided upon a profession with some dignity," Edith said then.

"Dignity!" Shep looked at her with a blank and unseeing stare. "What do I want with dignity? Not when I can play again. Now when I'm back where I should be."

"Now you're cooking in the old double boiler," Horse said.

Abashed, Shep turned toward Ann, "Lady, you wouldn't be in the market for an ex-business man, would you?"

Ann raised her eyebrow. "An honest to goodness ex? And no ham loaf?"

"Positively," he said. "Just ham, darling."

THE END

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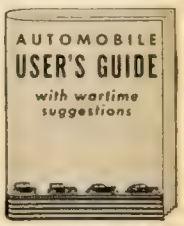

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ALBERT MILLER CORP.

(*Continued from page 63*)

not doing well, to understate the situation. The engineers on the flaming river bank are losing the boats which are to be used as pontoons, and the boats are cruising off down the river. Some of the boats Anderson had loaned to the infantry to use as assault craft have been capsizing in the driving stream and floating off. There is now a shortage of boats for pontoons. Colonel Anderson has sent for more. Meanwhile crews are out farther down along the river, trying to salvage the runaway boats.

Anderson himself has just put on his helmet and gone down to the river bank. His communications are shot to hell. Most of his wires have been cut by German artillery, which is plowing the river bank and the village.

Colonel Bob Anderson is a very young man for his job of chief division engineer. He can't be more than thirty-five. But tonight he looks a good ten years older.

0430 hours:

I tried to write this in the medical aid station I just visited down the street. But the little house was overflowing with wounded, and I had to leave.

The floor of the main room was sticky with mixed blood and dust. Men with legs broken and purple were lying on stretchers. There were others with their sides gashed wide open. One man was torn up terribly everywhere. Were it not for the tension, I think I would be sick. Being scared, tired, and confused has some advantages, and this is one of them.

Outside on the streets a deep black night is closing in. I ran from cover to cover until I reached the place where this is being written: the command post of the 405th Regiment, in another cellar. This front-line village has certainly altered in appearance during the last hour. I noticed more and more great gaps where houses used to be. And I can hear others rumbling to rubble following blasts all over town. If the infantry doesn't soon push Jerry back to where his mortars can't reach this town, there will be nothing left aboveground.

Here in the C. P. I have run into a combat fatigue case. His name is not Walt, but that will serve. He was out on the river bank repairing telephone lines when an 88 hit his buddy right in the back. Walt, a giant of a man, is now sitting on the floor here, crying like a baby. His jacket is splattered with blood and tiny bits of flesh. He is uncontrollable and should be evacuated from the zone of fire. The medics say, though, that there are other men who may die if they are not evacuated immediately, and Walt must wait. I tried to talk to him, but he didn't hear a word I said.

Though it involves no obvious physical wound, combat fatigue is one of the most awful features of war. The medics tell me it has no relation to bravery or cowardice. It can happen to anybody. Oddly, it doesn't happen to new men. It gets the old-timers, the "saturated veterans," and it comes very gradually. The veteran gets more and more cautious, until one day he cracks. There's nothing you can do except get him away from noise, give him a good rest, and keep him in the rear, away from the fighting lines.

Walt looks like he may fall asleep soon. He is crying only at intervals and looks very tired.

0600 hours:

I have spent an hour with the commander of the regiment, a gaunt white-haired colonel named Williams. His eyes are inflamed from lack of sleep. He planned the

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attack last night and is making it tonight. His hands tremble as he points to places on the map.

"It's the damned bridges," he told me. "We can't get one to stay in that current. It cuts them in half like a band saw. We've got a battalion of infantry on the other side, without supplies and not enough ammunition to last the day out."

There is one bridge up now, but it can't stand a load until an auxiliary cable is thrown across. The infantry are still crossing in what boats they can get. And they're still capsizing and finally reaching shore a mile down the river, wet, cold, uncertain of mines in that unreconnoitered area.

Colonel Williams had called for Alligators, the big blue amphibious tanklike vehicles, to carry his men over faster, before the Germans could counterattack. Eight Gators were on the way. Not enough. But there were other crossing sites, and they, too, were clamoring for Gators.

There is no word from C Company and Pancho.

0800 hours:
This is an artillery observation post in Roerdorf, in the shattered attic of a three-story house. Though it is dawn, I can see nothing but the vague outlines of the high ground across the river, and flashes and tracer bullets. A rather thick ground haze covers the horizon.

Captain Jack Potts of Corsicana, Texas, the regiment's front-line artillery observer, asks me why the hell I stay out in this if I don't have to. Now that I think of it, it does seem rather silly. I am no hero, and every minute of this has been torture to me. But also it's fascinating.

Lest I should become proud of the implied compliment in Jack's question, let me record the exploit of Ernie Leiser, correspondent for the Army paper, Stars and Stripes. Ernie crossed the river in the first wave with Pancho. When he came back, the river bank was lined with wounded. And Ernie volunteered as a litter bearer.

I met him a few minutes ago down in the regimental C. P., and I said casually that I hoped he would give his paper a full account of his experience.

"Nope," Ernie answered. "I'm afraid my readers wouldn't be very impressed. They're the guys who are fighting on the other side."

1000 hours:
The mortar shelling let up a little and I went down to the bridge site. It was not hard to find, for the zigzag road was marked by great patches of blood on the plowed earth, by smashed canteens, ripped jackets, splintered rifle butts, and general destruction. It has been an awful night out here.

But the bridge is up. The second cable is being fastened on the other side now. Troops are lining the streets in town, waiting to cross. Meanwhile, upstream, the Alligators are taking others over. We have lost two Alligators this morning.

1100 hours:
The worst has happened. When the bridge was almost complete, one of the Alligators upstream got out of hand in the current. It smashed the bridge and broke both cables.

That is not all. The liberated pontoon boats rushed downstream, where they collided with another pontoon bridge a mile away, and shattered that one as well! Colonel Anderson is in misery. My head aches and I am going to try to sleep in the engineers' cellar.

There is one heartening thing, though: For the first morning in weeks, the sky is cloudless. The air is roaring with fighter-bombers. We can see them peeling off into dives, see their guns flashing and hear their tattoo. They will help those weary battered infantrymen on the other side.

1300 hours:
I thought I would have trouble sleeping, for a new barrage began falling on the town as I lay down. But I fell asleep like a rock falling into water, and I slept almost two hours. I feel better now. In fact, everything is better. Colonel Anderson has come in and is sitting on a blanket in this cellar room. He says German artillery ceased hitting the river bank an hour ago. The bridge will be completed within a couple of hours. Work has already begun on another, heavier bridge. It will carry tanks and heavy guns to support the infantry.

1400 hours:
My day of war is over. I'm going back to headquarters now to prepare a broadcast.

It's a warm, sunny, springlike day outside. I walked back down to the regimental C. P. without fear. Jerry's mortars have been pushed way back and can't reach us any more. His artillery can, but apparently the infantry on the other side are giving it enough to do over there.

Colonel Anderson was grinning when I left him back in the engineers' C. P. The bridge is up. Colonel Williams was grinning when I met him in the infantry C. P. His whole regiment was over the river. The whole 102d Division was over. It was the first division to get all of its units over the river.

In his general report back to division and Army, Colonel Williams said progress has been extremely good and casualties very low. That is one of the amazing things about war: When you're right up close, everything seems to be confusion, chaos, and failure. A single dead or maimed man conjures up images of complete annihilation to you. But back in the rear and with perspective on the whole front, it all fits smoothly, neatly, economically into the bigger picture that people hear on their radios and read about in newspapers. And once you have got into a war, it is that bigger picture that counts.

Before bidding Colonel Williams goodby, I asked about Pancho & Co. I was told that Pancho reached his objective hours ahead of time and was knocked out cold by concussion from a German shell. He was not wounded, though, and was brought to in an hour. He resumed command of the company and was working up to his second objective.

I want to hear what form that concussion yarn takes when Pancho tells it a week from now.

THE END

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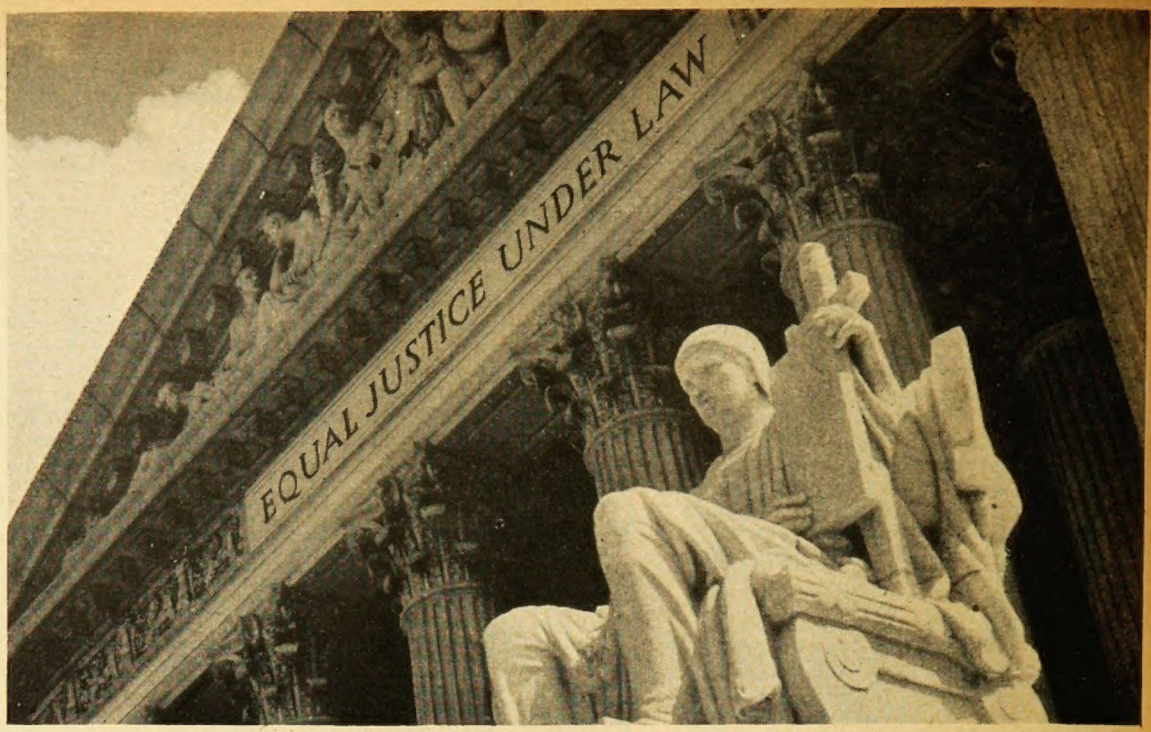

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ON frequent occasions over the past few years we have advocated in this space the idea that the only way to achieve permanent peace is for the nations of the world to adopt a code of world-wide law to govern their relations with one another. Given this, a workable organization to preserve peace would automatically rise thereon.

At Teheran and again at Yalta a somewhat different approach to the problem seems to have been followed. While there was a great deal of hair-splitting as to organizational details, little or no attention was paid to what seems to us this basic prerequisite. As a result, these conferences succeeded only partly in removing mistrust and suspicion among nations and gave the world little more than bare hope for a peaceful future.

Next week at San Francisco the representatives of all the United Nations meet. Their deliberations will be largely shadow-boxing and their conclusions unstable unless they make their first order of business the formulation of a code of world-wide law which can be ratified by all nations of the world and under which all nations are guaranteed justice.

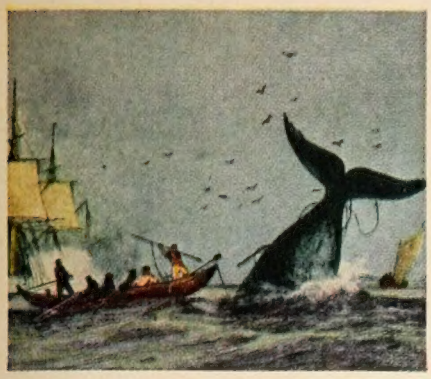
It is futile to split hairs unduly over organization and procedure, voting powers, means of curbing aggression, etc., until we have laws governing relations between nations upon which all men everywhere can agree. Small nations can never feel secure, nor can big nations be trusted to wield immense power, unless the securing of international justice becomes a matter of law instead of argument.

At least one of the American representatives at the forthcoming conference has begun to think in this vein. Senator Vandenberg states that no permanent peace is possible except on the basis of justice, and promises to present concrete proposals along this line at the conference. We hope his proposals go whole hog. A pious resolution advocating that justice be made the basis for dealings between nations will not be worth the paper it's written on. What is needed is something more concrete and fundamental. The San Francisco conference can mark the beginning of a new era in international relationships if it sets forth a code of law under which justice between nations is assured.

Wars are inevitable if there is no way of settling international disputes according to law which is recognized and honored by all nations. Regardless of our good intentions, wars will remain with us until the nations of the world summon the intelligence to live under law.

Paul Hunter

How long will our gasoline last?



1850 **WHALES** were a prime source of oil. But at this time, eight years before the name Corby's Whiskey appeared in Canada, a refinery was built in Pittsburgh to make medicine from petroleum, discarding gasoline, considered useless!

1901 **THE AUTOMOBILE** intensified the search for oil. Great gushers in the Southwest produced 7 million barrels a year, helped put America on wheels. Oil began to change our way of life in Corby's 43rd year of Canadian fame.

1939 **BY TANK CAR,** pipeline and truck an annual billion barrels of oil moved to market. With war looming (in Corby's 81st year), experts began to estimate oil supply in the ground. There was talk of its early exhaustion, and in . . .

1945 **ONE PIPELINE** alone pumps 109 million barrels of oil a year. We're still on rationing, but competent authority says natural oil will last 300 years! Whiskey is under war restrictions too, but as they are lifted, you'll have more frequent chances to try Corby's, the light, sociable blend with the grand old Canadian name. Watch for Corby's in your bar or store.

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.

MAKE BREAKFAST COUNT FOR MORE
There's far more than flavor in this cereal. Because it's whole wheat pressed into bite size biscuits, it provides substantial stay-with-you nourishment. That's why just a small serving helps keep you going strong all morning long. Try it tomorrow!
Shredded Ralston
BITE SIZE WHOLE WHEAT BISCUITS
Shredded RALSTON
The Original
IT'S BITE SIZE
SECTION WOMEN'S AND FEATURE NEWS
PAGE
"IDA JEAN KAIN
Heaven may protect the working girl (and aren't we all?) but don't leave it all up to heaven. First of all, start your day with a cereal that stays with you. You can't eat much breakfast? Okay . . . you don't need to eat much Shredded Ralston to get going in high gear. Just don't blame me if you like it so much you want more! If you're holding out for a cereal that stays crisp in milk, this is it! Try it. First thing you know you'll be saying "Good Morning" instead of "what's good about it?"
Ida Jean Kain
Be sure to read this